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THE GATEWAYS TO THE POLE.

THERE is reason to believe that the perilous question of a way to the Pole has been at last answered.

The address of Captain Silas Bent, of Japan Expedition fame, before the St. Louis Historical Society and Mercantile Library Association, giving the ripened results of thirty years' study and exploration, while an officer of the American Navy, invites the deepest attention of the world.

When the Spanish sovereign, then on the eve of his march against Granada, had lent a hasty audience to Columbus, and referred him and his project to the learned doctors of Salamanca, the historian tells us, these sages intrenched themselves behind the dogged position, that, "to suppose what had escaped so many renowned explorers and cosmographers for centuries could be reserved for an ordinary man to discover, was the height of presumption."

In the outset of this article, we would beg the reader to beware of such an error.

To the writer, personally, Captain Bent is an entire stranger. What we shall say is dictated, solely, by a conviction we cannot resist, after a long study of the Address before us, that a great and solid mind has successfully bridged this polar chasm. A practical

sailor, Captain Bent comes before the public, not with the ardor of a young adventurer, ambitious to tread the icy paths of glory made by Franklin, Kane, and their successors,—nor yet, as a theorist, does he promise to Science, beyond the mysterious frontiers of the unknown land, an *El Dorado*, out of whose bowels she may dig all the hidden treasures she covets. His worthier aim is to prevent a recurrence of those disastrous expeditions, which have already cost the world a frightful amount of human life, and, to furnish to the restless spirit of the age, a true chart and the true compass with which to reach the Pole in safety. To use his own apology, "from various sources, I find that Germany, Sweden, France, England, and Russia have in contemplation expeditions to the Pole. Other and higher objects than the mere accuracy of my theory—something more elevated than the honorable feeling of satisfaction that would, were it to prove correct, certainly belong to him who could claim priority in such an important discovery—has actuated me at the present time. It is the actual saving of human life—the benefits that will accrue to many departments of science, and the solving of a geographical problem, which is now, for the most part,

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conjectural." He might have added to the number of proposed expeditions, one from the United States, lately announced by Dr. Hayes, the distinguished explorer, for the spring of 1870.

It has long been an established fact, in Physical Geography, that, at certain times, there must be a passage, through open water, from the North Pacific to the North Atlantic, by way of the Arctic Ocean. The evidence of this was conclusive from the history of the Right Whale. It is the habit of whalemen to stamp their harpoons with the name of their ship, and the time and place of their fishing. Stricken by the fishermen, but not mortally, a whale was found by Dr. Scoresby and others in the North Atlantic, bearing, buried in his side, harpoons stamped with the Pacific mark made by ships cruising near Behring's Straits. The Right Whale, when most hotly pressed by his pursuers, it is well known, cannot find refuge under water, but must, at short intervals, come to the surface to breathe. He could not, therefore, have crossed the Arctic Ocean *under ice*. He cannot endure warm tropical waters, and it has been ascertained from countless sources, that to him the Equatorial Ocean is as impassable as a sea of fire. Since, then, the whales harpooned in the Pacific and afterwards caught in the Atlantic, could not have reached the Atlantic by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, in which case they must twice cross "the sea of fire;" and, since they could not pass under the ice of a frozen ocean, it was plain that they found, at least, an occasional open avenue through the Arctic waters. But this fact does not prove the existence of a permanent, nor even of an occasional highway for navigation to the Pole; and, though often dwelt upon, seems to be calculated to delude, rather than to guide the Polar traveller. Certainly, he would be a bold sailor, who should venture to follow, in his ship, the track of a Right Whale.

The true Arctic problem, therefore, we conceive, is not whether there is a passage to the Pole, but it is this: *Is*

there a permanent and navigable way to the Pole?

This question our author answers in the affirmative. And, it is but just to him and to the reader that we give the substance of his reasoning, as far as the limits of this review admit, in the words of the Address itself:

"There is," he says, "a circulation in the air; there is a circulation in the bodies of all animals; there is a circulation in the ocean—all of which are governed by laws, immutably fixed, and which in all their modifications and conditions they rigidly observe and obey.

"The sea, the atmosphere and the sun, are to the earth what the blood, the lungs, and the heart are to the animal economy. There is an equilibrium in all nature. Let me here quote to you a single passage from one of the most scientific and beautifully written works upon the subjects of which we are now treating. I allude to that on 'The Physical Geography of the Sea,' by my friend, Admiral M. F. Maury.* He says: 'The mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated at about five feet. To evaporate water enough annually, from the ocean, to cover the earth on the average five feet deep with rain; to transport it from one zone to another, and to precipitate it in the right places, at suitable times, and in the proportions due, is one of the offices of the grand atmospherical machine. This water (bear in mind), is evaporated principally from the Torrid Zone. Supposing it all to come thence, we shall have encircling the earth, a belt of ocean three thousand miles in breadth, from which this atmosphere evaporates a layer of water, annually, sixteen feet in depth. And, to hoist up as high as the clouds, and lower down again all the water in a lake sixteen feet deep, three thousand miles wide and twenty-four thousand miles long, is the yearly business of this invisible machinery.' Now, I ask you, understand—

* We print the title as our contributor has it.—*Edit.*

ing as we do the constant effort of Nature to restore equilibrium, and the laws of adaptation, what must be the effect upon the ocean of the removal of this immense mass of water of twenty-four thousand miles in length, three thousand miles wide, and sixteen feet in depth? Certainly an endeavor on the part of the water to occupy this enormous space; and to do this, all the waters both north and south of this space or zone are at once set in motion to restore this equilibrium; and, were there no obstructions, as continents and islands, this flow would be uniform round the whole earth.

"Now, an object set in motion toward the equator from the polar regions—where the velocity of the earth's rotation is small—will constantly be arriving at points on the earth's surface where the velocity is greater, and, not at once acquiring this greater velocity, its direction will tend obliquely to the westward. Hence, we find the streams or currents which flow from the North Pole towards the Equator, always take a *southwestwardly* direction, whenever the continents and islands will permit. These streams from the Northern and Southern hemispheres, meeting at the Equator, form and give direction to the Equatorial currents, the waters of which are thrown to the westward; but, interrupted by the continents, which lie across their paths, and changed in their specific gravity by the expansive heat of the sun, they throw off hot streams to the north and south, like blood from the heart of the animal system, to carry their life-giving warmth and nourishment, along their path, to the earth's extremities.

"Of these streams there are two in the northern hemisphere and three in the southern. The two former are known as the *Gulf Stream* of the Atlantic, and the *Kuro-Siwo* of the Pacific; the first delineated by observations taken by the United States Coast Survey, under Prof. A. D. Bache, and the *Kuro-Siwo* from observations made upon it by the Japan Expedition, under Commodore M. C. Perry."

Having laid down the basis for his argument in the very first principles and

laws of nature, Captain Bent calls in the exactly-observed facts which bear upon it. He says: "To describe the first of the two great currents of the Northern Hemisphere, I shall again quote from M. F. Maury's 'Physical Geography of the Sea,' wherein he says: 'There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Sea. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume is more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that their line of junction, with the common sea-water, may be traced by the eye.

"Often, one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf-stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. At the very season of the year when the Gulf Stream is rushing in greatest volume through the straits of Florida, and hastening north with the greatest rapidity, there is a cold stream from Baffin's Bay, Labrador, and the coasts of the North, running to the South with equal velocity. These two currents meet off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the latter is divided. One part of it underruns the Gulf Stream, as is shown by the icebergs, which are carried in a direction tending across its course. The other fork runs between the United States coast and the Gulf Stream to the South. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface. There is reason to believe that its waters are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water be-

tween them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. Cold water is one of the best *non*-conductors of heat, and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent over a non-conducting cushion of cool water, to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme and ice-bound.

"The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86° (degrees), or about 9° above the ocean temperature due to the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10°, it loses but 2° of temperature, and, having run three thousand miles (3000) to the North, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. The heat it discharges over the Atlantic in a winter's day, would be sufficient to raise the whole volume of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Isles, from the freezing point to summer heat.

"A simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream, from the regions of Central America and Mexico, and discharged over the Atlantic, *is sufficient to raise mountains of iron, from zero to the melting point, and to keep in flow, from them, a molten stream of metal, greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi river.*"

This stream, we are told by Professor Tyndal in his lectures before the Royal Society of London, "entirely abolishes the difference of temperature, due to the difference of latitude, of North and South Britain; so that, if we walk from the Channel to the Shetland Isles, in January, we encounter everywhere the same temperature. The Isothermal line runs north and south. The harbor of Hammerfest, in Norway (73° North *!)*, derives great value from the fact that it is clear of ice all the year round. This is due to the Gulf Stream, which sweeps around the North Cape, and so modifies the climate there, that, at some places, by proceeding northward, you enter a

warmer region." (P. 197. Heat, as a Mode of Motion.)

So effectual and far-reaching are the mitigating influences of the Gulf Stream, this mighty "*river in the ocean,*" that upon comparison with other streams we find some startling facts.

Fourteen times, in the last eight hundred years, has the Thames been frozen over. Fairs have occasionally been held, booths built, and oxen roasted upon it. Since 1294, the Baltic has been eight times frozen over; once so firmly, that Charles X. led his whole army over it from Holstein to Denmark. Twice, in the history of Flanders, wine has been cut with hatchets. In 1708, ice in the harbor of Copenhagen was twenty-seven inches thick. In 1794, Pichegru's army encamped on the ice in Holland. The Zuyder Zee, the Hellespont, the harbors of Leghorn, Marseilles and Genoa, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Scheldt, the Seine, and the Po have at times been locked in ice. Never were even the edges of the Gulf Stream stiffened by frost. We have no account of its slightest congelation in any part of its vast area, not even off the shores of Norway or Novaia Zemlia.

These well-authenticated, historical facts are wonderfully confirmed by a single inference, drawn from the thermal estimates for the Gulf Stream. Could a ditch or sluice be cut through the Isthmus of Panama, large enough to give outlet to the westward equatorial current, the consequent diversion of the former stream would instantly change and revolutionize the climate of Western Europe, and reduce it like Labrador to an icy desert.

So much for the Gulf Stream. The Kuro-Siwo of which Captain Bent was, under Commodore Perry's direction, the first observer and explorer, was found the fellow and equal of the Gulf Stream. In volume, velocity and dimensions, they are almost identical. Their course to the northeast is the same. Both streams flow over cushions of cool water, which effectually prevent the loss of heat by contact with the crust of the earth at the sea-bottom. Neither of

these streams wash against the shores of the continents, near which they rise in the ocean. Their salts are similar; their temperature is the same, 86° (maximum); and the climatic influence of the Kuro-Siwo upon our western coast, and upon Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, is quite as marked as that of the Gulf Stream on Western Europe and the British Isles.

The reader is now in a position to take in the theory of this profound thinker.

Reasoning upon the principles and facts before us, he claims that these two mighty currents, flowing to the Pole, make a way thither for the seaman. There is their confluence, and there the goal, nature destined them to reach. Armed in their tropical birthplace with the potential energy of the sun's heat, they, and they alone, can pierce the polar ice and carve routes to the Pole itself.

Such is the outline of Captain Bent's theory. It is powerfully sustained by the analogical facts of the climates of the earth and the ocean. To select an instance, let us take the celebrated Pacific current, known from its discoverer, as *Humboldt's Current*. It flows all the way from the Antarctic Ocean; as is proved by the icebergs, it floats from the extreme south, sometimes bearing them north against contrary winds and storms. Penetrating with its icy water the vast tropical sea, it runs to the very Equator itself. The Gallapagos Islands, "on the line," it cools, to a delicious temperature, bathing their shores with streams so cool, that the coral-insect cannot build his reefs and retreats to warmer regions.

If this current, inferior to the Gulf Stream and to the Kuro-Siwo alike in thermal power, can thus destroy the heat of the Equator, why may not the Gulf Stream abolish the climate of the Pole?

Many such arguments might be made from the facts given in this short Address to sustain its grand deduction.

But, we hasten to give the argument

of its author as furnished by the *history* of Arctic researches. "The first attempt that was ever made to discover or effect the northwest passage (i. e., from Europe to Asia by the Atlantic Ocean and across the Arctic Sea), was by John Cortereal, a Portuguese, in the year 1563. *He failed; and so has all the marvellous intelligence, enterprise and energy that have been expended, in that direction, by every maritime nation of the world from that time to this.*

"Franklin's Expedition sailed from England in 1844. (We know its frightful and sad fate.)

"In 1815, Kotzebue, of the Russian Navy, made an attempt to pass to the west round the Asiatic continent, but was barred by ice; he, however, says: '*The sea was open to the northeast, as far as the eye could reach,*' and, '*that passing from the American to the Asiatic coast was like passing immediately from summer into winter.*'

"Captain Beechy, in 1826, tried to make a northeast passage from Behring's Straits, by clinging to the coast, but got only as far as Cape Barrow.

"Captain McClure, also of the British Navy, passed these Straits in 1850, to search for Sir John Franklin, in coöperation with four vessels under Sir Edward Belcher, which were to go northwest from Davis' Straits. Captain McClure coasted till reaching the Parry Islands, longitude 117° west, where his ship was frozen in. In June, 1853, he abandoned her, and travelled one hundred and seventy miles on the ice to join Belcher, who was also frozen in, and, in turn, abandoned his ship, the 'Resolute.' Two years after, the 'Resolute' was found by a whaler in Baffin's Bay, still wedged in a vast field of floating ice, having drifted twelve hundred miles to the southeast of the point where she had been abandoned. The gallant McClure was the first to pass from ocean to ocean; but, he cannot be said to have *circumnavigated* the north end of the continent, since a part of the passage was made *on foot, over the ice.*"

We have also Henry Hudson's voyage in 1607, to lat. $81^{\circ} 30'$, northwest of

Spitzbergen, and the expeditions of Phipps and Admiral Wrangell, Captains Buchan and Franklin, Parry, Kane, and Hayes, none of whom have accomplished the grand end of Arctic explorations, and whose successes, hard-earned and inconsiderable as they have been, have been gained only after spending years of time, millions of money, and *toiling on foot or in the sledge over hundreds of miles of rugged ice.*

Throughout his Address, Captain Bent has modestly confined himself to a naked statement of facts, leaving us to divine their significance and import. But, a single glance at the historical items here given, will suffice to satisfy the mind that this Polar question is fast emerging from the field of speculation, and, however slow its progress has been, or, however, through human prejudice, its settlement may be retarded, that it is steadily drifting like the long-dislodged iceberg, into the regions of sunlight.

At short intervals, through a period of three centuries, countless efforts have been made to this end. Enterprises have been tried under the most propitious auspices. Most of these have been guided by the ablest minds, and the most expert seamen of the world, upheld by the most lavish outlays of moral sympathy and material wealth, and animated by a zeal which the eternal ices of the North could not chill. In vain have they endeavored every route, save the one now suggested. Their failures and disasters have been most signal. The paltry successes they have reaped—paltry when compared with the means employed—have been reaped only by crossing immense plateaus and mountains of ice, with infinitely more pains and perils than attended Hannibal's or Napoleon's passage of the Alps. And this fact alone, however it may shed lustre and glory on the heroic explorers, reflects none or but little light on the Arctic problem, unless, like the floating fragments of some noble craft that has foundered and gone down, to tell a tale of warning, and to reveal the rocks on which the fairest hopes lie stranded.

And yet in the very gropings of these gallant spirits—such as Kellett and Kotzebue and Parry and Kane—it appears that just so far as, accidentally, they were led to move towards these "Thermometric Gateways to the Pole," now pointed out, light has beamed upon their pathway. The moment they were called away from these routes and looked westwardly, that light grew dimmer, till it was quenched; and some of them steering away from waters almost tepid and halcyon, promising a furrow for their keels, quickly plunged into cold, and became entangled in icy desolation.

These data, the purchase of so much life, when rightly read, although they yield but meagre *positive* information, are of vital importance.

Negatively they tell the future mariner to give a wide berth to, and to stand far away from these ice-guarded and impracticable avenues to the Pole, if avenues they can be called.

Their testimony, sad and silent as it is, seems to shut us up to the conclusion of the profound reasoning of the Address before us. Certainly, with so much in its favor, and in the absence of all rebutting evidence, the positive facts, adduced by Captain Bent from the Archives of the Royal Society of London, that "*in 1655, a Dutch whaler sailed in a perfectly free and open sea to within one degree of the Pole,*" and that, "*about the same period another had gone two degrees beyond the Pole,*" and this, as he remarks, "*by following accidentally the very pathways science now points out as affording the only gateways to the Pole,*" cannot be neglected nor easily rejected by thinking men. For, it is a well known historical fact that, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the marine glory of the Dutch rose to its highest degree of brilliance. Then, too, it was, as we are told by the greatest geographical authority of the world,* that the Dutch whale-fisheries were in the flood tide of success "*between Bear and Cherry Island and Novaia Zemlia, and towards Spitzbergen, whence the rapacity of the fishermen, to use the whaler's*

* Keith Johnston's Physical Atlas, p. 90.

term, 'fished out' the finest whale-grounds."

We now conclude our statement of the salient points of this remarkable hypothesis, if such a term can be applied to it, in the closing words of its author: "I repeat my belief, that the North Pole has already been reached—that it was done in the seventeenth century, by the Dutch whalers before spoken of, and that they reached there by having unconsciously followed the path of the Gulf Stream. And I therefore reiterate the convictions expressed in my communications to the President of the Geographical Society of New York: "*That the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo are the prime and only cause of the open sea about the Pole, with its temperature so much above that due to the latitude; that the only practicable avenues by which ships can reach that open sea, and thence to the Pole, is by following the warm waters of these streams into that sea; and that to find and follow these streams, the water-thermometer is the only guide, and that for this reason they may be justly termed 'THE THERMOMETRIC GATEWAYS TO THE POLE.'*"

The theory of a "Thermometric Gateway to the Pole" is now fairly before us. Able as is the argument of its author, necessarily limited in its range, its presents but *one* ground for its support, the thermic influence of the ocean's surface-currents, in determining climatic conditions. We do not think Captain Bent lays too much stress upon this. The most enduring structures sometimes repose, like the Eddystone lighthouse, upon a single rock. A passage in one of Sir David Brewster's works, shows that his fertile and logical mind once began to evolve this very hypothesis, but was arrested by want of the exact data. Pouillet dropped hints of it in his magnificent discussions of the laws of heat.* And the lamented Kane, in 1856, while composing his Narrative, hearing Captain Bent's views from his own lips, in New York, was so impress-

ed with their weight that he inserted in his MSS. (vol. i., p. 309), "I would respectfully suggest to those, whose opportunities facilitate the inquiry, whether it may not be, that the Gulf Stream, traced already to the coast of Novaia Zemlia, is deflected by that peninsula into the space around the Pole. *It would require a change in the mean summer-temperature of only a few degrees to develop the periodical recurrence of open water.*"

But, however sure and steadfast may be the foundation on which this belief rests, the question will be raised, has Nature any other processes and phenomena which affect it? And, if so, do these coöperate with, or do they counterwork the agency of the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo?

Certainly, we dare not and cannot think Captain Bent would have us treat as settled, a problem, which, as he says, has cost "thousands of lives, millions upon millions of money, and three hundred years of time," till we have sifted and proved the solution by the most searching and unsparing tests.

To a few of the severest trials we shall now strive to subject it.

(1.) If it be true, as this Thermometric theory claims, that the Gulf Stream reaches the Pole with heat enough to melt its ices,* it ought to follow, conversely, that the cold, counter undercurrent from the Arctic Ocean, that offsets the Gulf Stream, will, in its long flow to the South, lose but little of its Arctic cold, and reach the tropics with frigorific power. Such, at least, would be the demand of a remorseless logic. Anxiously, we turn to ask, "*Is this demand satisfied?*" Do the nicest, mean observations attest the fact *indubitably*?" Here is a gigantic balance, hung by the Creator himself, one scale at the pole, the other at the tropic. The first is, as yet, invisible; the other we can read. We know that they must be *in equilibrio*. Let us go to the tropic, and, with the deep-sea thermometer, "drag

* "On ne peut guère douter que des courants ne contribuent puissamment à produire la distribution de la chaleur."

* The reader must bear in mind that sea-water freezes at 28° Fahrenheit.

up" an answer from this unbiassed and incorruptible witness.

We have the most exact observations, taken with a variety of exquisitely constructed instruments, and continued, at vast expense of money and care, through many years. They all tell the same story, so that science may be said to have sat at the feet of this great aqueous traveller to the Pole, and heard him recount its mysteries.

Professor Bache, of the United States Coast Survey, records that "at the very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its waters, at the surface, were 80° in temperature, the instruments of the Coast Survey recorded a temperature *as low as 35° Fahrenheit!*" The cushion of water under this must have been even colder; and this cushion is the counter undercurrent whose testimony we are seeking. Other authorities give the temperature of this Arctic current, *after it has flowed all the way to the northern shores of South America, at 42°!* The author of "The Physical Geography of the Sea" tells us: "Within the Arctic circle, the temperature, at corresponding depths off the shores of Spitzbergen, is said to be *only one degree colder than in the Caribbean Sea.*" (P. 31.) Let the reader judge how the theory stands this test.

(2.) These facts are powerfully corroborated by some significant items furnished by Dr. Kane. When he had gone as far, on land, to the North as possible, he came to a vast barrier of ice, stretching polewards, he knew not how far. Nothing daunted, by means of sledges, he and his party plunged into this frozen mass, and, after travelling one hundred miles, they descried the celebrated "Open Sea," which has ever since borne their leader's name. Before gaining the shores of this illimitable expanse of water, the thermometers stood—60°, *sixty degrees below zero.* (This is 88° below the freezing point of sea-water.) But, on coming up to the open water, and casting the same instruments into it, the mercury in the tubes instantly rose 96°, and *showed 36° above zero!*

"Seals were sporting and waterfowl

feeding in this open sea. Its waves came rolling in, and dashing with measured tread, like the majestic billows of old ocean, against the shore. Solitude, the cold and boundless expanse, and the mysterious heavings of its green waters, lent their charm to the scene."

The temperature of its waters was only 36°! Whence could these waters have come? Was this a vast lake, with no outlet?

There is no room for surprise when we are told, that the Gulf Stream enters the space around the Pole at a temperature above the freezing point (28°), when we find warmer water (at 36°) almost at the Pole, and outside the heat-bearing current.

The Arctic current that offsets the Gulf Stream and flows south, reaching it at 35° temperature, could not have left the Pole colder than 28°; for then it would have been frozen up. In its transit to the South it only loses 6° or 7° of its temperature. Is it then a thing incredible, that the Gulf Stream, this mighty "river in the ocean," whose caloric, "*if utilized, could keep in blast a cyclopean furnace, capable of sending forth a stream of molten iron as large as the volume discharged by the Mississippi river,*"—is it incredible that this current may reach the Polar region at 36°? Remember it begins its race off Florida at 86°. It might then lose 50° of its heat (against the loss of 6° or 7° of its counter-current), flow on to the Pole, melt its ices, and yet have 8° of heat to spare, before it would fall to 28°, the ice-point. The estimate of its rate of thermal reduction, as given by the United States Hydrographical Bureau, is, that as far as traced, "it loses 2° of heat, in running over ten degrees of latitude," i. e., it suffers a loss of 1° in every three hundred miles. A simple calculation shows that it ought to reach the Pole at this rate, certainly not below 48° or 50°.*

The results of Dr. Kane's Expedition may be regarded as the greatest approximation to the knowledge of the Pole the world has. And in bringing

* More probably 60°.

this theory to the light shed by this gallant explorer, on the facts at issue, we have subjected it to the most unsparing ordeal suggested by the annals of history.

(3.) We may apply a third method of tension to this hypothesis. Does it conform in its requirements to "the law of currents," now so well established, and which ordains that "*every current in the sea has its counter-current, and wherever one current is found, carrying off water from this or that part of the sea, to the same part must some other current convey an equal volume of water, or else the first would, in the course of time, cease for the want of water to supply it?*"

This theory before us claims that the Gulf Stream, whose dimensions we know, pours a part of its volume into the space around the Pole. If so, out of the same space must there flow "*an equal volume,*" towards the Equator. Is this found to be the fact?

It is true, marine researches have not furnished information sufficient to speak here with mathematical precision. But we have facts and light abundant, severely to scrutinize the premises, and to detect any error in the principle upon which Captain Bent's conclusion rests.

There certainly issues from the space around the Pole a ceaseless and mighty flow of waters to the tropics. In its course icebergs of huge proportions are carried off from the mainland. So vast are these icy masses, and often so numerous in floating clusters as to defy computation. Captain Beechy saw a small one fall from a glacier in Spitzbergen, over four hundred thousand tons in weight. The *Great Western*, in 1841, in her transatlantic trip, met three hundred icebergs. Sir John Ross saw several aground, in Baffin's Bay, in water two hundred and sixty fathoms deep; one he computed to weigh 1,259,397,673 tons. A Danish voyager saw one of 900,000,000 cubic feet. Sir J. C. Ross met with some of these floating mountains *twice* as large as this. And in Davis' Straits, where there is deep water, "icebergs have been met having

an area of six square miles and six hundred feet high.*

The hyperborean current, which bears these monsters on its bosom, has formed by the deposit from their dissolution, the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, which, were the waters of the Atlantic dried up, would probably be seen to rise from the sea-bottom in the majestic proportions of Mt. Brown and Mont Blanc.

The single drift of ice, which bore on its Atlean shoulders the English ship "Resolute," abandoned by Captain Keltlett, and cast it twelve hundred miles to the south, was computed to be at least three hundred thousand square miles in area and seven feet in thickness. Such a field of ice would weigh over 18,000,000,000 tons. We say this was a *single* drift through Davis' Straits, only *one* of the avenues of this current from the Pole, and only a fractional part of the drift in the year.

What a mighty flow of water, from the south, must that be which, wedging itself into the space around the Pole, ejects such masses out of this space as quietly and easily as the steam-driven piston of the fire-engine throws out its *jet d'eau!*

We dwell upon the might and magnitude of this ice-bearing river from the Pole, because in gauging these we gauge the energy of the reciprocal, heat-bearing "river," from the tropics, i. e., the Gulf Stream.

The theory of Columbus for finding a way to the East, had far less to support it, it seems to us, than this theory of a way to the Pole.

(4.) But, as it appears to our mind, the most interesting aspect of this question is its *Meteorology*. It was chiefly with the aim of touching upon this branch of the subject we took up the pen. The atmosphere, invisible as it is, is the mightiest engine on our globe. In the terrestrial economy it may, not unfitly, be likened to the *Behemoth*, described in the book of Job, "that drink—

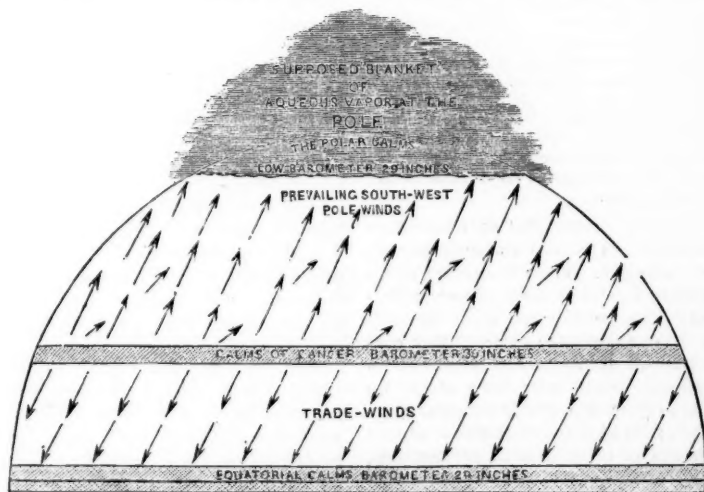
* Their depth must therefore have been 4,800 feet, i. e., eight times the height.

eth up a river and hasteth not, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." Its operations are on a scale so grand, as to beggar the flight of the poet and well-nigh exhaust the reckoning of the mathematician. In thermometric questions, like that before us, its voice is potential, if not final. "Were there no atmosphere," says Sir John Herschel, "a thermometer freely exposed at sunset would stand under the Equator at 25° , and in the Polar Sea at 68° ."

Fickle and lawless as this subtle force may appear in its movements, seemingly

seeking its level, towards the Pole, forming the prevailing *poleward* winds. Commencing at Cancer, these *poleward* winds, from the southwest quarter, reach England and are known as "*the bonny west winds*." Flowing north, this air-current, just as the water-current of the Gulf Stream, and precisely for the same reason, veers to the East, and thus becomes southwest wind.

Nearly all around the hemisphere, south of and even with the Arctic regions, "*southwest and westerly winds decidedly predominate, and this statement is sustained by Dr. Kane's researches.*"



"blowing where it listeth," its circulation is now known to be in implicit obedience to law; and its regular paths are as nicely mapped and charted as the tracks of steamers on the ocean. It may be well here to state: At the Tropic of Cancer, all around the globe, observers note a *high* barometer; at the Pole, a *low* barometer. This difference is one thirtieth of the whole atmospheric column. This atmospheric wave, as we may call it, girding the earth at Cancer, must expand. A part of this wave rolls southward, forming the trade winds of the Northern Hemisphere; and the other part spreads itself out,

(Keith Johnston's Physical Atlas, p. 48.) Here is a diagram of the winds of the Northern Hemisphere, embodying 1,259,353 observations. From it we learn that the winds which reach the Pole, are *southwesterly*. In their course they blow directly along and over the surface of the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo. From the tepid and smoking waters of these currents they take up vast quantities of heat and moisture, and bear these accumulated stores to the Pole.

But, it may be asked, what has all this to do with the theory before us?

We reply, much, every way.

First, the heat given off by these hot streams, and otherwise wasted and lost, is stored away in the vesicles of vapor, as *latent heat*, and, by the winds, transported to the Pole, and *piled up around it*, there to be liberated at Nature's call, by condensation as *sensible heat*.*

But, duly to estimate the mighty forces here at play, we must study for a moment the invisible particle of moisture floating now in the air, and now falling as rain, or hail, or snow. Let us examine a passage from one of Professor Tyndal's magnificent lectures:

Here in London, for eight or nine months in the year, *southwesterly* winds prevail. Were it not for the rotation of the earth, we should have over us the dry, hot blasts of Africa; but, owing to this rotation, the wind, which starts northward from the Gulf of Mexico, is deflected to Europe. Europe is, therefore, the recipient of the stores of latent heat, amassed in the Western Atlantic. It is this condition of things which makes our fields so *green*, and which *gives the bloom to our maidens' cheeks!* Tyndal, p. 193.

It is well known that our atmosphere is composed of two elements, oxygen and nitrogen. These elementary atoms may be figured as small spheres, scattered thickly in the space which immediately surrounds the earth. They constitute about 99½ per cent. of the atmosphere. Mixed with these atoms we have others of a totally different character; we have the molecules or atomic groups of carbonic acid, of ammonia, and of aqueous vapor. In these substances diverse atoms have coalesced, forming little systems of atoms. The molecule of aqueous vapor, for example, consists of two atoms of hydrogen, united with one of oxygen; and they mingle as little triads among the monads of oxygen and nitrogen which constitute the great mass of the atmosphere. * * *

The waves of heat speed through our atmosphere towards space. These waves

dash in their passage against the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen, and against the molecules of aqueous vapor. Thinly scattered as these latter are, we might naturally think meanly of them, as barriers to the waves of heat. We might imagine that the wide spaces between the vapor-molecules would be an open door for the passage of the undulations, and that, if those waves were at all intercepted, it would be by the substances which form the 99½ per cent. of the whole atmosphere. Three or four years ago, it was found by the speaker that this small modicum of aqueous vapor intercepted *fifteen times the quantity of heat stopped by the whole of the air in which it was diffused*. The vapor was afterwards found to act with 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 times the energy of the air in which it was diffused. * * *

"No doubt can exist of the extraordinary opacity of this substance to the rays of obscure heat, particularly such rays as are emitted by the earth, after being warmed by the sun. Aqueous vapor is a blanket more necessary to the vegetable life of England than clothing is to man. Remove for a single night the aqueous vapor from the air, which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost. The aqueous vapor constitutes a local dam, by which the temperature of the earth's surface is deepened." —Heat, as a Mode of Motion, p. 415.

It may be asked, but what bearing has the accumulation of vapor at the Pole upon its temperature? It is plain that, as a "*blanket*," or "*local dam*," mantling the Polar contour, it will arrest the processes of radiation and preserve to the soil there all the heat it may derive from every source. On the Sahara, where "the air is flame and the soil fire," when the sun has gone down, the radiation is so rapid that, before morning, the traveller shivers with cold, and often, even in summer, the water

* The amount of *latent heat* alone furnished by the southwest winds to England daily, and set free by precipitation overhead, is computed to be nearly equal to that created by the combustion of all the coal consumed in the island annually.—Maury's *Phy. Geog.*, Longmans, Green & Co., London, p. 48, 3d ed.

in his canteen is frozen. This same phenomenon is illustrated on the highest mountains. Hooker, in his "Himalayan Journals," tells us, "At ten thousand feet altitude, in December, at 9 A. M., I saw the mercury mount to 132° , while the temperature of shaded snow hard by was 22° . At 13,100 feet, in January, at 9 A. M., it stood at 98° , whilst the radiating thermometer had fallen at sunrise to 0.7° ." Dr. Livingstone gives us similar examples (vol. ii., p. 407), of the striking difference between nocturnal chilling, when the air is dry, and when laden with moisture.

In South Central Africa, during the month of June, "the thermometer, early in the mornings, stood at 42° , at noon 94° and 96° ," and he found "the sensation of cold after the heat of the day was very keen. *The Balonda at this season never leave their fires till nine or ten in the morning.* As the cold," he adds, "was so great here, it was probably frosty at Linyanti (a drier place); *I therefore feared to expose my young trees there!*" But on entering the valley of the river Zambesi, and feeling the benefit of the aqueous vapor arising from the stream, he was struck with the change. "At sunrise, here, the thermometer stood at 82° and 86° ; at mid-day, in the coolest shade, at 96° ; and, at sunset, at 86° . This is different from any thing we experienced in the interior." (Travels, pp. 484, 575, and 589.)

These facts suffice to show how potential is aqueous vapor in determining the temperature of the Pole.

And, we conclude, therefore, that radiation in the space around the Pole is practically arrested, and is inappreciable.

The ices around the Polar Sea would also serve to keep in the earth's heat there; for Melloni has proved that ice is a non-transmissive of heat; its diathermancy is 0.*

But, though the heat of the Pole is preserved to it, some may, skeptically,

ask, what does all its store of heat, and what do all its resources of heat amount to?

We reply, much more than at first we may suppose.

One of these resources is the friction of vast masses of watery matter meeting and clashing at the Pole. Here, vertically, horizontally, obliquely, the mighty currents and counter-currents under-run, overleap, and rub against each other in their fierce and ardent struggle to preserve oceanic equilibrium and circulation. As in the beehive, "ferret opus." Such tremendous attrition must excite warmth far from inappreciable. Sir Humphrey Davy liquefied ice, in a few minutes, by rubbing two pieces together in a room so cold that the water froze as it fell from his hands.

Were thermometers, sufficiently delicate, it has been said, dipped into the water at the top and bottom of the Niagara cataract, the latter would be found warmer than the former.

And the sailor's tradition is correct: "the sea is rendered warmer through agitation produced by a storm, the mechanical dash of its billows being ultimately converted into heat." (Tyndal.)

Another source of thermic revenue for the Pole is the internal heat of the earth.

Fourier has almost proved this to amount to white heat. Miners find that the deeper they pierce the bowels of the earth the temperature increases at the rate of one degree for every sixty feet of descent from the top of the earth's crust.

At this estimate, it is easy to show that, at the distance of twenty-five miles, everything, even the most refractory rocks, are in a molten and incandescent state.

Humboldt, and other meteorologists, dwell with no little emphasis upon the significance and energy in subterranean upheavals and volcanic outbursts of this mighty reservoir of heat.

The depression and flattening of the earth at the Pole would bring its surface nearer there than at any other part to this cyclopean furnace.

* The Highland shepherds in Scotland discovered this fact before Melloni. On a chilly night, they dip their plaids in the brook and lie down, knowing the frost will stiffen the folds and make an armor of ice for their weary limbs.

Supposing this internal sea of fire to be spherical, the dip or compression of the Polar crust, according to Herschel, twenty-six and four tenths (26.4), would sink the bed of the Pole into the region of perennial fire!*

May not this circumstance alone explain Dr. Kane's "Open Sea?"

The presence of a large drift of icebergs from this sea does not forbid the question. These icebergs, all agree, are formed on the shores of some Arctic continent. They may be formed on great elevations, as the Alpine glaciers. And we know from Humboldt's experiments, that, at the height of fifteen thousand feet (that of Mt. Brown), there would be a perpetual reign of ice at the equator itself.

However we may dispose of this hypothesis, we may not forget that, to use the words of Professor Johnston, "the increase of heat, not subject to periodical variation with increasing depths below the variable stratum, shows that the mean value of the temperature at the earth's surface is determined by conduction from within as well as by radiation from without."—P. 59, *Phy. Atlas*.

We might mention other calorific influences at work at the Pole, but to spare the reader, we hasten to give the more important tributes Nature makes to its temperature, *exclusive*, of course, of the stores of heat borne to it by the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo. [For, we are now inquiring "whether Nature, besides these, has any other processes and phenomena bearing upon Captain Bent's theory," and "whether, if she has such, they conspire with or counterwork the agency of the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo."]

* Professor Bischof, of the University of Bonn, in his work, "The Internal Heat of the Earth," proves that "the sea must receive heat from the earth's crust at its bottom. Soundings in sea-waters and lakes, especially the lake of Geneva, show this fact. Were the ocean motionless, the water at its bottom, supposing its depth at the equator one and a quarter miles, would there be at the boiling-point. Even in the Frigid Zones much heat may still rise from the bottom, even in moderate depths. The rising of heat from the bottom of the sea may, therefore, be considered a universal phenomenon, even under the Poles." P. iii. (Italics ours.)

The *SUN* is, to every corner of the globe, the greatest source of caloric, at least, so far as we know, in the present state of science.

At the Cape of Good Hope, Sir John Herschel, and, at Paris, M. Pouillet, at widely separated intervals of time, and by long-conducted experiments, found that the vertical power of its rays, at sea level, is sufficient to melt *one half an inch of ice per hour*. Their labors, since verified by other observers, agree in the statement, that "*The total amount of solar heat received by the whole earth in a year, if distributed uniformly over the earth's surface, would suffice to liquefy a layer of ice one hundred feet thick, and covering the whole earth.*"

It is very true, the Pole does not get its full share of this immense annual receipt. But, may not the earth's crust, which is comparatively "a good conductor," transmit a larger modicum than we might suppose at first view?

Sir John Leslie, in his work on the "Polar Seas," estimates "the solar heat, at the summer solstice, as capable of melting at the Pole a sheet of ice *an inch and a half thick* in the course of a day." (P. 30.)

Professor Thomson, of Edinburgh, says, in his Meteorology: "In June and July, in the Arctic regions, the sun is powerful, and the temperature often sultry, causing great evaporation and a very humid atmosphere. Its influence upon vegetation is remarkable, for scarcely has the long night of winter passed than Saxifrages and other flowers are seen in blossom." The Arctic sun cannot be better illustrated than by the words of the great explorer, Captain Ross. July 11, 1848, writing from Upernavic, the northernmost colony of Greenland, and "moored to an ice-field of great magnitude," he says: "It will, perhaps, surprise you, when you hear me state, that it has been so warm during our stay here, that the men have been all working in their shirts,—that is, without jackets or waistcoats, and with necks bare, *a la Mediterranean.*"

The simplest calculation the intelligent schoolboy may make, shows us that

the sun, in summer, approaches 15° nearer the Pole, than he does in winter to the Shetland Isles or the cities of Stockholm and St. Petersburg. His annual march to the north carries him more than 10° of latitude nearer to the Pole than his winter proximity to the cities of London, Dublin, Liverpool, Brussels, or Berlin. To be more exact, when the sun is vertical upon the tropic of Cancer, at the summer-solstice, he is fully as near to the Pole as he is in the winter-solstice to the Black or to the Caspian Sea, to the Desert of Gobi, or to the cities of Oporto, Madrid, Barcelona, Rome, Naples, Constantinople, Peking, Yeddo (Japan), Montreal, Halifax (Nova Scotia), Augusta (Maine), Buffalo, Milwaukee, or the Empire City or the southern coast of Oregon. These points gird the globe on the forty-fourth parallel of latitude. We may, therefore, conclude, without violence to these and to other facts before us, that, even *ceteris paribus*, the summer sun impresses on the Pole the mean winter-temperature of these last-named points! The average of the winter-temperatures for these places would thus give us, as far as the writer can learn, certainly not less than 45° for the summer polar temperature. Dr. Kane's estimates give, as the nearest approximation, 40° .*

Taking the lower figure, we have, *without Captain Bent's currents, without Gulf Stream or Kuro-Siwo*—FROM THE SUN ALONE, FOR SIX MONTHS IN THE YEAR, WE HAVE FORTY DEGREES OF HEAT AT THE POLE!

Less than three fourths of this amount would liquefy and open the

* From Johnston (Physical Atlas, plate xii.) we learn, the above places, on forty-fourth parallel, have a mean temperature of $45^{\circ}.50$; for January 44° .

If our estimate seems high, let the reader compare results. "Archangel, in summer, averages 59° ; Yakatsk, near the Asiatic pole of greatest cold, has 62° mean summer temperature," p. 48. The Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society shows that "in dead of winter one may travel from Land's End (48th parallel) to John O'Groats' House (on 58th parallel) without coming to a single place with a mean winter temperature below 39° !"—No. 1, New Series of their Journal.

It is even claimed that this temperature extends to the Shetlands (Lat. 61°).

space around the Pole, supposing it locked in ice.

But this is not all. One other item demands our thoughts. The sun, as a thermal reservoir for our planet, has a formidable competitor in *SPACE*.

"Space," says Pouillet, "gives to the earth a quantity of heat so considerable that it almost equals the mean heat we receive from the sun." The experiments of Melloni, Faraday, Tyndal, Herschel, and Pouillet, with the actinometer, have ascertained to the nicest fraction, the amount of heat radiated to the earth from every quarter of the starry and sun-studded heavens. This is five sixths of solar heat. To use Pouillet's words: "The quantity of solar heat is capable of melting a layer of ice thirty-one metres thick (one hundred feet); the quantity of heat received from space is enough to liquefy a layer of ice covering our globe and twenty-seven metres (eighty-nine feet). Thus, in sum, the earth receives a quantity of heat expressed by a layer of ice spread over the globe, fifty-seven metres in thickness." Vol. i, p. 693, *El. de Physique*.

The declination of the sun cannot affect the quantity of heat thrown down upon the Pole from the skies above it, that never cease to look down upon its yet unknown area. This fact, of course, must not be understood to augment the estimate for the summer heat at the Pole which combines with the thermic influences. But it proves beyond a reasonable doubt, that, even in the Polar autumn and winter, when the sun's power is largely withdrawn, there is reason to believe that the temperature of the Pole does not fall below the freezing point of sea-water.

Were the sun blotted out from the heavens, the heat of space alone would, according to Pouillet, liquefy *eighty-nine feet of ice per annum*. Suppose three fourths of the solar influence actually withdrawn in the winter from the Pole, we should yet have left, allowing the merest thermic mite for the usual difference between sea-water and the earthy crust of its basin, quite, if not

over, 28°—AN OPEN SEA TEMPERATURE FOR THE POLAR WINTER!*

The calorific sources whence such a Polar temperature comes, and upon which this calculation depends, are, we must bear in mind, exclusive of all the stores of latent heat brought in vapor to the Pole by the prevailing (south-westerly) winds. This estimate also excludes all the sensible heat transported to the Pole by the surface currents—the Gulf Stream and the Kuro-Siwo.

If the result seems fallacious and extravagant, we only ask the reader, "Is it incredible, when we remember that, north of Smith's Straits, and at other such points (where the heat of the Gulf Stream and Kuro-Siwo could not be appreciably felt), Arctic explorers have, in dead of winter, found "a water sky" and an "Open Sea," and Dr. Kane, as we saw, found this Open Sea at a temperature of 33°—eight degrees above an open sea temperature? May not our doubts rather give place to the reflection of the Psalmist: "They that go

* The new theory of heat and the wondrous offices now discovered for aqueous vapor, must do away with old ideas and estimates of climate. Von Buch and Sir D. Brewster once computed the temperature of the Pole at 17° or 19°. They left out, however, in their accounts, the agency of aqueous vapor (by which it acts as a "blanket" on the Pole), the heat this vapor itself radiates on the Pole, the stores of latent heat amassed in the ocean, and borne to the Pole by southwest winds, and other items of a significance unknown to them.

Our habitual over-estimate of the sun's influence has thrown a fog over this whole polar question. The presence or withdrawal of his rays affects our planet only to the depth of twenty-seven feet (!) below ground.

If the above result seems too high for the temperature of a sea at the Pole, let us remember that, even at the equator, experiments show solar influence to be (so to speak) but skin-deep.

The untiring and exact researches of Escher and Bischof on the glaciers of the Alps, go far to dispel ancient and unfounded notions here. "Did not glaciers melt from underneath," says Escher, "they would reach up to the mountain-tops." Theoretically, we know, "They cannot move unless the soil beneath them is at or above 32°," the melting point of ice. But Bischof found these glaciers "generally require 40° temperature of the soil to dislodge them and set them in motion."

Apply this fact to icebergs, some of which are immense floating islands. Their bottoms, when melted, shower down on the Newfoundland banks loads of earthy matter, gravel, &c. How could they have gotten launched, or have glided down the slopes of Polar shores, unless the Polar soil, which melted and moved them, was warmer than 32°?

down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Tried in the fierce crucible of mathematical meteorology, the reader can judge whether the thermometric theory of Captain Bent comes forth from the fire unscathed and unharmed.

We propose, hereafter, to pass it through an ordeal, if possible, still fiercer—the testimony of zoology—and to challenge it before the birds of the air and the fish of the sea.

We may add now, that the known processes and phenomena of nature bearing upon this discussion, so far from counter-working the agents upon whose influence this theory rests, we have seen they conspire, as mighty co-workers with the oceanic currents in opening "Gateways to the Pole."

If the conclusions just announced have seemed startling to the reader, they have been no less startling to the writer. "Not knowing whither he went," with no premeditation, the writer gave himself up wholly to the known facts, and has blindly followed, step by step, the light of the calculation, and the beck and nod of the thermometer.

This profound and beautiful hypothesis may boast no sanction of high authority, nor count as its advocate any Arctic explorer. For awhile, it may have to rest its claims on deductions of science, and be ushered into notice on the quiet authority of mathematical calculation. Was it not so with the theory of Columbus? What of this?

Galle, we know, with his powerful telescope at Berlin, and aided by a host of astronomers elsewhere, was defeated in his search for a planet, when, with no other instrument but his pencil, it was found and triumphantly pointed out by the French mathematician.

We cannot close without an appeal to the reader to weigh the facts. For, apart from the triumphs of science, apart from the settlement of a great problem, affecting the commonwealth of nations; apart from the saving of

human life in future fruitless efforts to find the Pole, there may be wrapped up in this solution results not now dreamed of by the most visionary. De Soto marched westward to find silver, and stumbled upon the golden glories of "The Father of Waters." Columbus sailed in search of a short passage to the East Indies, and found a New World. Who shall say that, within the Arctic circle, dwelling upon some of the

islands or shores of that sea Dr. Kane saw rolling and beating at his feet, there may not yet be found—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!" some vestige of humanity—some fragment of our race, wafted thither by these mighty currents we have heard of, whose cry of welcome is yet to greet the mariner who finds them, and amongst whom there may, at least, be found some one of God's elect?

Note.—While this article is in press, the following telegram, dated Berlin, September 3d, announces:

"Advices were received here to-day from the German Arctic Expedition. The first ice was encountered on the 12th of July, in latitude 74°, longitude 10° West. The coast of Greenland was sighted seventeen days afterward. The expedition has experienced adverse winds and much mist. The weather was colder than in 1868. All on board were well."

This is, therefore, only a repetition of the old experiments in Polar researches. The "Germania," which bears this expedition, is almost in the very track of Henry Hudson, and may expect his disappointment. She has left the Gulf Stream.

THE LADY CINELLA.

PART II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Doctor," said Falconar, suddenly, "tell Kay the story of the Java sparrows. He has never heard it."

The Doctor, nothing loth, began:

"When poor Tom Temple—"

"He was Adelaide's brother, Kay," explained Falconar.

"When Tom Temple returned from India, he brought with him a cage with a pair of the most intelligent Java sparrows that ever were seen. There were scarcely any bird-tricks, but these tiny fellows were up to them, and they obeyed Tom as readily as if he had been Signor Blitz, the conjuror. When Tom, in due course, as all of our young men have done, fell in love with a lady, who shall be nameless, but whom, as a mark of distinction, we are accustomed to call *the* Lady, par excellence, he gave the pair of birds to her, and the handsome cage, and all, as freely as he had given her his heart. For you must know, Mr. Blanchfleur, that, when any one opens his heart to this Lady, he is not able to make any reservations.

"Ananias and Sapphira would not have died for falsehood had she been in the church in their day, for they would

have given her all, without holding back a penny nor a mite. So the Lady got the birds, and, as is her fashion, set to work to cultivate them. But birds, Mr. Blanchfleur, have subtle feelings, and, I do not doubt, have a philosophy also, of their own, not amenable to human laws and reasons. They are given to obscure passions, to violent affections, and violent antipathies, which rule them quite as peremptorily as the same unreasonable things rule men. So, of these two birds, one came to love this lady with a devotion quite touching and remarkable, and the other to hate her and to shrink from her with an antipathy fully as striking. The more she courted them, the more they seemed to be confirmed in their antagonistic and contrarious feelings. I am not exactly informed," said the Doctor, slyly, "but I believe it was the male bird which loved, and the female bird which hated this lady of whom I am speaking. At any rate, the one which hated seemed to have an unconquerable dread and disgust for her, and would display the utmost uneasiness and fright when she was by. It would flutter, and ruffle its

feathers, and scream, and beat its poor wings in unavailing efforts to escape, and no effort of patience on her part had any effect to conquer its dislike. The other bird, on the contrary, came to love her so much that it was continually uneasy unless she were in sight. When she spoke to it, or petted it, it would exhibit the utmost joy, pluming down its feathers, and skipping joyfully about, and putting its little bill between her lips, and cuddling close to her, and entertaining her with a voluntary exhibition of its choicest tricks, and a voluntary rehearsal of its most *recherché* songs. So great was the difference between the conduct of the two birds that, finally, the lady was constrained to put them into separate cages, so that, while she could minister to the one that loved her, the other might be in charge of somebody from whom it was willing to receive its food.

"One day," continued the Doctor, "the lady was in the room where her birds were, and the thought struck her to open the cages, as she had often done before, to let the birds fly about the room where they would. But, no sooner had she done so, than a very strange thing happened. For the bird which hated her, seeming to conquer its dread all at once, flew towards her, and made a savage attack upon her, flying into her face, and trying to peck out her eyes with its little beak, its feathers all ruffled, and its shrill piping note shriller still with rage. Then, while she defended herself against this assault, the other bird, the one that loved her, with a shrill note of defiance, flew like a miniature falcon to the rescue, and attacked its mate. The lady, bewildered, and scarcely knowing what she did, stood by and saw the little birds engaged in so fierce a battle that one would have guessed the combatants were men, not birds. It did not last long, for in a few seconds, as they wrestled, plucked, bleeding, torn, the bird that loved her overthrew its mate, driving its beak through the eye into the brain, so that the little bird fell upon the floor dead. Then, the champion,

flying to her, perched upon her shoulder, and, torn and bleeding as it was, sounded a piping, quavering song of triumph—then, quivered, and fell. She caught it, and placed it on her bosom, when it cuddled closely for a moment, gasped two or three times, and died. And, in that same hour, it is said, on which the champion bird that loved her breathed its last, dying in her defence, poor Tom Temple also breathed his last, dying, like the Java sparrow, for love of the lady——"

"The Lady Cinella," said Falconar.

"The Lady Cinella," repeated Dr. Hoyt, bidding us good-day.

"The Lady Cinella!" I murmured to myself. "God help the Lady Cinella, and her mysterious destiny!"

A few days subsequent to this, I again met the Lady Cinella, at a certain entertainment, which brought together most of the society in and around Wormleigh. Mrs. Cherbury was there, Adelaide Temple, Bertie, Dr. Hoyt, Falconar, and many other persons. There was also a young clergyman present, a Mr. Minnis, to whom Falconar called my attention, saying:

"I want you to observe him closely, Kay; he is an element in the Lady Cinella's mystery."

I think I should have studied his looks, anyhow, for Mr. Minnis was a very curious person. He was quite a young man, tall and spare, with long, lank hair, and a high, intellectual forehead. He wore a clerical uniform, such as is now affected by youths of the ritualistic persuasion, and his elaborately polished shoes seemed large enough to contain each a penitential pint of peas, besides his own feet. But the man himself was a puzzle, he looked so unsubstantial. I cannot give any better idea of the impression he made upon me, standing there in his big shoes, than by comparing him to a will-o'-the-wisp. Like that, he flickered, wavered, shone out and paled away into dimness again continually. There was a tremulous, vibrating quality about the man which put one in mind of his own image reflected in agitated water. Thin,

milky-looking cheeks, a beardless, indefinite chin, a high, sharp nose, with diaphanous nostrils, weak, uncertain, bleached lips, dry and quivering, and faded gray eyes, large, round, rolling, with an introverted and unspeculative look out of them, made up his ineffective *sidolon*; but it was not always you were able to detect him so distinctly, and often, even while you gazed at him, he paled away, and grew dimmer, and more impalpable, until you fancied he was going to vanish incontinently. If there was ever a man made to bestow "ghostly admonitions," I thought, assuredly Mr. Minnis is that very person. He had a light, hesitating cough, dry as a meal-tub, and his voice was a sort of expostulative, sighing whisper. Never had I seen a human body that seemed to have less brain and blood in it, and less of the essential breath of life. He sat listless, withdrawn, in a heap, so to speak, and twitched, and quivered, and flickered, like a gas light in an uncertain draught of air.

When Cinella came in, in company with her aunt, she bowed only slightly to me, making at the same time that haughty, scornful movement of the shoulders which became her so well, and gave such a queenlike quality to her beauty. She seemed bright and charming as ever, and, except for her reserve and distance with me, in no wise different from what I had seen her before. Passing slowly and gracefully through the company, with a smile or a toss of the head here and there, as the person seemed to demand whom she encountered, she came at length to where Mr. Minnis was, spoke to him, took a seat by him, and entered into vivacious conversation with him. Thereupon, a wonderful transformation took place—the will-o'-the-wisp changed suddenly into a man, the pallid, flickering image took on stability and color, and the bent, quivering form sat erect and firm. It was as when a wasted, withered flower is thrown into stimulating waters, so that the dried sap flows again, the shrivelled petals are unfolded, the blanched colors revive, and the

blossom that was dead comes to life again, and blooms forth new and fresh. He lifted his head up, erect and proud, a warm glow came into his cheek, almost giving it fullness, his lips waxed eloquent, and his dim, absent eyes darkened and kindled and shone with a fire I never dreamed could burn there. It was precisely what I have called it—a transformation, and it was wrought by Cinella's presence, for when, now and then, she left him, to dance or otherwise—for she bestowed most of her time upon him—he began to wane and pale away, and grow dim at once, like stars in the morning twilight. I watched him a moment, as he sat there, after she was gone for good, and before he got ready to go away himself. He had shrunk, and withered, and seemed to have tumbled, as it were, into a heap—a few uncomfortable clothes flung about the exsanguined image of a boneless and nerveless man, that had been galvanized into a sort of momentary tenseness, but, now that the shock was past, was more collapsed than ever.

"Poor fellow, he will not last long," said some one behind me, as Mr. Minnis rose and left the room, dragging his feet slowly and painfully as he walked; "his consumption has long been past remedy. How pale and weak he is; yet how he seemed to revive while that kind and lovely Miss Cherbury was talking with him!"

"Consumption!" growled Falconar at my ear; "better say the Cinella disease! He is one of her lovers, Kay; and that is the way they die. Each time they meet her, they flare up like a fire when the poker is thrust into it, then go away from her weaker and more bloodless than ever!"

The days now flew rapidly by, while I still stayed at Wormleigh, like a match near the candle. In spite of her growing reserve and hauteur—part of which I attributed to my being Falconar's companion, part I could not account for at all—I saw the Lady Cinella many times. I heard also much about her. The people of Wormleigh, with whom she was an incessant sub-

ject of talk, were divided in opinion respecting her,—so much divided, in fact, that they had formed themselves into several parties, and contended for their respective views with considerable bitterness. Their combined opinions made up an appalling testimony to the extent of the belief that malign and supernatural influences waited on her; and the pressure of this was the stronger because nearly every one could mention some circumstances that had come under his or her own immediate observation. There was a party, headed by Adelaide Temple, and composed principally of persons of her own sex, who, shirking the question of supernatural powers, contended outright for the Lady Cinella's malefic disposition, and that she was continually working desolation and destruction, by subtle means to them unknown, with the sole purpose of gratifying a dark and fiend-like fondness for evil. This party instanced many things which seemed to be traceable up to her, and which could not be accounted for but upon this hypothesis. There was a large party, but chiefly from among the ignorant and superstitious, who held the views we have seen Falconar entertain, more or less modified by their own peculiar doctrines relative to such things. There was also a party, represented by Dr. Hoyt, and other of the more intelligent and skeptical folks of Wormleigh, who, while admitting that the Lady Cinella and her surroundings perplexed and puzzled them, would not admit any explanation that passed the due limits of scientific reserve. These people, studying her curiously, and curiously investigating every circumstance in her life that transpired, were free to admit that the more they learned about the Lady Cinella, the more inexplicable did she become, the deeper and darker was the mystery that environed her. There were yet other two parties—the party of those who hooted at the idea that there was any circumstance in Cinella's case not clearly explicable upon ordinary and rational grounds—who laughed at the nursery-talk about the Aff-

ghan, derided the bird-story, and spoke of Tom Temple's *tuberculosis pulmonaris*, and Mr. Minnis' ineradicable dyspepsia, as adequate explanations of their respective disorders;—and the party, lastly, of those who *loved* the Lady Cinella with pure devotion, and consequently felt her to be a flawless crystal.

To which of these parties should I join myself?

Assuredly I did not belong to the rank of her foes, nor yet was I quite ready to believe, with the Rev. Mr. Minnis, that all I was told about her was mere malicious invention upon the part of her enemies. I felt quite well assured that the Lady Cinella was as pure and maidenly as she was beautiful and proud; I felt convinced also, that, however impulsive and erratic her temper might be, her natural disposition was kindly and tender. For the rest, I was uncertain. I could not bring myself down to believe with Falconar, nor was I satisfied to reject with the skeptics. There were some things which I myself had seen which demanded more explanation than I was able to find for them—the only thing for me to do was to study the Lady Cinella still more closely, in order to make the mystery out.

But this was hard to do, for the more I pursued her, the more she avoided me; the more I sought her out, the more shy and haughty she became; the more I humbled myself before her, the less tolerant she grew of my presence. So, while I still followed her, she made me vexed and anxious, angry with myself, yet unable to abstain, and my brow grew puckered, my eyes speculative, my cheek a shade paler; so that Falconar began to accuse me of being already under the witch's spell, and entreated me to break it, once for all, as he had done.

But, how could I do this thing? How could I avoid seeking the light of her eye, no matter how much she averted it from me? How could I refrain from basking in the joyous beauty of her countenance, glowing like sunlight upon retired valleys? How could I

help pursuing her, and following after her, and thinking of her, and cherishing her in my dreams? How could I help doing this, when I felt that I loved the Lady Cinella—loved her dearer than

I loved my own soul, more faithfully than I loved my own life, and would, give this, and that, and all, aye ALL, to possess her! How could I help it, how could I help it, I say?

PART III.

One evening, Falconar and I visited at a house where some company was gathered. As we came in, the Lady Cinella was singing one of Henry Heine's strangely sweet ballads, set to a simple chord of melody that had all the weird effect and force of an intricate symphony, so completely had the composer put his heart into it. Cinella was frequently in the habit of singing without any instrumental accompaniment, which she was very competent to do, for her voice was very strong and rich—and on this occasion she was seated in a partially-lighted room, with the company gathered in a circle around her. She held the sheet of music in her hand. Thus it happened that her face was towards us, and she saw us immediately when we entered the door. Her voice seemed to tremble and falter, and I fancied that, had it been light enough, I should have seen her change color. She stopped singing at once, and removed from her central position to a distant part of the room, peremptorily declining to conclude the song. Her voice was not in train, she said. I took a seat by her side, but, after coldly exchanging a few words with me, she rose, and went away, to talk with some one else. Falconar came and took the chair she had vacated, and, in a low tone hummed over to himself—

"Till nightingale shall shun her rose,
Till blood shall stop where water flows,
The half she loves shall pine and die,
The half she loves shall from her fly!"

I say, Kay," whispered he, "that first verse seems to be coming true—

"Till nightingale shall shun her rose!"

The lovely Cinella is decidedly giving you the cold shoulder. I have noticed it several times here lately. I congratulate you, my boy!"

A tumultuous whirl of emotions

wrestled within my heart till it ached again. For I had noticed this thing before, often—now, in my unreasoning passion, his words seemed to supply her with a motive, and me—they filled me with hopes and wild dreams so strange, so exigent, that I grew almost faint under their pressure and tumult. I said no more to Cinella that evening, nor much to anybody, but, folding my arms over my bosom, as if to constrain within it the emotions that threatened to burst forth, I impatiently waited for the time when we could take our leave. There was but little sleep for me that night, for a new purpose had taken possession of me, and I could scarcely wait for the morning to give me the chance to accomplish it.

Immediately after breakfast, I told Falconar I wanted a horse.

"What for?" he asked.

"I am going to see Cinella."

"Phew! after the way she treated you last night? Wait an hour, and I will ride over there with you."

"I don't want you. I would rather go alone."

He looked at me keenly. "Well," he said, "you are in for it, and I suppose it can't be helped. Anyhow, Tom Temple's lungs were delicate," he added, *sotto voce*, "and I do not believe you are quite so much of a ninnyhammer as the milk-faced parson; but Kay, old fellow, take care of yourself, for its like venturing upon new ice, going where you are going, with your present feelings."

I thanked him, and rode off. He stood where I had left him, gazing after me as long as I could see him. The good fellow had loved me dearly from the day when we had robbed the birds' nests together, and shared our Latin grammar and our master's floggings with perfect impartiality. Now, it

seemed to him as if I had gone off to battle with some dragon or other, too formidable for me to encounter alone, yet so placed that he could not help me.

"You will find Cinella in the garden, Mr. Blanchfleur," said Mrs. Cherbury, after I had made my salutations. The worthy old gentlewoman was too polite to assume my visit to herself. I strolled out, and along the pebbled walks, through clustering roses and rich vines and drooping creepers, towards the "cedarn alleys" and larger shrubbery, enclosing an exquisite little summer-house, to climb to the roof of which there was a rivalry between innumerable vines and creepers, grapes, fox-gloves, wistarias, madeiras, thunbergias, tropaeola, &c. I fancied I heard the sound of voices there. As I drew nearer, I heard the voices more distinctly; one, that of Cinella, clear, incisive, sharp, scolding, I was going to say,—and the other a meek, whining, disconsolate murmur, pitiful to hear. Before I had caught any words, a sudden turn in the alley brought me out in full view of the summer-house, and I saw, in the open space in front of it, Cinella, standing erect and scornful and terrible, like a winged angel of vengeance, and Mr. Minnis, "the milk-faced parson," prostrate on his face, seeking to kiss the hem of her garment, cringing, groveling, humbling himself at her feet. She seemed to be spurning him from her, with vehemence and disgust, he to seek to be spurned. I hastily turned, but not quick enough. She beckoned to me, with an imperious gesture, and called:

"Come hither, Mr. Blanchfleur; we are not talking any secrets, and it may do you good to see how I humble the men who *dare* to crawl to my feet. Come! I say," added she, seeing that I still kept back, for poor Minnis' sake, "Come, I need you."

I approached them. There was a deep line drawn clear across her forehead, a line meaning anger, perplexity, impatience; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glowed with a living fire, her

lips were compressed and nervous. Never had she looked so lovely, never had she showed so much character. Force and energy were written upon her every feature. As for Mr. Minnis, even as he grovelled there and whined at her feet—those feet that she patted impatiently, as if she could scarcely restrain them from spurning him—the influence of her presence was still upon him, and he appeared more lifelike and manly by far than he had seemed the other night after she was gone.

"Mr. Minnis," said she, with intense bitterness, "tells me that he loves me, and this is the way he seeks to win *my* love! Why, man, I could not love a spaniel that would cower at my feet as you are doing!"

"Let me be your dog, your spaniel, your slave—any thing to be near you forever," he whined.

"Get up, sir, and leave me," she cried.

"If you send me from you, I shall die," he complained. The words drove her into a passion.

"Die! die! It is always the same old cry—You shall *not* die, sir—I will not have—" she shuddered, and turned her face away, a sudden paleness driving off the flush. "Why will you die?"

"Because I love you," he said, very calmly.

"Love me! You shall not love me, sir! I will not allow it. It is not in the nature of things that *you* should love *me*. I have scorned you—abused you—ill-treated you—flirted with you—lied to you—taught you to despise me! How can you say you love me?"

"You have only taught me to love you. I have never learned any other lesson from your lips."

"Now hear him, Mr. Blanchfleur!" said she, turning quickly to me, "hear this man whom I have almost spit upon—hear him say that he loves me, and will die!"

"It is the simple truth, sir," he said to me, not rising; "intercede for me, I beseech you, and tell her that I shall certainly die if she drives me from her."

"Intercede for you!" she cried, very quickly. "Mr. Minnis, do you know who it is that you ask to intercede for you? See here!" She sprang to my side as she spoke, she clasped both my hands in one of hers, she put the other arm about my neck, caressingly, she laid her head with seeming unaffected fondness upon my shoulder.

"Do you see this, Mr. Minnis? He whom you asked to intercede for you is my lover, my betrothed husband—is it not so, dear Kay?" she looked into my face with a look that thrilled me through all my surprise and wonder. "While you were speaking of love, I was thinking only of him—dreaming only of him! Will you rise now, Mr. Minnis, and go away from me—I wish to be alone with my lover—my lover, mind you, Mr. Minnis!—will you go away now, and leave us alone, and never come back any more?"

The poor man rose, slowly gathered himself up, put on his hat, and turned to go, white, shrunken, limp, as linen from the bleach yard.

"I will go," said he, "I do not wish to intrude. Excuse me. I will not trouble you any more."

Slowly, wearily, more slowly and wearily with every step, he dragged himself away, nor turned back once. Cinella kept her position until he was almost out of sight. She had grown mortally pale, her mouth worked convulsively, and her eyes strained after the departing unfortunate.

"Oh!" she gasped at last, "he will die! Call him back, Mr. Blanchfleur, pray, call him back!"

"Best let him go," said I, "unless you can give him some reason for returning."

"You are right!" she burst out. Then, with a passionate effort, she flung me off from her, crying, "Go! go!" sprang into the summer-house, and, sinking upon a bench, hid her head in her hands, and sobbed and wept passionately, crying the while:

"He will not hate me, and he must die! he will not hate me, and he will die!"

I suffered her grief to have its course for a little while, and then I went into the summer-house, and stood beside her, and touched her shoulder with my hand.

"Cinella," I said, gently, "let us walk to the fountain and dry these tears. Weeping will do no good."

She thrust my hand away almost rudely, and looked up into my face with eyes full of resentment.

"You are presuming, sir," she said, "upon my acting just now."

"No! no!" I quickly replied. "I am *not* presuming, for I know that you were acting, and I believe I can guess what was your motive for it. I wish to talk with you, Miss Cherbury, seriously, calmly, not as a lover, nor as a betrothed husband, but, believe me, as a sincere friend. Come, let us go to the fountain."

I spoke as I felt, resolutely. I cannot tell how it was, but from the moment in which she displayed her weakness before me, there seemed to pass into my spirit a strange new consciousness of power over her, and strength to battle with and conquer the evil spirit by which she was possessed. It was not that her actions just now persuaded me to think she loved me—on the contrary, it was but natural to suppose that she would not have acted thus with a man with whom she was in love. But, in these new revelations of her character, I seemed instinctively to catch a glimpse of the prime motive that was the key to all she did—the curtain had been lifted for a moment, and I fancied I saw a weak, loving woman, desperately, blindly, but nobly struggling how she could in an enviroing network of desolation and despair. A weak woman, after all—a woman who needed support—a woman whom I could save! So, in proportion as I saw her to be weak, my will grew strong.

She obeyed me submissively, and for a few minutes, I fancied I had conquered her, and all would henceforth go aright, and as I should direct. I said nothing to her while we walked to the fountain. She choked down two or

three convulsive sobs, carefully laved her eyes and face, adjusted her hair with one haughty impatient toss of the head, and then stood silent, looking down, and slowly tearing off the petals of a rose and dropping them one by one into the water.

"You feel better now?" I asked.

"There is nothing at all the matter with me," she coldly replied.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Just now when you tried to make Mr. Minnis hate and despise you, for a heartless coquette, and you failed, you were in despair, because, you said he would die. How do you know he will die?"

She had turned pale, and shivered, when I began, but I could see she was putting out a strong force in support of her will—I could see, in fact, that she was not conquered by any means. The struggle between her will and mine was scarcely begun. I felt the need to nerve myself like steel, and I did so for awhile.

"I know he will die—if I *do* know it—because it is the nature of such poor worms never to react against what hurts them. He has no vitality."

"Had Tom Temple no vitality? Was he a poor worm like this reverend unfortunate?" I spoke cruelly hard.

A moment she shrunk as if I had pierced her with a knife—a moment she glared upon me like a tigress—then, all emotion passed from her face, and gave way to a hard, icy indifference, a cool, frozen courtesy that I could not break.

"Mr. Blanchfleur, you and I are people of the world, and very good friends as the world goes, but I do not see that our relations are so intimate as to justify the mutual heart-openings you seem to propose. You are neither my father-confessor nor my bosom friend. Besides, we are both too near of an age to seek or accept advice the one from the other. As for Mr. Tom Temple, if you wish to hear his history *in extenso*, with all the commentaries, you had better go consult his sister Adelaide."

"I have no desire to learn what you are not willing to tell me, nor to insist upon services you are not willing to accept."

"That is a very commendable spirit, Mr. Blanchfleur, and acting up to it will save us a world of embarrassments. Of course, I have my troubles, and you have chanced to see me moved out of my equanimity by them, more than once. Still, they are essentially *my* troubles, nor can any one else, by combatting, end them for me, let him sympathize with me never so deeply. You have seen me weep, Mr. Blanchfleur, but then, remember also, you have seen me laugh. I beseech you, for the sake of the comity of our relations, let your thoughts dwell upon the smiles, and refrain from dwelling upon the tears."

"That, I cannot do," said I, earnestly.

"Well well," she rejoined, lightly, "I will not be too exacting. If you prefer the Niobe to the Hebe, I must be content. Only, do not think to extort any revelations from me. I have none to make."

She was now completely herself, firm as marble. Not Hebe, but Diana, I thought, cold, calm, impassive, bright, and unresponsive as the full moon in a cloudless sky. Now, for the first time, did I become aware of the strength of this will I sought to master. My knees shook as I thought of the struggle, for it had gone so far now that, if I failed to conquer her, she would yet inevitably conquer me.

"Come," said she, pointing to the green-house near by, "I have a singular flower to show you."

The tone in which she spoke was a suspicious counterpart of the tone in which just now I had bidden her go with me to the fountain, but I said nothing, simply walking by her side the few steps that intervened between the fountain and the green-house. This was a long, low-roofed glass structure, with pot-flowers arranged upon shelves in tiers to the roof. There was a fine collection of true green-house plants, and, in addition, some very rare and choice exotics, needing to be carefully

nursed even in that tropical atmosphere. The warm summer sun streamed in through the scarcely shaded glass of the roof, with sultry power. One or two of the frames were open, but not widely enough to substitute fresh air for the close, damp atmosphere that prevailed within—an atmosphere burthened and made heavy and oppressive with the breath of foreign flowers, hinting of tall Brazilian forests, or Sumatran and African coverts, where the wild beast steals with velvet foot, and the feasted boa hangs sluggish like a huge painted vine. There were strange sweet odors there, that bore down upon the soul with the effect of grand choruses singing funeral hymns at midnight—odors so sweet and so strong that the senses drooped under them with languor. Yet it struck me that in this brilliant flash of colors, and this warm, musk-steeped, jungle air, the beauty of Cinella flamed forth into fuller bloom than ever before; her cheek warmed, her eyes glowed and gleamed with intense fire, and her quicker, more panting breath betrayed her accelerated blood. The thought struck me of her Indian birthplace, and I fancied she came to this place as to her home, where she might breathe the atmosphere congenial to her full-blown, exigent, tropical nature. I felt sure also that in this place she was just as much stronger than elsewhere, as I was weaker here than I was elsewhere. Her will was in its fullest force when a congenial external nature combined with her own to flood her soul with new resources through every pore.

"This place is like a poem to me, or a symphony, Mr. Blanchfleur," said she, and her tones seemed fuller, richer, more harmonious than ever; "hither I come for comfort and repose, and fresh strength when any thing jars me more rudely than the ordinary, and here, sometimes, forgetting the destinies that tie me down, I can sit and dream, and fancy myself a flower, like one of these. Did you ever fancy yourself a flower, Mr. Blanchfleur? Not one of these stately, cold, scentless camellias—oh no!

but a round, ripe, gushing rose, full of attar, that a hummingbird would dance with joy to see and to hover around unceasingly! I have, often."

Was it a spell upon me from her glowing eye and the full-toned music of her glorious voice, or was it the mere air of the place, with its sun-sick odors and its exhalations from the honey-drunken East, that glided like a breath athwart my forehead—a cool, gentle breath—and bore down my spirit till it was faint and weary, as if with anxious looking forward to a bliss unknown? What was it that stole over me, and benumbed me, and held me in a trance?

"This is the flower that I brought you in to see," she said, and her voice seemed to float far away, and to be caught up in numberless symphonic echoes by the flowers, like distant music sounding among moon-lighted hills.

"This is the flower that I brought you in to see," and she paused, pointing me to a rare blossom I had never seen before, a large blossom of the lily family, rich, golden, orange, crimson, velvet-barred, flecked and spotted, like a fresh-coated adder that suns himself in the brambles, and sending forth waves of fragrance of cinnamon groves and vanilla buds blended. Then, as I bent towards the flower, I saw her pluck the blossom, and pass her hand over it thrice, with a strange, commanding sweep of gesture. Then, she breathed upon it, gently, as who should soothe a frightened, trembling bird, and handed it to me, and I took it.

"This is the flower that I brought you in to see—keep it, Mr. Blanchfleur, in remembrance of me."

And, for the second time in our acquaintance, she bent upon me that keen, fire-armed glance of scrutinizing power, burning me through and through, like fire in flax. And I, knowing the gesture, and the glance, and fully conscious of the deadly spell, took the flower gladly, and opened my heart of hearts to let the glance go through; for I loved her, I loved the Lady Cinella, and I was willing to die there at her feet, because I loved her.

"Do you see its wondrous pistils, like the golden pillars of a temple to Cama, the divine?" said the rich, commanding, symphonic voice, with its remembrances of distant music.

And I, obeying, passive, gazed into the magic flower's cup, and studied the form of its wondrous pistils, no longer looking at her, but entirely conscious that her eyes still pierced me through and through with that fire-armed glance.

But now, a mystic dream seemed to spread around me like a violet vaped cloud, hiding from sight the Lady Cinnella, and the green-house, and the flowers, and only leaving me there, alone, a solitary votary, flung in humility upon the steps of Camadeva's temple, and yearning for his shrine. And the petals of the flower were no longer petals, but walls of a golden temple hung with purple pennons that wavered and throbbed and quivered like the bosom of a woman in agony. And within, under a misty violet veil, I thought the shrine of the temple was concealed, from which, although I could not see it, there burst forth flashes of many colored flames, which, spreading in rippling waves around, gave forth a murmur of low harmony, a whispering complication of sweet tones, subdued and faint, yet, oh! so sweet and rich and full of joy and love!

Then, as I gazed, the waves of flame rolled higher and brighter, full of crimson light, and suggesting images of supernatural beauty; and the misty, violet veil lifted and lifted slowly and solemnly aloft, and the low murmuring sweetness heaved and swelled and burst into a full, strong torrent of surpassing harmony of reduplicative joy and praise; and, while my soul grew strong with a new sense of returning vigor, and the strangest expectations of coming bliss, the shrine of the temple opened full before me like a revelation of Eden. Upon which looking, there came within me words, pleasant, soothing words, which I must utter, and which had power, methought, to conquer where they fell, for they were words of love, pure, virgin, invincible love, before which no other in-

fluence can stand! So, gazing there upon the shrine of the temple of Camadeva, in the bliss of all those sights, and the joy of all those sounds, I spoke and said:

"I look beyond the present, and follow my soul back into the archetypal region of pure ideas, whence it has come, and I see it playing there with a companion-soul, two angel-babes upon the dewy turf of Paradise——"

And a strange, sweet, far-off voice echoed my words:

"I see them playing there—oh, I see them playing!"

And I still spoke: "That was before we were driven out, before we had sinned, before our footsteps touched this dreary earth of exile and despair. That was in the morning glory of our innocence, and then and there my soul dwelt long ages ago with thine!"

"Long ages ago—with thine!"

"I see those two souls pacing like stars the celestial coasts of the spirit-world, brother and sister, all in all."

"Brother and sister, all in all!"*

"Once the time was," said the voice upon my lips, "once the time was, when the dim veil of sorrow, the mystic cloud of existence, pressed down upon us so closely we could not see that distant pearly shore, nor the twin spirits there in their sports of innocence, nor guess the bond that weds them forever and ever more. But now, the veil is rent, now the cloud is lifted."

"Now, the veil is rent, now the cloud is lifted!"

The long-ago has come back, never to depart again, and never more shall I lose that language of our happy childhood! Never more shall the loved one and the lover fail to recognize each other again!

"Never more again!"

Stunned, bewildered, overborne, even while my spirit was soaring at its highest mark, and my will grasping its intensest power of concentration, I felt my body, unequal to the task, grow sick

* This is a paraphrase from C. K. F. Molbech, the Danish poet.

and faint. I staggered, and would have fallen, when, swift as like the swoop of a grey falcon, Cinella darted upon me, plucked the flower from my hand, shred it into a thousand fragments, and, covering her face, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Instantly, weak and weary, but absolutely myself, I awaked from my dream, and knew that I had conquered her by the force of my love, and that her supreme will bowed down to mine.

"Cinella!" I said.

She crouched, low, lower, and, sobbing, beckoned me away.

"Cinella!"

No answer still.

"Cinella!" She lifted her eyes to mine with one swift, sudden flash of glory, then quickly drooped again, and said:

"Go! leave me! in pity leave me! To-morrow I will tell you all!"

So I departed from her, contented.

For that one swift look from her eyes had told me all I needed to know.

CALYPSO.

WHILE evening mirrored the Ogyrian shore
Deep in a foamless purple of still sea,
Atlantean Calypso left her cave
And wandered, mournful, from the middle isle
To where a lonely promontory breaks
Sharp on the landward swell that washes it
With murmurous monotone continual.
Hither she clomb, and round a ruined trunk
Of tamarisk, lightning-shattered, wreathed an arm,
And let the low light ripple on her hair.
So standing, as the summer day went down
And all the tender broidery of stars
Stole into heaven, she gave her sorrow voice
Divinely, in clear strains of plaintive song:

"At placid dew-fall, by this desolate shore,
Do I, Calypso, daughter of a god,
Grieve that my godhood weighs upon me thus
And bars me from the quiet border-land,
Dim paths and poppiéd avenues of death.
For does not immortality belong
To brows that wear it lightly, like a crown
Of fadeless, wreathen flowers? Do not they,
The Olympians, wear it thus? Are they not glad
With revelries and melodies of lutes
And loves unthwarted, canopied with calm
And girt with golden ease, aloof from men?
But I, whom these, dividing from my love,
Have made a mourner for all future time
And filled with hatred of my happy reign,—
What need have I to live and grow in grief,
Vexing the endless summer of the isle,
The bloom and peace and beauty, with my tears?
O lofty pines that cluster on the steep
Where we have lain at noon to watch afar

The bourneless lapse and dazzlement of sea ;
O rocks beneath whose shadow we have rested,
Foot-weary from our walks in dale and glen ;
O distant glimmering islands, vapor-swathed,
Soft to the sight and fair as fallen clouds ;
O tranquil shore and voiceful evening-tides,
Faint on the sand and plashing on the crag—
Yet hear me once, once only, while I tell
The cruel will of Zeus, unconquerable,
A root of many woes to gods and men :
For while I sat within the spacious cave
And plied the golden shuttle, singing there
The happy song that I had made to charm
Odysseus, when he wearied of the isle
And mourned his wife and kingdom over-sea ;
Lo, while I sat and sang, the shadowy place
Was lit with sudden splendor, and I saw
The thick acanthus from the opening torn
By hands invisible, and Hermes stood
Within the cave, or, floating, seemed to stand,
Treading a lucent air that followed him,
With plumèd feet. He bore the golden staff,
Crowned with his sheeny petasus wherefrom
Dropped to his shoulder the warm, lustrous curls,
And made his forehead worshipful for light.

Then in the music of celestial speech
He bade me free the much-enduring one,
Odysseus, evilly-fated of Greek men.
He, Zeus ordaining, should embrace at last
Telemachus and meek Penelope,
And reach crag-rooted Ithaca's gray coast,
Buoyed over perils of the whelming wave.
Such the unalterable heavenly will ;
And while I heard a hundred agonies
Drave at my heart like cunning spears of fire,
And leaping to my lips and eyelids, fell
Passionate in wild words and stormy tears.
Haply the God, beholding how my love
Vine-wise had crept about the shelterless
Bare solitude of all my weary days,
Waxed pitiful, and would have fain allowed
Some hidden softness in the harsh command.
Yet he made answer not as one who sheathes
Keen pain of bitter tidings tenderly,
Or lets the victim finger at the knife
Meant for quick stabbing ; but with sudden words
Shut out all hope, and bolted fast his speech
With iron-cruel counsel, and was gone.

But when great Hermes from the cave withdrew,
I sought and found Odysseus where he lay

Cool-sheltered under shadow-casting pines,
Far as the pearly clouds in pillowed fleece
O'erhung the hazy limit of the sea,
He looked with yearning eyes on some faint shape,
A semblance of his absent Ithaca,
Dim roofs and gleaming shore-land, fancy-wrought;
Whom from his dream I woke and tearfully
Told of the cruel message of the god,
And saw the upflashing gladness on his face,
Heroic, labor-furrowed, grandly sad;
And thought, my darkness is a dawn for him,
My love a loathed fetter, broken in twain;
And she who lies with him in after years
Shall know me as a serpent-curse that slid
Betwixt them, deadlier than Circean spells,
Fierce as Cyclopean fury, guessing not
If any lone Calypso stand by night
On these far cliffs, or from the dreamless gloom
Of inland grot yearn seaward, as he yearned,
Her lord, rethroned in the royal house.

After four toilful days, wherein he wrought
Among the northmost pines with stalwart arm
The perilous raft, I, heavy-hearted, came
To where at anchor, rocking in the dawn,
The vessel lay; and all the isle was dim
And all the water writhed in shining scales,
And one low glory, quickening the East,
Grew like a splendid lily from the sea.
Here on the shore I met him, heedless then,
If my strong sorrow should o'ermaster me,
And vex the unfearing purpose that he wore
Writ grimly on the stern lips, resolute
To brave great dangers and do battle with them;
To breast the blastfully-driven breaker's shock,
To dare the lightning's rapid blades of flame,
To meet in broad, uproarious solitudes,
Pursuant as the shadow of a mast
Beside a ship that cannot fly from it,
Death, watchful like a snake to spring upon him
And drag him under in the massive deeps.
So he would strive against dark, adverse powers,
Love guiding like a star, and cleave a path,
Laborious, to the realm that owned him king.

There by the fastness of dawn-kindled crags
And murmurless columnar glooms of pine,
I know not what I spoke of wild farewell.
He only knows who heard me, for I clung
About his neck, and ever while I clung
Fiercer against the gods rebellious words
Came with the parting kisses on my lips.

Then suddenly breaking from my clasp, he fled
In cruel mercy, and a stirless calm,
An icy apathy that freezes speech
And motion, deadly, yet no part of death,
Because the living sorrow like a heart
Throbs in it, bound me, darkening my sight.
Fleet o'er the waters, when I looked again,
Blown into one white curve, the favored sail
Bore onward, and Odysseus at the helm
Rose, waving farewells; and I cried his name
Shrill-toned in agony, and where he stood,
Forth-streaming from a riven cloud that hung
Above the utmost ocean's blue frontier,
Smote the ascended morning on his brow.

O gods, be pitiful and give me peace!
For me, the unquiet shade of what I was,
There is no rest among the groves and caves—
No rest, but longing and great loneliness.
Night sows the air with shadow and faint sound,
Leaf-haunting, of its myriad winged lives,
And silverly from the inner dells I hear
The ceaseless torrent plash and gurgle on
Amid the mosses. Let me wander there
To watch the starbeams feed on folded flowers,
Creeping between the dewy cedar-boughs
In spicy glooms. So watching, cover me
With slumber as a veil, and weave upon it
All happy dreams in likeness of the years
Love linked in golden sisterhood.

I know
Not even the powerfulest god may loose
One giant sinew of that mighty force
Which rivets us to our unchanging state,
Inviolable, a race that cannot die.
Wherefore, I ask not death, but only sleep.
Love ye have taken; visit me with sleep
That dreams of love, nor ever wakes in tears—
Low-lidded, silent-footed sleep that walks
In twilight of death's evening and life's day—
Sleep wedded unto calmness as the rose
Is wedded unto color; dusky-winged,
Brow-girt with lotus, reverend, beautiful!"

LEAVES FROM A PUBLISHER'S LETTER-BOOK.*

II.

STOCKHOLM, May 4, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: The moment is come when I can fulfil the promise given to my friend A. J. Downing, and to yourself, that you, and no other publisher in America, should be the publisher of my first novel after my work, "Homes of the New World." That work, and many cares both private and public, have taken up my thoughts and my time since, so that I had no time to write a novel; until lately the pressure of the spirit has had the upper hand, and made me bring forth a novel, not of large size, but, as I presume to-day, of no small or narrow mind. I shall have it published leisurely during the summer, so as to have it ready to be published in November or December. Every printed sheet I shall send (reduced to its smallest dimensions) to England, to France, Germany, and to America, all at the same time, and so that the different publications may all be issued at the same time. I do not think that the size of this new book will exceed that of my little novel, the "Midnight Sun." I leave it to you if you will have the translation done in America, in case of which I wish you would try to engage Mrs. — to do it; or, if you will, make an agreement with Mrs. Mary Howitt to have a copy of her English translation. Her genial mind and manner of writing will always make her translations in many ways unsurpassed; and her growing knowledge of the Swedish language will hereafter make mistakes of words very rare; nor will they matter much in a work of fiction. I leave to you to make the pecuniary terms of the agreement between us, perfectly sure that they will be honorable; and I am ready to subscribe to any mode you shall pro-

pose. Only I wish that you will pay the postage, in case you want me to send the printed sheets over to America, and I cannot get them free of post by the legation of the United States in Stockholm, which I fear will not be possible. I do not think it safe to send any thing with travellers; these are apt to be forgetful, and leave the things behind them.

My friend Downing wrote to me, in the last letter that I received from him (shortly before his most tragical death), that he would send to me several books—I think called "American Stories"—all written by women. I have also heard of travellers being charged with some books for me, which I supposed to be these; yet they have never come to me. I am sure, also, that you have forwarded to me that last work of my friend for which I had written a biographical sketch, and sent from Sweden the daguerreotype after which the portrait in the book was drawn. I am sure that Mrs. Downing would not that I should be without this last dear memory of her husband and my friend. . . .

Many changes, most of them sorrowful, have taken place among my friends in America since I was with them. Some of these friends have blessed me with their visits in my land and home; some I hope still to see here. My dear friends of — Cottage are still in Europe, and gave several weeks last summer to Scandinavia, which made me happy, as I was there with them. I hope, my dear sir, that the happy and beautiful family that I saw at your house on Staten Island is so still, only growing, as all good things should.—Give my kind regards to my lovely hostess there, and remember me to common friends.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

* A random selection of letters incident to a publisher's business; continued from last No.

P. S.—Do me the favor, my dear sir, to put the adjoined little notice, as an extract out of my letter, in some popular magazine or newspaper in New York, as it may possibly be of some benefit to the excellent family of which it treats, and for whom I have the greatest regard and friendship.

—Many changes among my friends in America have taken place since I was with them, some of them too painful to me here to speak of. One there is which gives me both pain and pleasure. I mean the removal of the family of Mr. — from its beautiful home in Charleston, S. C., to — Seminary, near New York. I grieve to see this change of circumstances in a family so well deserving all the boons of fortune, whose home was my dear delightful home during many weeks in the sunny South, and whose prosperity was so nobly used; but I must rejoice when I reflect that this turn of fortune is going to widen the sphere of influence and activity of this excellent family, and that its home, now and henceforward, will be the home of many a young girl during her years of development from girlhood to womanhood. This will be a blessing to many. Then, in this home they will not only acquire the knowledge and talents requisite for a good education, but, what is much more, they will, by that influence of all the most irresistible—the influence of example and strong persuasion—be led to acquire true piety, strength of principle, the love of duty, of labor, and kindness, the character and refinement of true womanliness. Yea, if I had a daughter, and could not well educate her at home, I would be happy to take her to that new home on the Hudson, knowing, were I to do it, that in its superintendent, excellent Mrs. —, “whose whole life has been so good” (to speak in the words of a noble lady in Charleston), my child would not only find a monitress, but also a careful mother; and in her daughters not only teachers, but also kind and noble minds.

As the charcoal is the mother of the diamond, so, in this case, may misfor-

tune be the mother of fortune in a larger and a higher meaning than ever before enjoyed by the members of this family. “Then they loved to do good.”

CRAVEN HILL COTTAGE, BATS WATER,
January 15, 1852.

DEAR SIR: Let me thank you very cordially for the pleasure with which I beheld your name among the list of subscribers forwarded to me by the kind consideration of our most amiable and thoughtful friend, Mr. Balmanno. His chief delight seems to be in conferring gratification; and he knew what a surpassing one it would be to me to see the several names on that treasured list. I have also to tell you how much pleased I have been by your having promoted *our* book to the dignity of large-paper copies. Pray accept my warm thanks for the many instances of courtesy and liberality I have met with at your hands, and believe me to be, dear sir, yours faithfully and obliged,

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.*

LONDON, Dec. 9, 1851.

SIR: I have a bad habit, sometimes, of not opening parcels which are addressed to me; and I am appropriately punished by not having till now discovered the very neat edition of my lectures which you have had the great kindness to send me. Late as it is, and uncertain as I am whether this will find you, I cannot forbear from expressing my gratification well at the fact of my production having been deemed worthy of republication in a country to which I feel so many ties of attachment, and at your own personal courtesy in the matter. I have the honor to be your obliged servant,

CARLISLE.†

* Author of “Concordance to Shakespeare,” “Girlhood of Shakespeare’s Heroines,” &c. The reference is to a handsome library-chair, which was sent to Mrs. Clarke as a gift from some fifty gentlemen, including Daniel Webster, Irving, Bryant, and others who appreciated her laborious and important work, the “Concordance to Shakespeare.”

† Earl of Carlisle—Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; better known in the United States as Lord Morpeth. His two Lectures—one on “America” and the other on the “Poetry of Pope”—had been reprinted in New York by G. P. P. & Co.

48 DOUGHTY STREET,
Friday, Aug. 31, 1838.

—I beg to thank you for the books you have been so obliging as to forward me. I have only had time to glance at them, but have been already much pleased, and hope to be more so. I assure you that nothing would yield me greater pleasure than to be the humble means of introducing any American writer to this part of the world. I would only entreat you to remember that our means do not always keep pace with any inclination, and that the claims upon the very limited space of such a magazine as the *Miscellany* are necessarily more than it is possible to answer with any speed or regularity. I should be very happy to write something for the *Knickerbocker* and *American Monthly*; but I do assure you I have scarcely time to complete my existing engagements. So I think I must defer this pleasure until I visit America, which I hope to do before very long; and then I shall be more independent and free, which will be more in keeping. I am your very obedient servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

3 KING STREET, GREENWICH,
Jan. 2, 1845.

GENTLEMEN: As you are now publishers both for the Old as well as the New World, I take leave to offer you the manuscript of a work edited, translated, and partly written by me, under the following circumstances. During the last three years, I have passed much time in the north of Germany, particularly in Holstein, where I met, at the home of a learned friend, an old Swedish officer, who, for reasons of state, preferred living in obscurity under the protection of the Danish government. Being there at the time of opening the iron chests at Upsala, which were not to be unclosed until fifty years after the death of Gustavus III., it naturally excited much conversation, and many discussions took place thereon. The old soldier had written a sort of memoir of the events which led to the assassination of that monarch, which he permitted me to translate; to add much from

books in our friend's library, much from his own mouth, and some, during my stay in London, from books within my own reach. When this was done, he destroyed his own memorandum, and returned to his country retirement. He much admired and zealously vindicated the patriotism and ability of his murdered sovereign, which he declared was as much as high treason in Sweden, and dangerous in Denmark, but declared his satisfaction at entrusting his views to a native of a country which feared not the vindication of any one who required it. The weather not permitting me to return to Denmark for the present, I have revised my manuscript, which will make about ten sheets octavo of such type and page as the historical novels of the present day. If this comes within your views, I will send you the manuscript for a moderate remuneration and for some copies for my friends, as I must make my ancient friend a present. I am, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

JAMES ELMES.*

19 Austen Friars, City.

MY DEAR SIR: This letter will be presented to you by Mr. H—, a German by birth, who is soon to be an American by choice. He comes to settle in the United States, with a young wife and a small family. He is a relation to my wife's family—in fact, first cousin to my wife. He is a good engineer, and will look for employment in his profession either in New York or in any other of your States. If he does not succeed in that line of business, he will become a settler in some of your new agricultural districts. He comes sufficiently provided with means. I beg, for "auld lang syne," that you will help him with your advice and friendly assistance in every thing that may be in your power, both by taking him by the hand in New York itself, so long as he stays there, and supplying him with good introduction and recommendations wherever his fortune may

* Surveyor of the Port of London, author of "Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren."

lead him. I am sure you must have agents and correspondents all over.

And now to ourselves. I hope you are happy in your own native Broadway. . . . I repeat to you my great regret that you should just have absconded yourself from London, when I brought into it a wife of my own whom I wanted to introduce to Mrs. —, and who would have suited her to perfection. I am now made glad in the house by the presence of a little child, by name Romeo, something less than thirty months old, and a little prodigy—in his mother's estimation.

I published, since your absence, a volume entitled "Scenes from Italian Life," 1840 (Newby), and "Italy in 1848," London, Chapman & Hall, 1851. I am now finishing a two-volume novel, entitled "Days of Hope," which I intend offering to the same Chapman & Hall. It is an Italian romance, somewhat drawn out of my own life. I suppose you know I was in Italy and Germany in 1848 and 1849, and had some political, military, diplomatical, revolutionary business in those countries. Likewise you must know that I had published a second edition of "Italy Past and Present," in November, 1848, half of which was new matter. . . .

Why are you not here, and your lady? Let me hear one word—only one—from you, and believe me, ever yours truly,

A. GALLENGA.
(L. MARIOTTI.)

21 THURLOW SQUARE, LONDON, July 9, 1851.

13 KENSINGTON GATE, LONDON,
August 5, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The bearer will be Mr. —, from Stuttgart, who has been driven from one to another of the petty German towns in consequence of the political convulsions which are rapidly draining that country of all its talent and industry. Mr. — has all the advantages of a good German education, and had lately been employed by several first-rate publishers in his country. He is well versed in your business, and would be glad to make himself

useful in your land of refuge. His wife is intimately acquainted with a good friend of mine, a lady whom I greatly wish to oblige. I have before recommended to you other persons in the same situation; as I never received any answer, and, indeed, never any news from you, I might be left to think either that you consider my frequent applications to your kindness as importunate, or that you are dead and buried—or that you are (and that is the most likely hypothesis) sunk over head and ears in work. I have seen several numbers of your magazine, which is universally well received in England. Has any body in Yankee-land heard of a new work of mine—published anonymously—entitled "Castelamonte," and which appeared last January, published by Westerton, in two volumes? I am now printing a work on the "History of Piedmont," which Chapman & Hall have undertaken to publish. It will be in three volumes, and two volumes are ready now; but we will put off the publication till next Christmas or spring. I should offer it to you for joint publication, and most happy should I be to come to an understanding with you. But, alas! what cares Yankee-land for our musty Old World?

Believe me, my dear Putnam, with the kindest remembrances to —, yours truly,

A. GALLENGA.
(MARIOTTI.*)

* Under the name of Mariotti, a young Professor Gallenga of the University of Parma, who had been one of the "Young Italy" or "Carbonari" patriots, was exiled and came to Boston about 1837. He resided some time at Cambridge, and wrote for the *North American Review* several papers on Italian Literature of History. During his subsequent residence in England he was intimate in my family. He was gently esteemed by prominent literary men in England, such as Carlyle, Bulwer, Macaulay. With Mazzini, who was then his close friend, we used to take macaroni together and abuse Sir James Graham for opening letters—(said to be treasonable against somebody). He was a contributor to *Fraser*, *N. Monthly*, *Foreign Quarterly*, etc. A few years later, after his marriage with an English lady, he returned to Lombardy, and was elected member of the Italian Parliament. His quarrel with Mazzini was a curious episode. On the first day of the riots in New York, in July, 1863, he landed in New York, in the capacity of confidential correspondent of the *London Times*.

... Seriously, if by chance you wish to take my "Piedmont" into consideration, I will gladly send you the two first volumes for inspection. They will be ready by the end of April; but you must let me have your letter by the end of May. You shall have the two volumes, and take the whole autumn to make up your mind—only say the word. In May I leave London for Turin, where I mean to make arrangements for an Italian translation. As I said, even in London the book is not to appear before Christmas, or before March, 1855.

PRESCOTT HOUSE.

Ivan Golovin presents his compliments to Mr. Putnam, and begs him to undertake the publication of his MS. "Stars and Stripes, or Russian Letters and American Impressions"—a volume like "The Potiphar Papers."

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD, NOV. 10.

Dr. Giles presents his compliments to Messrs. —, and writes to inform them that he has just completed an original work entitled "Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket," which is now very nearly printed by Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington, in two volumes, 8vo, usual type and paper.

Dr. Giles is desirous that the work should appear at the same time in America, and would be glad to know whether Mr. — will enter into any arrangement with him to that effect. If so, Dr. Giles will immediately revise the impression before the work is published here, and add a dozen other letters of Becket, and make such additions as may render the American reprint to all intents and purposes a second edition. This arrangement can be effected by means of a sale of the copyright, or of an edition of five hundred copies, or by any other mode which Messrs. — can suggest.

RECTORY HOUSE, 4 NICHOLAS LANE,
LOMBARD STREET, April 14, 1836.

DEAR SIR: Prof. Bush informs me that you are desirous of information

respecting our London bookstores. I shall be very happy to give you any assistance in this matter in my power, and also with reference to the Continent.

If you pass the British Museum to-morrow, you will find me there from 10 till 4. I am there every day in the week, except Sunday. I propose to leave this note at your lodgings on my way to the Museum. If you are not better engaged next Sunday, Mrs. Horne and myself will have much pleasure in seeing you here, to take a plain family-dinner with us. We dine at the unfashionably early hour of half-past one, that our servants may each have the opportunity of attending Divine worship. I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE.*

ROYAL ACADEMY, May 10, 1845.

Mr. Howard presents his compliments to Mr. Putnam, and assures him that the error of which he complains with regard to Mr. Edmonds' picture shall be corrected as quickly as possible; but he cannot authorize any addition to the description, or the placing such a label on the picture as Mr. P. proposes. The word "Honorary" is applied to all such artists as are not professional—the word "Amateur" never being used. In Mr. Putnam's letter there was no mention of price with regard to Mr. Cropsey's picture, which excludes it from any benefit from the Art Union. It shall, however, be entered in the record-book. Mr. H. requests, that when any of the pictures sent by Mr. Putnam are to be removed from the Academy, he will send a written order, as no works are ever delivered to —, or carriers, without orders from artists or their agents.†

* Author of "Introduction to the Study of the Bible." Died 1862.

† Paintings by A. B. Durand, J. F. Cropsey, and the late F. W. Edmonds, C. C. Ingham, and Henry Inman, were sent through our agency to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1845. With characteristic liberality two or three of these were placed in an upper corner of the "architectural" room, and the remainder in a little octagon usually called the "dark hole." Since then American art has had better treatment.

MY DEAR SIR: You are indeed extremely kind, and both Mr. Howitt and myself feel greatly indebted to you.

We shall like to have, as early as convenient, the materials for the memoirs of Daniel Webster and Mr. Bancroft. We shall thank you for the portrait of Webster. I do not exactly understand from your note whether you have sent it, or will send it; but we have not received it. Mr. Howitt will write to Mr. Bancroft about having a sketch made for the Journal. He will thank Mr. Brodhead for any hints he can give him from which he will draw up a memoir, which Mr. Bancroft shall then see, so that it may be made as complete and perfect as possible. Have you any memoir of Abby Kelly? We have a portrait of her, which we mean to give some time, accompanied by a memoir, for she is really a noble woman. I am greatly interested in the "Views A-foot," much of the ground is so familiar to us; so many of the persons mentioned in the work are known to us. You shall find a notice of it before long. It is to Mr. Dennett, I believe, that we are indebted for the sight of the Album. Pray thank him. It is really very interesting. With kind regards to Mrs. —, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

MARY HOWITT.

UPPER CLAPTON, April 12, 1844.

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the card of admittance to your Reading Room,* which, should we have occasion to avail ourselves of at any time, we shall not fail to do. Yours very truly,

W. HOWITT.

ISLINGTON, March 19.

DEAR SIR: In forwarding the accom-

* A large room at the "American Literary Agency," in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, near the Athenæum and U. Service Club, established by W. & P. for the special purpose of introducing to the M. P.s, and nabobs of the "West End," some specimens of American books, paintings, maps, newspapers, magazines, &c. Being on the way to Parliament St., my Lord Duke, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and the Right Honorable Baronet, were frequent visitors, showing considerable interest and curiosity in "American facts."

panying letter, I beg to mention that the writer, the Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, is a gentleman of the highest respectability, and a great book-buyer; and as he begins to feel a desire to cultivate an acquaintance with American theological literature, which he has means of bringing into notice in this country, there will be much benefit in your affording him such facilities and information as he may require. Dr. Beard writes in the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, and in various influential periodicals. I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

JOHN KITTO.*

NEW YORK, November 16, 1850.

DEAR SIR: I received, yesterday, your note, with an enclosed letter from England, and beg hereby to return to you my best thanks for the same. I feel exceedingly sorry to hear that you have not received my acknowledgment of the receipt of the beautiful books which you so kindly presented to me when last in New York, and may thus have been led to think that I did not fully appreciate your splendid gift; but beg you to be assured that such is not the case, as, on the contrary, they have afforded me great enjoyment. Believe me, dear sir, yours, truly obliged,

JENNY LIND.

OFFICE OF COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL FOR TRADE,
Whitehall, Dec. 13, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: With reference to your application of the 31st October last, on the subject of the duty on a series of engravings imported in the ship Northumberland from New York, which are intended to illustrate a work on "Weaving," originally published in New York, and reprinting in this country, I am directed, by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, to acquaint you that the Commissioners of the Cus-

* Author of "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," the "Lost Senses," &c. In this little volume the learned author, who was wholly deaf, contended that blindness was preferable to deafness. He was self-taught; but his acquirements, especially in biblical literature, were very extensive. He was a frequent visitor in search of American contributions to this branch of learning.

toms have been informed that, provided the work for which these plates are stated to be intended be one which might be legally imported at the low duty of the cwt., and there be no doubt that the plates are really intended to illustrate the work reprinted in this country, the plates should be admitted at the lower rate of duty by weight, as requested by you. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. MACGREGOR.*

** The engravings and parts of the work left at this office are herewith returned to you.

OFFICE OF COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL FOR TRADE,
Whitehall, Nov. 4, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: I am directed by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade to acquaint you that your application on the subject of being prevented by the Post-office authorities from sending by the steamers, to the United States of America, newspapers more than seven days old, has been referred to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

JOHN MACGREGOR.

HEIDELBERG, July 23.

DEAR SIR: I hope to hear that the proofs of my "Life of Shelley" were despatched by the packet of the 18th, and that you urged the expediency of despatch in the publication.

I learned from Bentley that he had made copyright of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," although prepublished in America; and in the still stronger precedent in my case, I am led to augur an equally favorable result.

I trust that your firm will exert themselves to accomplish this. I enclose you a letter of Shelley, to form an autograph-lithograph to embellish the

* Author of "Commercial Statistics," "Progress of America," &c., died 1857. He was the Scotch Secretary of the "Board of Trade,"—and a man of liberal views and immense energy. He was a constant visitor at the American Literary Agency in search of the latest information. The case referred to above was a notable instance of how red tape may be cut by a man of practical good sense.

work. On looking over my MSS., I find that, singularly enough, in the first page of the introduction to the —, a line was omitted in the transcript, which must be supplied. After speaking of the steamer that plied from Marseilles to Genoa, and before mentioning my departure from one place to another, the following words should be introduced: "But before I take the reader with me on my voyage, I will transcribe from my journals the first impression which my entrance into the dark blue Mediterranean, some months before, made on me. And now," &c.

The "Life of Shelley" will not appear in England till after the elections are over—probably the latter end of August—which will give Messrs. Wiley & Putnam ample time to print the work. I will trouble you, as soon as you hear from them, to give me a line, and am, dear sir, yours truly,

W. MEDWIN.

P. S.—I have marked in inverted commas the passages from the letter which may form the autograph. Pray send the note by the first opportunity. I should wish to have the letter from Shelley returned. Send also the enclosed "Corrected Translation of the Death of Ugolino."

BROUGH HALL, NORFOLK, ENGLAND,
February 19, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I am obliged by your communication, forwarded through Mr. Parker. If you have not sent me any copy of the American edition of my book, it would please me to see the Letters in the form they have been published in by you. I wish you may have corrected some of the errors of the type in this country, which are more numerous from the printing having been done from the original letters, with the disadvantage of my not being in London to correct the proofs.

I observe — is always spelt with an e. I cannot accuse the English papers of having treated this publication with indifference—by a few it has been favorably, by many severely treated—but a very bitter review in the *Times*

newspaper, I am convinced by internal evidence, emanated from your side the Atlantic; an acquaintance of yours as well as mine, I feel sure (in return for my refusal to minister to his wish for popularity), took this opportunity of being even with me. This was not either wise or generous, because the criticisms were so over-done as to excite a reaction in my favor. I have not sought approbation in either country, but have simply told the truth as far as my judgment could discover it; and I have been duly prepared for all the hard words which may be given. Yours faithfully,

AMELIA M. MURRAY.*

4 VANE STREET, BATH, ENGLAND,
November 3, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have just received safely your letter of the 18th of last month, with the two bills† enclosed; and while acknowledging the receipt of them, I must express my sense of the honorable manner in which the business has been conducted.

I have not yet received Professor Gray's work, but no doubt it will be duly forwarded. I remain, dear sir, yours, truly obliged,

AMELIA M. MURRAY.

PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON.

SIR: I am sorry I cannot communicate any particulars relative to Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, except what appears in "Nichols' Literary Anecdotes," the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary," &c. She was an active member of the literary world for a long series of years. Her history, in brief, appears to have been this:

Barbara Charlotte Lennox was the daughter of Lieutenant-General George Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and was born about 1719 or 1720. At the age of fifteen she came to England to visit a wealthy aunt; but on

her arrival her aunt was out of her senses, and never recovered them, and about the same time her father died.

From this period she depended on her literary talents for support. In 1747 she published a volume of poems; in 1752, "The Female Quixote" and "Memoirs of Harriet Stuart;" in 1753, "Shakespeare," illustrated, 2 vols.; in 1756, "Memoirs of the Countess of Berci" and "Sully's Memoirs;" in 1758, "Philander; a Dramatic Pastoral," and "Henrietta," a novel. In 1760, with the assistance of the Earl of Cork and Orrery and Dr. Johnson, a translation of "Father Brumoy's Greek Theatre," 3 vols. In 1763 she published "Sophia," a novel, and in 1769 brought out at Covent Garden "The Sisters," a comedy, from her novel of "Henrietta." This comedy was not successful. In 1773 she produced, at Drury Lane, another comedy called "Old City Manners." She afterwards wrote (it is believed) "Euphemia," a novel.

Her latter years were clouded by distress; and it is mentioned in the printed notices of her, that she was relieved by the Literary Fund; but no additional particulars of her are to be gleaned from their books. The Literary Fund seems also to have assisted to fit out her son for an employment in America. Dr. Johnson's high opinion of her may be learned by the following extract from "Boswell's Life:" "I dined yesterday at Mr. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such women are not to be found. I know not where to find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all."

Besides the works before noticed, she published "Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon," 2 vols.; translated "The Age of Louis XIV.;" "Eliza," erroneously attributed to Dr. Young; "Harriet and Sophia," 2 vols.; and translated "The Devotions of Madame de Valiere, Mistress of Louis XIV.;" and the three first numbers of "The Tri-plier." She died in Dean's Yard, in the parish of St. Margaret, and is buried in the parochial ground; but no stone

* Hon. Miss Murray, Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria; author of "Letters from America," republished by special arrangement.

† Exchange for about £200, for "copyright" on sales of the New York edition of her "Letters from America."

marks the spot where she was interred.
Your very obedient servant,

B. NICHOLS.*

Amelia Opie requests Mr. Putnam will be so good as to send down to her "The Religious Souvenir," intended for her by its editor in Philadelphia, according to the following address: "Mrs. Opie, Lady's Lane, Norwich."

11th Mo., 9th, 1838.

ABINGDON, February 28, 1844.

SIR: Your note found me on the eve of my departure for the Oxford Circuit, and too much pressed by business to answer it before leaving town. In reply to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that the copyright act, 5th and 6th inst., is that which you refer to as *mine*—that which I endeavored to pass for four sessions; but it is not purely mine, as I was not in Parliament when it was passed.

It does not affect the question of international copyright, as I relinquished the clause I had prepared to the conduct of Government, by whom the bill of 1838 was carried.

I have no objection to the publication of my letter to you. It was written very hastily, and is not, therefore, in point of style what I should desire to see published; but as it contains the substance of my opinion on the existing position of the law, I will not on that account desire to suppress it.

Accept my thanks for the books which accompanied your last note; and believe me to remain, sir, yours faithfully,

T. N. TALFOURD.†

3 TRAVIES INN, February 23, 1844.

SIR: I am happy to furnish any information which may, in the smallest degree, assist the endeavors of those who are laboring in the cause of literature and of justice. In my judgment, no further legislation is required on the

part of England to secure to American authors the reciprocity which ought to accompany the acknowledgment of the rights of English authors by the United States.

Before the passing of my act on the subject of international copyright, Lord Abinger decided in the case of *D'Almaine vs. Boosey*, reported in 1 Young and Collyer's Reports, 288, that a foreigner, publishing his work in this country within a reasonable time after its first publication in his own, may acquire for himself, or his assignee, a copyright within the protection of the law of England. I believe this decision to be correct; but finding that doubts existed on the subject, I was desirous of setting them at rest by a declaratory clause in my own bill, and therefore introduced the subject in my first speech in the House of Commons, and a clause in the bill to effect the object. When, however, the bill was discussed in a following session, Mr. Powlett Thompson, on the part of Government, requested me to leave that part of my scheme in the hands of Ministers, who proposed to deal with it themselves. I acquiesced; and the result was the passing of an act of 2d and 3d Vict., c. 59: "For securing to Authors, in certain cases, the benefit of International Copyright." Already the Queen is empowered, by Order in Council, to direct that the authors of books published in foreign countries shall secure copyright here, in their works, on registering them at Stationers' Hall.

The object of this Act was to enable our Government to regulate with foreign powers on terms of reciprocity; and therefore, if I am wrong in thinking that the law now gives absolutely the right which this Act enables the Crown to confer as matter of bargain, there can be no doubt that, upon the understanding that the copyright of English authors would be acknowledged in America, the benefits of this Act would be at once and cordially extended to American authors. This Act, of course, assumes an opinion contrary to that of Lord Abinger, as to the

* Author of "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," in 16 vols. 8vo. At this time he was about eighty years old, and remained as a connecting link with the days of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds.

† Sergeant Talfourd, M. P., author of "Ion"—an active promoter of the interests of authors.

existing law, but it does not vary it; and perhaps, practically, it is not material whether it was necessary or not, as there can be no doubt that it would be liberally applied to the purpose for which it was enacted.

Heartily wishing success to your endeavors to do justice to authors of both countries, I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

T. N. TALFOURD.

P. S.—I send you the only copy I have left of my speeches on "Copyright," in which, page 26, you will find the subject of international copyright referred to.

ALBURY, December 23, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your "American Facts" have at once delighted and instructed me. I have just finished the book; and it is a pleasure to be able so warmly to commend it, as in all sincerity I can and do.

To praise a man to his face, is but clumsy courtesy; and therefore I will spare your modesty respecting the mere "manner" of the work, however creditable to you: but its "matter" is the point on which, without offence, I may dwell in honest approbation. You have stated, in a temperate, just, and pleasant spirit, Facts which may well make you proud of your native land; and Facts which may render the philanthropists of every shore your debtors. I regret, and have for years regretted, the many printed insults offered to America by a certain forward race amongst us: my only astonishment has been that they are so warmly and sensitively taken up: it has always appeared to me that you might well afford to laugh at or neglect them. Not but that there is something generous in your acknowledged "thin-skin-nishness": America, like a right-hearted youth, earnestly though secretly looks to parental England for praise in doing well; and the fraud of praise withheld, or (worse) perverted into censure, is an aching disappointment. Apathy would argue disrespect and disaffection: these be far from you, and far from us, as towards each other.

You have by no means overrated the popular ignorance of all that concerns your New World amongst us; but we have one really fair excuse in mitigation: to wit, your very Newness. Ten years ago, haply, Cincinnati was not: possibly ten years hence you may have an enormous Timbuctoo with a hundred churches in the middle of Missouri. My old country-house here was built when New York and New Orleans were swamp and forest: and you know how philosophically suitable to the veneration of such creatures of change and chance as we are, is the magic of Antiquity.

If your Athens, somewhere in Arkansas, was all built of Parthenons and Acropolises, still it never could attain one thousandth of the glory of the attic-town.

Old Time makes all the difference. Our ignorance then is not merely that we cannot keep pace with the race of your prosperities, but that, on archaeological principles, we even feel an inward disinclination to believe such "facts" unseen. After all said—and call each other what we may—America and England are one people: language, laws, religion, literature, identity of origin, and history—goodsooth, here are ties enough: moreover, you are not black, nor we cannibals.

For my own part, I boast myself a genuine Anglo-Saxon: in 1550, the Emperor Charles V. complimented my direct ancestor in the tenth generation by expelling him from Germany for Protestantism; so that, whilst I dearly love England and her institutions, I claim to be a bit of a cosmopolite.

Therefore, as one of the great Anglo-Saxon family, I have sympathy with you as brethren; and if ever my good star sent me to visit you over the Atlantic, my verdict (I am clear) would be far other and truer than that of Dickens, Trollope, and the like.

I am scribbling this at midnight, somewhat loosely and egotistically, too, I fear; but, as I perceive you to be a man of sense and feeling, I am sure you will not take my note amiss.

Mr. Willis and yourself are the only

Americans I have personally encountered; and you make me respect your country. With reference to your literature, it may interest your patriotism to be told that Moses Stuart and Dr. Robinson taught me my little Hebrew—that Abbott helped my early Christian course—that I found Anthon a vast improvement on old classical Lempriere—and that Peter Parley now instructs my children. Having prosed sufficiently, and not as yet having thanked you for the book itself (which therefore I request now to do), I remain, My dear Sir, Very faithfully yours,

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

4 ROBERT STREET, BEDFORD ROW,
May 10, 1843.

SIR:—Before I leave town—for a day or two only, however—I think it best to write to state my acceptance of the terms offered for the publication of the "Letters," namely, that your firm will defray the cost of paper, printing, advertisements, and every expense connected with publishing both in London and New York; and that, after the sale of the first edition, the profits accruing to be divided equally between your firm and myself.*

You would greatly oblige me if you would forward me, to this address, with as little delay as suits your convenience, a copy of the agreement to be signed, and perhaps a printed specimen or proof of the form in which you would publish the work.

In case of further editions being re-

quired, I feel so obliged by your courtesy and favorable opinion, that, as a matter of course, the publication shall be offered to you in the first instance.

I readily adopt your recommendation in regard to the title, and will make the "amende honorable" to the charities of England, either in a closing letter containing a summary of the British character, or in the preface.

Any further hints your knowledge, taste, and experience may suggest, I shall gladly act upon. I mean, as to the subject of future letters; and really no time should be lost. I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant,

M. L. BATTLEY.

MY DEAR MISS PEABODY:—I now write to ask the favor of you to transmit a message to Mr. P., of London, by the earliest conveyance you may have. Will you say to him that his communication to my father, of the 18th of April, by the Cambria, reached us on the day of my father's death—a few hours only before his death, when he was so weak as to be apparently unconscious.

We were thus debarred the satisfaction of communicating to him this testimony of Mr. Putnam's regard for my father's just rights and literary reputation. As we are denied the privilege of knowing and communicating my father's views and wishes on this subject, which possessed for him so deep an interest, will you thank Mr. Putnam in our name for the regard he has thus manifested?

It will be gratifying to Mr. Putnam to be assured that the course which he took in England in relation to the Greek Lexicon, has met with the approbation of two of my father's most intimate friends, Mr. William H. Prescott and Professor Edward Robinson. Yours very truly,

MARY O. PICKERING.*

Rowe St., July 1, 1846.

* Referring to "Change for American Notes"—(in answer to Dickens)—published by W. & P., London, 1844, post 8vo. 10s. 6d., and by Harper & Bro., New York. The author was a lady, evidently more Hibernian than Yankee; indeed, it was rather evident she had never been in the United States; but, with a certain intuitive perception and a facile pen, she had volunteered as a champion of American ideas and practices against the criticisms of Boz's "Notes," then passing current in the English book-market. The various "suggestions" which this chivalric undertaking occasioned, absorbed some quires of note-paper exchanged with the publisher. The book received very fair treatment in England in spite of the Yankeeisms (?) which the Dublin critics discovered in it. And Messrs. Harper sent the author a liberal draft for their early copy.

* Daughter of the late John Pickering, author of a Greek Lexicon. Referring to a correspondence with Prof. Dunbar of Edinburgh, who was charged, in *American Facts* with using Pickering's work in his own Lexicon, without any proper credit. His angry denial was replied to in the *Scotsman*.

HELLENIC NATIONALITY AND THE EAST.

THAT uncompromising German republican, Ludwig Boerne, once described the Ottoman Empire, in his *Paris Letters*, as "the crossbars that prevent the wild beasts of Asia from making an irruption into Europe."

He was certainly no admirer of the Sultan's government. His whole nature rebelled against the idea of a benumbing Orientalism. By the expression quoted, he merely wished to signify that for the time being—as against Russia—even the Turkish Power, which once had been the terror of Central Europe, might be used as a buckler wherewith to avert other dangerous invasion. The claws which the Osmanlee formerly used for aggression, Boerne thought were thoroughly clipped. In the possibility of a reconstruction of the East, so long as the great nations of the Continent were still oppressed—and Poland remained in a state of partition, he had no faith. In this dilemma, even that energetic Radical writer acquiesced in the momentary necessity of the maintenance of Turkey.

Byron, upon whose sympathies for Greece it is unnecessary to dwell, wrote thus, after a personal visit to the country:

"The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. . . . If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous; they are *not* cowardly; they do *not* burn heretics; they are *not* assassins; nor has any enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their Sultan until he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Prussians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange."

I merely quote these words to show that the Eastern Question, as it is com-

monly called, is rather a vexed one. But perhaps it is carrying coals to Newcastle, or petroleum to the United States, to describe the Eastern Question as an intricate affair, the complex and many-sided character of which must always be kept in mind, if we do not mean to become the dupes of a scheming policy.

That Turkey cannot be maintained forever in its present form, is too plain a truth to need any amplification. The question rather is, what can be done to bring about an amelioration and a satisfactory change. On this point the doctors vastly disagree; so much so, that if their various recipes were applied, either simultaneously or successively, the patient would be sure to bite the dust.

The worst is, that the Eastern Question, though always said to be in a highly dangerous state of explosiveness, is studied by but few in its manifold bearings, and that consequently "Byzantine" theories, and similar wild schemes, are frequently started by men who have only the crudest notions, if any notions at all, about the condition of the East. Such reckless speculations are the despair of intelligent well-wishers of struggling nationalities. The public writer who will not become faithless to his first duty, is compelled, as a preliminary step, to clear away the errors and wilful misrepresentations thus heaped up; when that is done, "solutions" may be proposed with some degree of confidence.

The cause of Greek reconstruction and freedom we all have at heart. But to speak, as has recently again been done, of a "restoration of the Byzantine Empire by means of the Greek race," proves that he who utters such a proposition has not mastered the first elements of knowledge in Oriental affairs. Unfortunately, there are men to be found, occupying prominent places in

political literature, and even in statesmanship, who have scarcely a correct idea as regards the distribution of races in the East, and their various aspirations in matters of government and of religion. How often have we not heard some person declaiming about the "ten million Greeks," who are to drive the Osmanlees over the Bosphorus! How often have we not heard of an alleged brotherly union among the "Christian Rajahs" against their common oppressor! Yet, when we come to study facts, the situation presents itself in a very different light. The existence of "ten million Greeks" is as much a fable as any classic myth. About ten million people in the European part of Turkey are adherents of the Greco-Catholic Church, of which the Patriarch at Constantinople declares himself to be the head, whilst the Russian Czar would rather like to supplant him in that spiritual supremacy. But those believers in the Greco-Catholic tenets are in descent, speech, and political aspirations as much divided, nay, estranged from each other, as a Muscovite can be from an Italian, or an Irishman from a Tartar. Who would think of attributing a community of national tendencies to Spaniards, Poles, Belgians, and other nations, because they happen to be in their majority adherents of the Roman Church? Yet, in the case of the various nationalities of the Turkish Empire, it is assumed by a legerdemain trick, or by naïve ignorance, that they are of the same stock because they worship mostly in the same fashion!

There are altogether about sixteen million inhabitants of European Turkey; but so far from the Greek race being an overwhelming majority among them, or even any majority at all, it is numerically the very weakest of the different races located there. The chief populations are the Osmanlee, the Tartar-Bulgarian, the Rouman, the Slavonian, the Albanese, or Shkipetar, and the Greek, or Romaic. Whilst each of these races count from three to five million people, except the Albanese, who are computed at only one million and a

half, the Greeks within the borders of European Turkey do not even reach that figure; being at most one million, half of which live scattered through the various provinces of the Empire, whilst the remainder are congregated about Thessaly.

Bulgarians, Roumans, and Slavonians, possessing all their habitats north of the Balkan range, will not only have nothing to do with the idea of a "Byzantine Empire" under Greek leadership, but are even among themselves divided, and do not dream of a closer political union with each other. They all have different centres of gravity.

The Roumans, or Moldo-Wallachians, who are well-nigh independent since the Crimean war, and only acknowledge some shadowy suzerainty of the Porte, aim at aggrandizement at the expense of Hungary, from which their most thorough-going leaders—scarcely abetted by Russia—claim the whole country as far as the river Theiss. The Bulgarians, a semi-slavonized Tartar people, who, on their part, are claimed by the Servians, will not hear of such relationship, and declare that they themselves have the stuff in them for forming a separate nation. At present, they would be content with some privileges of local autonomy. The Slavonians, who are mainly grouped in the northwest, may be said to have two centres, if that were not a "bull" location; the one in Servia, the other in Montenegro; the rulers of each of those small countries being fired with an ambition to create a Slavonian realm which is to take a great historical revenge for the defeat suffered at the hands of the Turks in the famous field of Kossowo, now nearly five hundred years ago.

Brave in war the Servians no doubt are; but cruel also. And though they possess some fine qualities, such as an inclination to poetical sentiment, they can scarcely be said to have advanced very far in civilization. Black George, their hero, who, with the aid of Russia, fought for Servian independence in the beginning of this century, is stated

to have committed the unpoetical act of shooting his father, hanging his brother, and putting an inverted beehive on his mother's head, with his own hands. Milosch Obrenovitsch, the Servian prince—originally a swineherd—who had Black George put to death, practised the grossest extortion to amass wealth, and was guilty of almost incredible atrocities. His government was more oppressive than it had ever been under the Turks; he required, among other things, the "capitation tax" for children only two years old! There has been progress in Servia since; but the country is yet steeped in a good deal of barbarism; and under Russian influence the cognate Servian race, which dwells on the other side of the Danube on Hungarian soil, proved most active in keeping up a kind of Vendean insurrection against the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-'49. It was mainly owing to such counter-revolutionary moves from within that the attack from without, made by the armies of the Kaiser and the Czar, at last only succeeded in crushing Magyar freedom.

The Montenegrins, the other warlike Sclave people, are only a few hundred thousand, constantly thinned by the raids they make against their Mussulman as well as Christian neighbors indiscriminately. Were it not that the population is annually re-increased by the so-called "jumpers"—that is, by those who for crimes committed have fled from Turkish soil and "jumped" for safety's sake into the mountain fastness of Montenegro—there would soon not be men enough to guard the passes. It is, as will be easily understood, not the most desirable social element which thus re-invigorates that small, but troublesome community.

Between Montenegro and Servia, Bosnia is placed as a dividing wedge, and it divides them in more than one respect. One third of the Bosniaks are Mohammedans. The landed proprietors who stand at the head of considerable clans, mainly belong to the same creed as the Osmanlees, though by national origin those Bosniak nobles are

chiefly Slavonian. This condition of affairs renders a full junction of the country with Servian aspirations somewhat difficult.

Altogether it ought to be kept in mind that the east of Europe even where some chief race forms a considerable centre, generally presents a variegated aspect. The great migrations and invasions of bygone times have turned that whole eastern corner topsyturvy. In some parts, every thing is so disjointed that if a separation by nationalities were to be fully carried out, not only every province, but often simple towns would have to be split up—the different races not seldom occupying different towns' quarters since ancient times. This very confusion creates a necessity of combining in the fold of one state a number of nationalities.

It is so in Hungary, and it is so in Turkey. The statesmen of Hungary, although staunchly upholding the principle of territorial integrity, did not hesitate, in their glorious revolution, to declare the full emancipation of all the races within the precincts of the Commonwealth. A decree of the Diet placed all the inhabitants, of whatever origin, on a footing of equality in political and civil rights. Unfortunately, this was not what some local "Vendean" agitators—for they cannot be called otherwise—were content with. Their desire was, to dismember and mutilate Hungary. She was to be deprived of her Carpathian wall, and even to be encroached upon on the side of the Danube; in other words, to be parcelled out and cut up, and thus rendered an easy prey to that barbarian power which brought about the partition of Poland.

In Turkey, the confusion of races is even greater than in Hungary; greatest on the southern slope of the Balkan. There we find the Osmanlee, the Shkipetars, and the Greco-Slavonians, interspersed with fragments of the Bulgarian and "Vlach" stem. The Hellenes certainly do not form a majority even in that quarter. Not in Epirus itself does their nationality prevail; al-

most every valley of that province is inhabited by a different stock. In Thessaly alone they have a preponderance. These facts must be kept in mind in order to take the proposition of the establishment of a Byzantine Empire by means of the Hellenic race at its true value. We may regret what we see, but facts are stubborn things; and political matters do not belong to the region of mere visionary imagination. The half million of Greeks that dwell south of the Olympus are assuredly not able, with the other million that dwell in the kingdom of Greece, to master the whole country of Albania and Roumelia. Numerically the most insignificant, the Hellenic people are, in addition, unfortunately also the least liked in the whole East. On this point the testimony of travellers agrees—those included that are most enthusiastic for the building up of a new political Pan-Hellenion.

We can but deplore that this should be so. The influence of ancient Hellas permeates our modern civilization too strongly for us not to feel a deep pang at the misfortunes that have befallen that once renowned country. "The human form and the human mind," Shelley says, in the Preface to his *Hellas*, "attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions, whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race."

He then adds: "The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind; and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the

worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease, as soon as that relation is dissolved."

This was written in 1821, before the Greeks had acquired independence. Many things have been bettered since; but popular the Greeks are not yet in the East.

I will not quote here the harsh judgments recorded by Byron, another enthusiastic phil-Hellene, who wrote his letters from Greece some ten years before Shelley penned the above. At that time, Byron, after having personally visited the country, laid down the following in reference to political prospects: "The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter."

And in another letter: "To talk, as the Greeks do, of their rising again to pristine superiority, would be ridiculous; . . . but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming a useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability of this."

Byron lived and died for a yet greater Hellenic aim; but the very sadness of his experiences on that field of action contributed, as is well known, to his early death.

On the subject of Greek ethnology, Shelley is no safe guide. Byron, who had observed matters on the spot, has glimpses of the truth, as we see from some passages; but it was reserved to later researches, made by eminent *savants*, to finally destroy a pleasing illusion which until then had been much fostered. The truth is, that of the Greek stock only faint vestiges were left, in consequence of the inrush of foreign barbarian elements during the

troubles epoch of the early centuries of our chronology. Greece, at that time, was turned inside out. On the islands, which were reached with greater difficulty, the Hellenic race maintained itself upon the whole. On the mainland, it was overlaid by barbarous races, and only managed to preserve its existence sporadically. At the time of the War of Independence in the present century, an Albanese and a mixed Slavogreek population occupied the greater portion not only of Northern Greece, but also of the Peloponnesus. There were entire provinces in which the bulk of the peasants scarcely spoke any Greek at all, whilst the towns' population was as mixed as in Roumelia. Even at the last census, out of the 1,325,000 inhabitants of the kingdom, there were nearly 300,000 Albanese or Aruants! At the very gates of Athens, Albanese is still spoken by the country people; and without a knowledge of that language, it is difficult to get on in the neighborhood among the lower people. Byron found the Athenians, as regards speech, much altered from what he had expected to find them; he said, they are "far from choice, either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb."

Thanks to the labors of men in whom the fire of enthusiasm for the classic age glowed, the process of rebuilding the Hellenic nationality, and purifying as well as propagating its language among the discordant part of the population of the kingdom, has been considerably furthered during the last thirty years; still, much remains to be done. Excepting Thessaly, where, as I have stated, the Hellenic, or, at least, Greek-speaking race prevails, it may be doubted whether the acquisition of any further territory on the mainland would be desirable for Greece. In Epirus, there are, no doubt, a few places where the tongue has been preserved with considerable purity; but, in the main, that province is inhabited by Albanese, Slaves, Wallachians, and similar incongruous tribes.

In Crete itself, the Greeks by no means preponderate in such a way as to

render the separation of that island from the Ottoman Empire an easy task. If some parts of the isle were not rather inaccessible, and if the insurgents had not been continually supplied with men and arms from Russia as well as from Greece (General Ignatieff, the Czar's ambassador at Constantinople, occupied himself very busily with the expedition of such aid!), the insurrection would never have been able to maintain itself beyond a few weeks. The majority of the Cretans are Greek-speaking. But there is also a very large population of Turks, industrious cultivators of the soil, who consider themselves as much natives as their Hellenic neighbors. Besides Greeks and Turks, there are Armenians and Abadiotes in the island; the latter of Arab origin. Together with the "Franks," these different nationalities form rather a motley crowd. The Armenians are either neutral, or favorably inclined for Turkey, on account of the religious situation awarded them. The Abadiotes are a robber-race that occasionally render themselves unpleasant to friend and foe. This state of things is not exactly calculated to impress the Mussulman with the necessity of giving up his hold on Candia.

I may state here a fact of the full correctness of which I am satisfied, and which is calculated to shed some light on the underplay in this vexed "Eastern Question."

Two years ago, the intention was to bring about a simultaneous rising among the Servians and Bulgarians, as well as among the Moldo-Wallachians. At the same time, Greece was to make a push from the south. The month of March, 1867, was fixed for common action. Before, however, the rising on the mainland would take place, it was resolved to initiate a movement in Crete, and so keep it up, apparently quite isolated, until public opinion in Europe would have somewhat warmed in favor of that "localized" Greek move. It was hoped that the device would succeed; that the press, the public speakers, even the statesmen of Europe, would on that occasion pro-

nounce against Turkey, and encouragement be thus given to the latent insurrectionary forces on the mainland.

In order to obtain an additional chance of success, a project was started of drawing some Slavonian and Italian elements within the Austrian border into the enterprise. The scheme, however, miscarried through many difficulties. In Crete, the insurrection made very slow progress, only showing signs of life by fits and starts. The Bulgarians exhibited scarcely any willingness to join at all. The Slavonians could not act unless others had begun on a large scale. At least, the late Prince Michael of Serbia, who is believed to have at first assented to the plan, hung back when the time came for carrying it out; and to all evidence, he lost his life through a conspiracy started for the purpose of revenge. The Greeks would not make a move on their northern frontier before Turkey was otherwise occupied by a great diversion; but they continued fomenting the Cretan rising, knowing well that it was destined to be used one day as the means of lighting up a conflagration in the whole East. This will explain their recent bold attitude. Their hope, in fact, was, that Russia, in whose hands the plan above described centred, would, on the arrival of the proper moment, espouse their cause openly. In that, they have so far been deceived. The "Eastern Question" has not yet become ripe enough for such open Russian championship.

I have shown the great difficulties of the so-called Pan-Hellenic idea. Greece has not yet a thoroughly united nationality within its own boundaries, and it is numerically extremely weak in Europe. The additional one million Greeks that live in Asiatic Turkey, scattered over various provinces, count only in so far as they can aid in furnishing means for insurrectionary purposes. But for the consolidation and aggrandizement of Greece in a national sense they are valueless, living far away from Hellenic soil.

In a certain sense, the monarchical re-

gime may be said to act as an impulse to these desires of territorial extension. When Leopold of Koburg, who afterward accepted the Belgian kingship, was offered the Greek crown, he refused it, one of his reasons being that the country was not able to maintain itself without the addition of Thessaly and Epirus. Now, "the country" would have been quite able to maintain itself without those provinces. But a court, with its be-starred and bedizened hangers-on, and with its standing army full of officers eager for advancement, had some difficulty in living upon a small and poor community. Hence the finances of Greece have been brought to the disgraceful condition which is universally known. In the Budget for 1861, the Civil List is set down with one million drachms; the Navy with 2,131,958 drachms. The absurdity of spending nearly half as much money to the maintenance of the head of the State as to the naval establishment of a country which since ancient times has produced excellent seamen, need not especially be dwelt upon.

If, on the one hand, it is but natural that the Greeks should wish to withdraw from Turkish dominion such portions of territory as are inhabited by a decided majority of Greek-speaking people eager for junction with their brethren; on the other hand, the practice of embarking in ambitious enterprises which are simply destined to give additional splendor to a court, cannot be condemned too strongly. Internal improvement is thus only retarded, and a handle is forged for aggressive Russian policy.

The ejection of Otho, the son of King Ludwig of Bavaria, from the Greek throne, might have been made the occasion for establishing a real self-government of the people. I know that such was the intention of those who first organized the conspiracy for the overthrow of Otho. Afterward, elements of a less trustworthy character joined the secret movement; in consequence of this, all hope of seeing Greece converted into a free Republic soon vanish-

ed, before the outbreak had even really taken place. It will be remembered that Garibaldi was a few years ago asked by a Greek deputation to come to the country and place himself at the head of the movement. He refused. His phil-Hellene sentiments are world-known; but well may he have felt doubts as to whether he would not be made the instrument, against his will, of designs which have nothing to do with popular deliverance.

Instead of creating a republic, the leaders of the insurrection which had driven Otho from Greece chose a new monarch, in the person of a son of the King of Denmark. The latter had been placed on the Danish throne over the heads of some two dozen other claimants nearest in succession, simply because Russia, who maintains a reversionary claim to Denmark, got nearer in this manner to her own ambitious aim. By transplanting Prince William—whose name was changed into Georgios, on account of the word "William" being difficult of pronunciation to Greek lips—the Russian Government, which was the real author of his candidature, contrived to narrow still further the number of those royal persons who stand in its way as regards the succession in Denmark. At present, there are only two of them yet alive, irrespective of King Christian; the one twenty-five, the other ten years of age. Who knows whether for them also some Eastern throne may not be found? If that were the case, the succession of the Imperial family of Russia would become of immediate actuality in Denmark, at least in the opinion of the Court of St. Petersburg. In the mean time, Georgios of Greece has been made to take a Russian princess for his wife; and in order to increase her dowry, Crete was to be joined to the Hellenic kingdom. These tricks of autocratic statecraft cannot be left unconsidered, if we would understand events in the East in their full bearing.

How much happier might the Greeks be, had they selected that form of government which seems natural to the genius of the people, as well as peculiarly

adapted to the conformation of the country—not to speak of the traditions of that ancestry to which continual reference is being made, without their being followed out to a logical conclusion! In that mountainous country, where communication is attended with great difficulties, the dwellers in the separate valleys have been able to preserve a kind of local self-government which contains the substance of republican customs. Turkish dominion, though it has lasted so many centuries, has not affected those privileges. The conqueror did not trouble himself with the internal affairs of the Greek community. He left them the right of annually electing their demo-gerontes, or municipal magistrates, and he at most tried to be on good terms with the archontes, or landed gentry, so as to have a hold upon the Greeks, or what were supposed to be "Greeks," by means of men of their own nation. The commercial councils thus levied the taxes themselves; and all municipal, commercial, and judicial affairs were regulated mainly under the guidance of the archontes and the clergy. The Turks lived chiefly in the fortified towns, interfering but little in the internal concerns of Greece. Consequently, when the War of Independence had established the country as a separate commonwealth, the basis of self-government was still in existence. It need only to have been proclaimed the principle of the State at large. But from the very moment the Greeks had obtained their independence, an insidious influence exerted itself to mould them to the level uniformity of monarchical rule.

Kapodistrias, the head of their Provisional Government, attempted to introduce a despotic, bureaucratic regime. He had been, some years before, in the diplomatic service of Russia; and it is not unreasonably suspected that the connections thus formed were at the bottom of his attempt. The subsequent royal government of Otho had necessarily similar tendencies to crush out the spirit of self-government. There were, in 1855, not less than 12,549 royal

officials in Greece, at the side of thirty bishops and archbishops, and 5,114 priests—among a people of but *one* million inhabitants! Of monks and nuns there were two thousand. But of teachers only 674!

The great mass of the Greek nation is devoted to agriculture. Those occupied in industry are reckoned at about twenty-six thousand; those in navigation, about the same number; those who cultivate the soil at 230,000. It is true, of the 7,700,000 hectares of soil, 2,500,000 are barren mountains and rocks, and 800,000 hectares are forest. Yet, of the remainder even, scarcely one sixth is stated to be really cultivated; so that although the people, with the exception of the islanders, are mainly agricultural, grain must be imported. A great evil is, that the Church holds vast tracts of the soil in mortmain. There is little freehold property. Whatever there is, is burdened by tithes and heavy imposts. The mass of the people live most poorly; milk and herbs forming, in many regions, the exclusive nourishment!

And with such a state of things

it was found necessary to introduce another purple-born ruler as soon as one had been bundled out! When a people allows itself to be thus fleeced at home, it becomes somewhat difficult to feel a thorough interest in its Argonautic expeditions abroad.

In many respects, the foundations of a republican commonwealth, similar to that flourishing in Switzerland, are in existence in Greece. Were republicanism established as a state institution, with the simple and safe forms prevailing in the Helvetic League, the danger of foreign influence would be entirely barred out, and the country, by its example, might serve as a political guide to neighboring populations. As it is, Greece is impoverished by an expensive royal government; its aspirations are misdirected by an intriguing foreign statecraft; and the sympathies of the lovers of freedom are placed in a painful dilemma from which there is no escape, except by a sacrifice, however temporary, of cherished principles, or by a disregard of the first precepts of political self-preservation.

THE RADICAL DUKE.

THE name of Argyll was already familiar to the history reader, as identified, in almost every generation for centuries, with the great cause—the old cause, ever the same, fought for long before Greece, even Egypt was,—of human rights. And now, in our war, an Argyll proved himself a worthy descendant of a peculiarly bold, independent, and liberty-loving house. There has long been, they tell us, a tradition in the Highlands, that some day there would be born a “good Duke of Argyll, with red hair;” and he has come in the present Lord, say the peasants of Clan Campbell. His was almost the only voice which was raised constantly, and in no doubtful tones, in the House of Lords, in defence of the Northern cause. He was too earnest to be politic; but as events turned out, nothing could have

been more politic. Even Gladstone, whom Argyll was proud to follow, and for whom he visibly has the deepest personal and political reverence,—even Gladstone could not seduce the warm-hearted Scottish chieftain from his devotion to the Northern cause; for while Gladstone declared the South worthy of independence, Argyll, with all his energy, protested against the unjust dictum of his party leader.

The “British second Bible” being witness—it is hardly necessary to say that Burke’s Peerage is referred to—Clan Campbell is so ancient, that its beginnings are lost in the traditional mists of eight centuries ago. “Argyll,” says our excellent authority, “was, in feudal times, the most powerful subject in the kingdom”—Scotland being meant. Some time not remote from the

conquest, one Gillespick Campbell established his race for all time by marrying the Lady of Lochow, in Argyll's line, with whom came as dowry, the lordship of the place. Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, his descendant, being heroic in war, was named More, meaning in Gaelic, the Great; he was styled then, Mac Callum More, and the Argyll now living boasts that as even a more dignified title than the ducal one; and when he goes northward to the Highlands, the folk of Inverary welcome him not as My Lord Duke, but as Mac Callum More. Niel, son of Colin, was Bruce's right hand warrior, fought for him from Methuen to Bannockburn, battling gallantly for Scottish independence; as a reward, he was given the hand of King Robert's sister, the Lady Mary Bruce; so the Argylls have the blood royal, the sturdy blood of Bruce. The first peer of the house, however, was one Sir Duncan, who became a Lord of Parliament by the creation of the Scottish James II. in the year 1445; his son in turn becoming Earl of Argyll, and going as Ambassador to England, and afterward to France, then being named, as was his father Duncan before him, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. So the title descended for several generations, Archibald, fourth Earl, in the first Reformation days, avowing himself Protestant, and taking thenceforth the lead of the Scottish heretics. His son Archibald embraced the cause of Mary Stuart. The eighth Earl, still Archibald, became Marquis of Argyll, took a leading part in the Cromwellian wars, was commander-in-chief of the Covenanters, but ingloriously and suddenly declared for the Restoration, and himself placed a futile crown on Charles II.'s head at Scone. He turned a second time in favor of Cromwell, then, when Charles II. was at last restored in reality, he hastened to turn a third time, and congratulated His Majesty. But the King sent him back to Scotland in disgrace, where he was tried for high treason, and beheaded at the market-cross in Edinburgh. His son shared a like fate in 1685; but his grandson, who

avored the invasion of Orange received back the ancestral estates and was made first Duke of Argyll. John, his son, was perhaps the ablest of all the house of Mac Callum More. He was a general of high talent, took command of the loyal forces against the Pretender Rebellion of 1715, and did excellent service for the "Protestant succession;" so that Pope said:

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field."

Thus, through centuries, the Argylls have taken a large part in the stirring affairs of Scotland and England—a race warlike, proud, independent, brave, and active, oftener reformers and defenders of progress than the allies of feudal tyrannies—always asserting an influence second only to that of royalty itself. It is from such an ancient and powerful family that the present Duke has sprung, to become an aristocratic champion of disestablishment, household suffrage, and of general reform.

The present, eighth Duke of Argyll, is still, for one so eminent in British councils, a young man. Doubtless his high rank gave him great advantages in the beginning of his public career; he had no struggle to take his place in Parliament, which is the lot of men not born to politics; and even mediocre talents, invested with an hereditary title, makes itself listened to, and procures for itself political authority, in England—a fact proved by the present Cabinet which contains nobles of moderate talent in its highest seats. But Mac Callum More would almost as certainly have become eminent had these advantages been wanting. For a century, no Duke of Argyll had reached great eminence in the state; but the present Duke early displayed qualities intellectually superior to those of his immediate family predecessors. And he by no means began political life as a radical; he began it above the bigotries of his caste as a sincere and generous-minded statesman, indeed, like Gladstone; but, like Gladstone in this also, he gradually grew up to his present advanced position. He is now in his forty-

sixth year, and by right rather of his conspicuous ability, his intellectual liberality, and his political clear-sightedness, than by his rank, holds, in the most advanced Cabinet which England ever had, the great office of Minister for India. As long ago as 1842—when he was but nineteen—he had won a high reputation as a political writer—and what made that reputation the more substantial was, that he wore it anonymously. In 1842, and during several years after, he employed himself in writing political pamphlets, chiefly on the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland, which attracted general attention, and engaged the discussion of men who had long been eminent in polemical controversy.

His first essay was the celebrated "Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," which has not yet ceased to be quoted and printed. Another, a historical survey of the Scottish Church, and a consideration of its existing condition, was entitled "On the Duty and Necessity of Immediate Legislative Interposition in behalf of the Church of Scotland, as determined by considerations of Constitutional Law," and displayed profound study, a clear, logical style, and a mastery of the question discussed. He was an earnest ally of Dr. Thomas Chalmers in the controversy in the Presbyterian Church, which resulted in the schism and establishment of the Free Church of Scotland. He advocated independent government on the part of the Church, but earnestly and eloquently opposed the separation of the Free Church. The Duke of Argyll entered the House of Lords in April, 1847, in the twenty-fourth year of his age; and the following year wrote the most elaborate of his ecclesiastical essays—a comprehensive history of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and a searching examination into its influence upon the Scottish nation, called "Presbytery Examined." As the chief of the Scottish Presbyterian peers, and as the most influential of Scottish nobles, he would have taken a high position in the Upper House with but ordinary abilities. But he en-

tered the House with a reputation already established; and as a hereditary legislator, he entered enthusiastically and actively into the debates, and devoted himself more indefatigably than ever to the study of the public questions which formed their subjects. His contemplations now took the wider range of imperial politics, while still making a specialty of those subjects more immediately pertaining to Scotland.

One of his earliest and most liberal speeches was one in which he enthusiastically defended the right of Jews to sit in Parliament. He earnestly debated the Scottish Marriage Bill, and took also a deep interest in the Bill for preventing bribery and corruption at elections. Hardly a measure came before the hereditary chamber which he did not study, and in the discussion of which he did not take a part. The subject of Free Trade, the complications of England with foreign countries, the laws of entail and real estate, were as interesting to him as bills on Ecclesiastical Titles and bills relating to the State Establishment. While he usually voted with the Liberal party, he styled himself a "Liberal Conservative"—which meant much what "trimmer" did in the days of Halifax. He entered the Peers as a disciple of Peel, and as such found himself at once in association with such rising stars of statesmanship as Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Sir George Lewis, and the Earl of Lincoln (afterward Duke of Newcastle). This small, but growing wing of Liberalism, gave an independent support to Lord John Russell's administration, which had superseded that of Sir Robert Peel in 1846, and which, after a somewhat feeble existence, gave way through Palmerston's jealousy in 1851. The Duke of Argyll seems thus early to have attached himself to the fortunes of Gladstone, who was already looked upon as the rising statesman of England. In 1851, the year of Lord John Russell's retirement from office, Argyll was chosen Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, an honor due to his conspic-

uous championship of the Presbyterian Church.

In the following year was formed the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, made up of the various shades of liberalism then existing, and composed alike of Peelites and of old-fashioned Russell whigs. Lord Aberdeen chose Gladstone for his Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the lower House, included the accomplished Sidney Herbert in his list, and named the Duke of Argyll, then aged twenty-nine, to the dignified sinecure of Lord Privy Seal. Lord Aberdeen's ministry broke up in 1855, in consequence of a defeat regarding matters in the Crimea; Lord Palmerston superseded the weak old Scotch Earl, reconstituted the Cabinet, and formed it of much the same elements as composed that which preceded it. Argyll continued Lord Privy Seal until late in 1855, when he was transferred to the more laborious and less ornamental post of Postmaster-General. Here he had an opportunity which was not neglected, to exercise practical and administrative faculties; and he was not unsuccessful in lending his hard Scotch sense to official details and the management of an important department.

Since 1855, when he first took office, he has always, without interruption, occupied high office in liberal cabinets. He became a second time Privy Seal in Palmerston's ministry of 1859; was again transferred, in the following year, to the General Post-Office, when the Earl of Elgin retired from that post to assume the Chinese mission; returned yet a third time to the office of Privy Seal; and in 1868, upon Gladstone's accession to the Premiership, and upon Bright's declination of the office, the Duke was appointed to his present high place as Secretary of State for India. Thus actively identifying himself with Liberalism in each of its successive progressive phases, Argyll has not only kept pace with Gladstone, his chief, and with the fast-going age in which he lives, but has more than once proved himself even in advance of the authoritative leaders

of his party. During our war, he stood side by side with Bright, Cobden, and Forster, in deprecating the unfriendly attitude of England toward the American Union. In 1866, at a great Reform meeting which was held at Liverpool, and where Gladstone, Goschen, and Argyll were present, each of them in turn addressed the people; and of the speeches, Argyll's was far the most advanced and radical. He boldly hinted that even the suffrage measure of the Russell ministry was but an installment of the reform which must yet be made in the state of English politics. The Household Suffrage Bill of the following year met his support, although a measure proposed by the Tories—and it may be said that there is no measure of reform now agitated in England by the Bright wing of the Liberal party, of which Argyll is not an advocate. A Church so thoroughly anti-Romanist as is that of Scotland, might reasonably be expected to demur at those provisions of the Dis-establishment Bill which give compensation and encouragement to the Roman Catholic college of Maynooth; but it illustrates the genuine, large-minded liberality of the Duke of Argyll, that he can see in these provisions a measure of justice to the prevailing faith in Ireland, rather than a menace to the not very flourishing Protestantism of that country.

Thus, as a statesman Argyll is, if not very original, at least clear-sighted, practical, and active. It would be too high praise to say that he is a genius, or great in statecraft in the sense of originating great measures and imagining vast reforms. But he is a good administrator, he sees what is best for his own caste better than it sees itself; he is ready to yield when to yield is at least a negative victory, and he frankly recognizes the manhood of man, the rights of the lower classes, and the evident tendency of the times to throw into the control of these classes the political destiny of England. It is to this quality of duly appreciating the position of the aristocracy, and of earnestly aiding every progressive and enlightening poli-

cy, that we would call attention to Argyll's career; a quality for which that career deserves the highest credit. He is not to be held up either as a model statesman, or as a great party leader; but as an honest and able man, overcoming the obstacles of his high birth, and devoting himself unreservedly to radical reform. He is not to be praised for being a Duke; for being descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors; for "doing England the honor to be born;" but for *un-Duking* himself (to make a phrase) and for preferring an honorable renown, of which he is himself the architect, to a renown which is but a shadow reflected by ancestral ghosts.

As a speaker, the Duke of Argyll has many imperfections; he talks with a pedantic positiveness which has been compared to the harangues of a school-master. His very virtues of enthusiasm and earnestness often carry him away, and losing control of himself, he not infrequently exposes himself to the telling attacks of Lords Derby and Cairns. Sometimes he is passionate, and transcends the rules of parliamentary law; he attacks his opponents fiercely and sometimes recklessly; he has neither the patience, nor the craft, nor the fertility of forensic resources, to fit him

for the position of party leadership. But with these defects, his speeches are often full of sound argument, replete with good reasons, and evince a careful study of his subjects; he is plainly conscientious, and anxious to perform well his parts in the legislative duties of a Minister. Although not an orator he is a fluent speaker; has confidence in himself, and says always what he means without apparent difficulty. He is probably destined to rank no higher in the national councils than the position he has already attained; but by his earnest liberalism he has already a reputation, if less brilliant, at least no less honorable, than that of any of that long succession of Argylls who have for so many centuries illustrated the history of Britain. In his leisure hours, he has composed and (recently) published a very highly regarded philosophical treatise on "The Reign of Law;" and perhaps his best claim to fame rests in the literary works which he has from time to time given to the world, and which have, far better than his parliamentary career, done justice to mental accomplishments which, even had he been untitled and obscure, would certainly have given him no mean position in the literary annals of his generation.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Nothing stirs the stillness, save a leaf that slowly rustles down;
Dim through sunny mists the trees uplift their branches bare and brown;
Winds are hushed, and skies are soft and gray, and grassy slopes are sere,
Calm and sweet and still! ah, sure is this the twilight of the year.

There is this in these October days, the message that is sent,—
Peace undying, Rest, and sweet and measureless Content,
Life's wild fever over,—Sleep's soft mood enchanting, such as fills
Golden dreams of gods immortal, sits enthroned upon these hills.

Offered in Day's golden chalice, deep and dreamy peace is mine.
All's forgotten, lying here and watching tides of day divine
Slowly sweep along the hills, and vaguely thrilling to their sway—
All that Love hath lost, or Wrong hath won, O calm and royal Day.

TENT-LIFE IN KAMCHATKA.

CONCLUDED.

To be awakened in the morning by a paroxysm of coughing, caused by the thick acrid smoke of a low-spirited fire, to crawl out of a skin bedroom six feet square, into the yet denser and smokier atmosphere of the tent, to eat a breakfast of dried fish, frozen tallow, and venison, out of a dirty wooden trough, with an ill-conditioned dog standing at each elbow and disputing your right to every mouthful, is to enjoy an experience which only Korak life can afford, and which only Korak insensibility can long endure. A very sanguine temperament may find in its novelty some compensation for its discomfort, but the novelty rarely outlasts the second day, while the discomfort seems to increase in a direct ratio with the length of the experience. Philosophers may assert that a rightly constituted mind will rise superior to all outward circumstances, but two weeks in a Korak tent would do more to disabuse their minds of such an erroneous impression, than any amount of logical argument. I do not profess, myself, to be preternaturally cheerful, and the dismal aspect of things, when I crawled out of my fur sleeping bag, on the morning after our arrival at the first encampment, made me feel any thing but amiable. The first beams of daylight were just struggling in misty blue lines through the smoky atmosphere of the tent. The recently kindled fire would not burn, but would smoke, the air was cold and cheerless, two babies were crying in a neighboring polog, the breakfast was not ready, everybody was cross, and rather than break the harmonious impression of general misery, I became cross also. Three or four cups of hot tea, however, which were soon forthcoming, exerted their usual inspiring influence, and we began gradually to

take a more cheerful view of the situation. Summoning the "Tyón," or chief of the band, and quickening his dull apprehension with a preliminary pipe of strong Circassian tobacco, we succeeded in making arrangements for our transportation to the next native encampment. The tribe of Kamchatkan Koraks is divided into thirty or forty wandering bands, scattered over the steppe from the Okhotsk to the Pacific, and extending northward to the territory of the Siberian Tchucktchis.

Although these bands are separated one from another, by a distance of forty or fifty miles, they keep up an irregular communication with each other, and one band generally knows where the next is to be found. All travellers through this region are carried upon hired reindeer sledges from one encampment to another, in a route as eccentric as that of the Israelites in search of the promised land. To reach a point two hundred miles distant in an air line, one is compelled to go at least three hundred and fifty miles in an irregular zig-zag, which resembles, as much as any thing, the advance of a military engineer toward a hostile redoubt. Such travel, regarded in its total results, is necessarily slow and unsatisfactory, but there is no alternative. Over this immense waste of snow-covered moss, only the wandering tribes can find a way, and only reindeer can travel it.

TRAVELLING BY REINDEER.

The "Tyón," or chief of our first band, agreed for the trifling consideration of about twenty pounds of Circassian tobacco, to carry us and our personal baggage to the nearest encampment in the north, a distance of about forty miles; and at once issued orders for the capture of twenty rein-

deer and the preparation of sledges. Snatching hurriedly a few bites of hard bread by way of breakfast, and donning fur coat, hood, and mittens, I crawled out through the low doorway, to see how twenty trained deer were to be separated and captured from a herd of more than four thousand wild ones. Surrounding the tent in every direction were the deer belonging to the band, some pawing up the snow with their sharp hoofs in search of moss, others clashing their antlers together and barking hoarsely in fight or chasing one another in a mad gallop over the steppe. Near the tent a dozen men with lassos arranged themselves in two parallel lines, while twenty more with a throng of seal skin two or three hundred yards in length, encircled a portion of the great herd, and with shouts and waving lassos began driving it through the narrow gauntlet. The deer strove with frightened bounds to escape from the gradually contracting circle, but the seal skin cord, held at short distances by shouting natives, invariably turned them back, and they streamed in a struggling, leaping throng, through the narrow opening between the lines of lassos. Ever and anon a long cord uncoiled itself in air, and a sliding noose fell over the antlers of some unlucky deer, whose slit ears marked him as *trained*, but whose tremendous leaps and frantic efforts to escape, suggested very grave doubts as to the extent of the training. To prevent the interference and knocking together of the deers' antlers when they should be harnessed in couples, one horn was relentlessly chopped off close to the head by a native armed with a heavy sword-like knife, leaving a red, ghastly stump, from which the blood trickled in little streams over the poor animal's ears. They were then harnessed to sledges in couples, by a collar and a trace passing between the fore legs, lines were affixed to small sharp studs in the head-stall which pricked the right or left side of the head when the corresponding rein was jerked, and the equipage was ready. At a laconic "*ik*" (go) from the chief, we

muffled ourselves from the biting air in our heaviest furs, took seats upon our respective sledges, and were off; the little cluster of tents looking like a group of conical islands behind us, as we swept out upon the limitless ocean of the snowy steppe. Noticing that I shivered a little in the keen air, my driver pointed away to the northward, and exclaimed with a pantomimic shrug, "*Tam shipka kholodno*"—there it is awful cold. We needed not to be informed of the fact; the rapidly sinking thermometer indicated our approach to the regions of perpetual frost, and I looked forward with no little apprehension to the prospect of sleeping outdoors in the Arctic temperatures of which I had read, but which I had never yet experienced.

This was my first trial of reindeer travel, and I was a little disappointed to find that it did not quite realize the expectations which had been excited in my school-boy days, by the pictures of galloping Lapland deer in the old geographies. The reindeer were there, but they were not the ideal reindeer of early fancy, and I felt a vague sense of personal injury and unjustifiable deception, at the substitution of these awkward, ungainly beasts, for the spirited and fleet-footed animals of my boyish imagination. Their trot was awkward and heavy, they carried their heads low, and their panting breath and gaping mouths were constantly suggestive of complete exhaustion, and excited pity for their apparently laborious efforts, rather than admiration for the speed which they did really exhibit. My ideal reindeer would never have demeaned himself by running with his mouth wide open. When I learned, as I afterward did, that they were compelled to breathe through their mouths on account of the rapid accumulation of frost in their nostrils, it relieved my apprehensions of their breaking down, but it did not alter my firm conviction, that my ideal reindeer was infinitely superior in an æsthetic point of view to the real animal.

By two o'clock in the afternoon it began to grow dark, but we estimated

that we had accomplished at least half of our day's journey, and halted for a few moments to allow our deer to eat. The last half of the distance seemed interminable. The moon was round and bright as the shield of Achilles, and lighted up the vast lonely "tundra" with almost noonday brilliancy; but its silence and desolation, the absence of any dark object upon which the fatigued eye could rest, and the apparently boundless extent of this Dead Sea of snow, oppressed us with new and strange sensations of awe. A dense mist, or steam, which is an unfailing indication of intense cold, rose from the bodies of the reindeer, and hung in a motionless cloud over the road long after we had passed.

KORAK IDEAS OF DISTANCE.

Beards became tangled masses of frozen iron wire, eyelids grew heavy with white reins of frost, and froze together when we winked, noses assumed a white waxen appearance at every incautious exposure, and only by frequently running with the sledge could we keep any "feeling" in our feet. Impelled by hunger and cold, we repeated twenty times the despairing question, "How much farther is it?" and twenty times we received the stereotyped but indefinite answer of "chaimuk," near, or occasionally the encouraging assurance that "we would arrive in a minute." Now we knew very well that we should *not* arrive in a minute, or probably in forty minutes, but it afforded temporary relief to be *told* that we would. My frequent inquiries finally spurred my driver into an attempt to express the distance arithmetically, and with evident pride in his ability to speak Russian, he assured me that it was "dva verst," or two versts more. I brightened up at once with anticipations of a warm fire and an infinite number of cups of hot tea, and succeeded by the imagination of prospective comfort in forgetting the present sense of suffering. At the expiration, however, of three quarters of an hour, seeing no indications of the promised en-

campment, I asked once more if it was much farther away. The Korak looked around over the steppe with a well assumed air of seeking some landmark, and then turning to me with a confident nod, repeated the word "verst" and held up *four fingers*! I sank back upon the sledge in despair. If we had been three quarters of an hour in losing two versts, how long would we be in losing versts enough to get back to the place from which we started? It was a discouraging problem, and after several unsuccessful attempts to solve it by the double rule of three backwards, I gave it up. For the benefit of the future traveller before mentioned, I give, however, a few native expressions for distances, with their numerical equivalents. "Chaimuk"—near, twenty versts. "Bolshai nyett"—there is no more, fifteen versts. "Sey chass preadem"—we will arrive this minute, means any time in the course of the day or night; and "diloc"—far, is a week's journey. By bearing in mind these simple values, the traveller will avoid much bitter disappointment, and *may* get through without entirely losing faith in human veracity.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

About six o'clock in the evening, tired, hungry, and half frozen, we caught sight of the sparks and fire-lit smoke, which arose from the tents of the second encampment; and amid a general barking of dogs, and hallooing of men, we stopped among them. Jumping hurriedly from my sledge, with no thought but that of getting to a fire, I crawled into the first hole which presented itself, with a firm belief, founded on the previous night's experience, that it must be a door. After groping about some time in the dark, crawling over two dead reindeer and a heap of dried fish, I was obliged to shout for assistance. Great was the astonishment of the proprietor, who came to the rescue with a torch, to find a white man, and a stranger, crawling around aimlessly in his fish storehouse. He relieved his feelings with a "ty-e-e-e" of amazement, and led the

way, or rather crept away, to the interior of the tent, where I found the Major, endeavoring with a dull Korak knife to cut his frozen beard loose from his fur hood, and to open communication with his mouth through a sheet of ice and hair. The tea-kettle was soon simmering and spouting over a brisk fire, beards were thawed out, noses examined for signs of frost bites, and in half an hour we were seated comfortably on the ground around a candle box, drinking tea and discussing the events of the day. The tent was not so smoky as the one in which we had passed the previous night, and we spent the evening in comparative comfort. An unusually small polog upon this occasion was assigned to us as a bedroom, and there was considerable excited discussion, as to who should sleep next to the lighted lamp. Its large smoky flame, oily smell, and hot grease, made it a very undesirable neighbor in a skin box only six feet square, and no individual could be found disinterested enough, to risk burning his hair, or upsetting the platter of fat in his face, for the sake of his companions' feelings. We finally compromised the matter, by placing it between the Major and myself; while Dodd, on account of his well-known weakness for walking in his sleep, was put on the outside. I was awakened some time in the night, by a sensation of weight upon my stomach, and with a vague impression that I had swallowed a tombstone, and that it was disagreeing with me, I opened my eyes to find Dodd sitting composedly upon the centre of my body, and asking in Russian, with an interested air, "What's this?" "It's my stomach," I replied with some irritation, "and suppose you get off." A prolonged "A-a-a-h" was the only response, and as I struggled indignantly to escape, he burst out with the cry of "Stoy, stoy!" and seizing one of my legs, hauled it vigorously backward, upset the lamp full of hot grease on my head, and set fire to the curtain. A general tumult followed. The Major sprang up, revolver in hand, with the idea that the Koraks were try-

ing to murder us, the natives pushed their heads under the curtain in astonishment, and Dodd, with every appearance of innocence, cried out, "What's the matter?" We soon ascertained that he had been walking and talking in his sleep, and as soon as he thoroughly recovered his senses, he tried to excuse his absurd behavior by saying that "he thought his dogs were running away with him." A very logical reason, that, for upsetting the lamp, burning the curtains, and nearly dislocating my knee!

The night passed away without any further disturbance; but the Major and I made it an indispensable stipulation in all future sleeping arrangements, that somnambulistic dog drivers, and lamps of hot grease, should be assigned to a separate polog.

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

We rose on the following morning at daybreak, and rode until four hours after dark over a boundless level steppe, without a single guiding landmark to point the way. I was surprised to see how accurately our Korak drivers could determine the points of the compass, and shape their course, by simply looking at the snow. The heavy northeast winds which prevail in this locality throughout the winter, sweep the snow into long wavelike ridges called "sas-trugi," which are always perpendicular to the course of the wind, and which almost always run in a northwest and southeast direction. They are sometimes hidden for a few days by freshly-fallen snow, but an experienced Korak can always tell by removing the upper layer, which way is north, and he travels to his destination by night or day in a nearly straight line.

KORAK MARRIAGES.

We reached the third encampment about six o'clock, and upon entering the largest tent were surprised to find it crowded with natives, as if in expectation of some ceremony or entertainment. Inquiry through our interpreter elicited the interesting fact that the ceremony of marriage was about to be performed

for, or rather *by*, two members of the band, and instead of taking up our quarters as we at first intended in another less crowded tent, we decided to remain, and see in what manner this rite would be solemnized, by a wholly uncivilized and barbarous people. The marriage ceremony of the Koraks is especially remarkable for its entire originality, and for the indifference which it manifests toward the sensibilities of the bridegroom. In no other country does there exist such a curious mixture of sense and absurdity as that which is dignified in the social life of the Koraks with the name of marriage; and among no other people, let us charitably hope, is the unfortunate bridegroom subjected to such humiliating indignities. The contemplation of marriage is, or ought to be, a very serious thing to every young man, but to a Korak of average sensibility it must be absolutely appalling. No other proof of bravery need be exhibited than a certificate of marriage (if the Koraks have such documents), and the bravery rises into positive heroism, when a man marries two or three times. I made the acquaintance of a Korak in Kamchatka who had four wives, and I felt as much respect for his courage as if he had charged with the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

The ceremony, I believe, has never before been described, and weak as a description may be to convey an idea of the reality, it will perhaps enable American lovers to realize what a calamity they escaped, when they were born in America, and not in Kamchatka. The young Korak's troubles begin when he first falls in love: this, like Achilles' wrath, is "the direful spring of woes unnumbered." If his intentions are serious, he calls upon the damsel's father, makes formal proposals for her hand, ascertains the amount of her dower in reindeer, which constitute the Korak circulating medium, and learns her estimated value. He is probably told that he must work for his wife two or three years—a rather severe trial of any young man's affection. He then seeks an interview with the young lady

herself, and performs the agreeable, or disagreeable duty, which corresponds in Korak to the civilized custom of "popping the question." I had hoped to get some valuable hints from the Koraks as to the best method which their experience suggested for the successful accomplishment of this delicate task; but I could learn nothing which would be applicable to the more artificial relations of civilized society. If the young man's sentiments are reciprocated, and he obtains a positive promise of marriage, he goes cheerfully to work like Ferdinand in "the Tempest" for Miranda's father, and spends two or three years in cutting and drawing wood, watching reindeer, making sledges, and contributing generally to the interests of his prospective father-in-law. At the end of this probationary period comes the grand "experimentum crucis," which is to decide his fate, and prove the success or uselessness of his long labor.

HOW THEY WIN A BRIDE.

At this interesting crisis we had surprised our Korak friends in the third encampment. The tent which we had entered was an unusually large one, containing twenty-six pologs arranged in a continuous circle around its inner circumference. The open space in the centre around the fire was crowded with the dusky faces and half shaven heads of the Korak spectators, whose attention seemed about equally divided between sundry kettles and troughs of "manyalla," boiled venison, marrow, frozen tallow, and similar delicacies, and the discussion of some controverted point of marriage etiquette. Owing to my ignorance of the language, I was not able to enter thoroughly into the merits of the disputed question, but it seemed to be ably argued on both sides. Our sudden entrance seemed to create a temporary diversion from the legitimate business of the evening. The tattooed women and shaven-headed men stared in open-mouthed astonishment at the pale-faced guests who had come unbidden to the marriage feast, having on no

wedding garments. Our faces were undeniably dirty, and our blue hunting-shirts and buckskin pants bore the marks of two months' rough travel, in numerous rips, tears and tatters, which were only partially masked by a thick covering of reindeer hair from our fur "Kuchlaukas." Our general appearance, in fact, suggested a more intimate acquaintance with dirty "yours," mountain thickets, and Siberian storms, than with the civilizing influences of soap, water, razors, and needles. We bore the curious scrutiny of the assemblage, however, with the indifference of men who were used to it, and sipped our hot tea while waiting for the ceremony to begin. I looked curiously around to see if I could distinguish the happy candidates for matrimonial honors, but they were evidently concealed in one of the closed pologs. The eating and drinking seemed by this time to be about finished, and an air of expectation and suspense pervaded the entire crowd. Suddenly we were startled by the loud and regular beating of a native "barabın," or bass drum, which fairly filled the tent with a volume of sound. At the same instant, the crowd opened to permit the passage of a tall, stern-looking Korak with an armful of willow sprouts and alder branches, which he proceeded to distribute in all the pologs of the tent. "What do you suppose that is for?" asked Dodd, in an undertone; "I don't know," was the reply; "keep still, and you will see." The regular throbs of the drum continued throughout the distribution of the willow sticks, and at its close the drummer began to sing a low musical recitative, which gradually increased in volume and energy, until it swelled into a wild barbarous chant, timed by the regular beats of the heavy drum.

A slight commotion in the crowd immediately followed, the front curtains of all the pologs were thrown up, the women stationed themselves in detachments of two or three at the front of each polog, and took up the willow branches. In a moment a venerable native, whom we presumed to be the

father of one of the parties, emerged from the polog nearest the door, leading a good-looking young Korak and the dark-faced bride. Upon their appearance the excitement increased to the pitch of frenzy; the music redoubled its rapidity, the men in the centre of the tent joined in the uncouth chant, and uttered at short intervals peculiar shrill cries of wild excitement. At a given signal from the native who had led out the couple, the bride darted suddenly into the first polog, and began a rapid flight around the tent, raising the curtains between the pologs successively and passing under. The bridegroom instantly followed in hot pursuit, but the women who were stationed in each compartment threw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying the willow switches unmercifully to a very susceptible part of his body, as he stooped to raise them. The air was filled with drum beats, shouts of encouragement and derision, and the sound of the heavy blows which were administered to the unlucky bridegroom by each successive detachment of women as he ran the gauntlet. It became evident at once that despite his most violent efforts, he would fail to overtake the flying Atalanta before she completed the circuit of the tent. Even the golden apples of Hesperides would have availed him little against such disheartening odds, but with undismayed perseverance he pressed on, stumbling headlong over the outstretched feet of his female persecutors, and getting constantly entangled in the ample folds of the reindeer-skin curtains, which were thrown with the skill of a matador over his head and eyes. In a moment the bride had entered the last closed polog near the door, while the unfortunate bridegroom was still struggling with his accumulating misfortunes about half way around the tent. I expected to see him relax his efforts, and give up the contest when the bride disappeared, and was preparing to protest strongly in his behalf against the unfairness of

the trial, but to my surprise he still struggled on, and with a final plunge burst through the curtains of the last polog and rejoined his bride. The music suddenly ceased, and the throng of natives began to stream out of the tent. The ceremony was evidently over. Turning to Meroneff, who with a delighted grin had watched its progress, we inquired what it all meant. "Were they married?" "Da's," was the affirmative reply. "But," we objected, "he didn't catch her." "She waited for him, your honor, in the last polog, and if he caught her there it was enough." "Suppose he had *not* caught her there, then what?" "Then," answered the Cossack, with an expressive shrug of commiseration, "the 'baidnak'—poor fellow—would have had to work two more years." This was an interesting feature—for the bridegroom! To work two years for a wife, undergo a severe course of willow sprouts at the close of his apprenticeship, and then have no security against a possible breach of promise on the part of the bride; his faith in her constancy must be unlimited. The intention of the whole ceremony, was evidently to give the woman an opportunity to marry the man or not as she chose, since it was obviously impossible for him to overtake her, unless she voluntarily waited for him in one of the pologs. The plan showed a more chivalrous regard for the wishes and preferences of the gentler sex, than is usual in an "unreconstructed" state of society, but the manner of its execution must have been very unpleasant to at least one of the contracting parties. I could not ascertain the significance of the chastisement inflicted upon the bridegroom. Dodd suggested that it might be emblematical of married life—a foreshadowing of future domestic experience; but it seemed more probable to me, that it was an attempt at anticipative justice in view of the chastisements which the man might administer to his wife *after* marriage. Whatever, however, was the motive, it was certainly an infringement of the generally recognized prerogatives of the sterner sex, and ought to be dis-

countenanced by all Koraks who favor strict marital discipline.

KORAK "STIMULANT"—"WON'T YOU HAVE A TOAD-STOOL?"

After the conclusion of the ceremony, we removed to an adjacent tent, and were surprised as we came out into the open air to see three or four Koraks shouting and reeling about in an advanced stage of intoxication; celebrating, I suppose, the happy event which had just transpired. I knew that there was not a drop of alcoholic liquor in all northern Kamchatka, nor, so far as I knew, any thing from which it could be made, and it was a mystery to me how they had succeeded so soon in getting hopelessly, thoroughly, undeniably drunk. Even Ross Browne's beloved Washoe, with its "Howling Wilderness Saloons" could not have turned out more discreditable specimens of intoxicated humanity than those before us. The exciting agent, whatever it might be, was certainly as effective in its results, and as quick in its operation, as any "tanglefoot," or "bottled lightning" known to modern civilization. We were not so far in advance of the barbarians after all. They seemed to have solved, by a happy intuition, the problem which civilization has so long studied; viz., how to get drunk in the shortest possible time, and in the most effective way. For the fulfilment of both conditions, the Korak method takes precedence over all others which I have ever seen. They get drunk by eating that species of fungus vulgarly known as a toad-stool! The plant is peculiar to the country. Although a violent narcotic poison when taken in large quantities, it acts upon the brain and nervous system in small doses, very much as does alcoholic liquor, and it is used as a stimulant by nearly all the Siberian natives between the Okhotsk Sea and Behring's Straits. Its habitual use completely shatters the nervous system, and its sale by the Russians to the natives is made a penal offence by Russian law. In spite, however, of all prohibitions, the trade is secretly carried

on, and I have seen twenty dollars' worth of furs bought with a single fungus. The Koraks would gather it for themselves, but it requires the shelter of timber for its growth, and is not to be found on the barren steppes over which they wander, so that they are obliged, for the most part, to buy it at enormous prices from the Russian traders. It may sound strangely to American ears, but the invitation which a convivial Korak extends to his passing friend is not "Come in and have a drink," but, "Won't you go and take a toad-stool?" Not a very alluring proposal, perhaps, to a civilized toper, but its effect upon a dissipated Korak is magical! Far into the night we heard the shouts and barbarous songs of the Korak bacchanalians, and our sleep was disturbed by many unpleasant dreams of being chastised with willow switches for getting drunk upon toad-stools.

KORAK STAGNATION.

Our travel for the next few days was fatiguing and monotonous. The unvarying routine of our daily life in smoky Korak tents, and the uniform flatness and barrenness of the country over which we journeyed became inexpressibly tiresome, and we looked forward in daily anticipation to the Russian settlement of Ghijiga, which was the Mecca of our long pilgrimage. To spend more than a week at one time with the wandering Koraks, without becoming lonesome or homesick, requires an almost inexhaustible fertility of mental resource. One is thrown for entertainment entirely upon himself. No daily paper, with its fresh material for thought and discussion, comes to enliven the long blank evenings by the tent fire; no wars or rumors of war, no coup d'état of state diplomacy, no excitement of political canvass ever agitates the stagnant intellectual atmosphere of Korak existence. Removed to an infinite distance, both physically and intellectually, from all of the interests, ambition, and excitements which make up our world, the Korak simply exists, like a human oyster, in the quiet

waters of his monotonous life. An occasional birth, or marriage, the sacrifice of a dog, or on rare occasions, of a man, to the Korak Ahriman; and the infrequent visits of a Russian trader, are the most prominent events in his history from the cradle to the grave. I found it almost impossible sometimes to realize, as I sat by the fire in a Korak tent, that I was still in the modern world of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers. I seemed, by some magical contrivance of the Arabian Nights, to have been transported back through the long cycles of time to the age of the flood, and made a dweller in "the tents of Shem and Japheth." Not a suggestion was there in all our surroundings of the vaunted enlightenment and civilization of the nineteenth century, and as we gradually accustomed ourselves to the new and strange conditions of primitive barbarism, our recollections of a civilized life faded into the unreal imagery of a vivid dream.

KORAK SUPERSTITIONS.

Our long intercourse with the Wandering Tribes gave us an opportunity of observing many peculiar ceremonies and customs, which would very likely escape the notice of a transient visitor, and prominent among them were the incantations and wild religious ceremonies of their native priests, or "Shamans." I had read in Wrangell's *Travels* some account of the superstitions of the Northern Tchuktschis, and had long endeavored to gain an insight into those of the Wandering Koraks, but their religious belief is very obscure and difficult to be understood. The central idea of propitiatory sacrifice, which testifies everywhere throughout the world, to the common origin of the diverse races of men, prevails among all the North Asiatic tribes; but the Tchuktschis and Koraks have some superstitions and ceremonies which are peculiarly their own. Like the Araucans, and many of the South American natives, they give to their *good* deities a subordinate and altogether passive character, but attribute to the spirits of evil unlimited power

and vindictive passions, which are only to be quieted by frequent sacrifice, and the strict observance of certain propitiatory rites. In an intermediate position between man and the evil spirits, stand the "shamán," or native priests, who act as interpreters of the latter's will, and who usually offer up the sacrifices for a whole band. Famines, contagious and epidemic diseases, earthquakes, severe storms, and all other unusual phenomena, are considered as manifestations of the evil spirits' displeasure, and the "shamán" are at once consulted as to the best methods of appeasing their wrath. The priest to whom application is made, assembles the people in one of the largest tents, puts on a long robe marked with fantastic figures of birds and beasts and curious hieroglyphic emblems, unbinds his long black hair, and taking up a large native drum, begins to sing in a subdued voice to the accompaniment of slow, steady drum beats. As the song progresses, it increases in energy and rapidity, the priest's eyes seem to become fixed, he contorts his body as if in spasms, and increases the vehemence of his wild chant until the drum beats make one continuous roll. Then springing to his feet, and jerking his head convulsively till his long hair fairly snaps, he begins a frantic dance about the tent, and finally drops apparently exhausted into his seat. In a few moments he delivers to the awe-stricken natives the message which he has received from the evil spirits, and which usually consists of an order to sacrifice a certain number of dogs or reindeer, or perhaps a man to the offended deities. I have never been able to decide to my own satisfaction, whether his performance is the trick of a clever impostor, or a curious psychological phenomenon. The "shamán" really seems to believe that he is possessed by evil spirits, but the tricks to which he sometimes resorts, such as swallowing live coals, and piercing his body with knives, are evidently deceptions. The natives themselves are sometimes in doubt as to the reality of the pretended inspiration, and

have been known to whip the "shamán" severely, in endeavoring to induce a reversion of his decree. If his fortitude, however, sustains him through the infliction, without the exhibition of any human weakness, his authority as a minister of the evil spirits is vindicated, and his commands obeyed. Aside from the sacrifices which are ordered by the "shamán," the Koraks offer general oblations at least twice a year, to secure a good catch of fish and a prosperous season, and we frequently saw twenty or thirty dogs suspended by the hind legs on long poles, over a single encampment. Quantities of green grass are collected during the summer, and twisted into wreaths, to be hung around the necks of the slaughtered animals, and offerings of tobacco are always thrown to the evil spirits when the Koraks cross the summit of a mountain. Their dead are burned, together with all their personal effects, in the hope of a final resurrection of both spirit and matter, and the sick, as soon as their recovery becomes hopeless, are either stoned to death or speared. I have the fact from eye-witnesses of many such murders among both Tchucktchis and Koraks. The Russian Church is endeavoring by missionary enterprise to convert all the Siberian tribes to Christianity; and although their efforts among the Tongos, Youkaghiri, and Chuances have been followed by a reasonable degree of success, the fiercer and more independent nations of the Koraks and Tchucktchis, which do not acknowledge subjection to the Russian Government, treat its religion with contempt. Little can be accomplished until the character of the Russian priesthood is completely reformed, for a more ignorant, degraded, and vicious body, of professedly Christian teachers does not exist, than that which represents the Greek Church in the remote Russian settlements of Siberia.

KORAK POLITICS AND MANNERS.

The government of the wandering tribes is practically democratic. Each band chooses its own "tyón," or leader,

to whom all matters of trifling importance are referred, and whose decisions are generally respected; but all questions of a more serious nature, are considered in a council of the whole band. They acknowledge no supreme head or chief, except in the event of war, each band being entirely independent of all others. Experience, however, has taught the Russian Government, that these scattered and dismembered tribes can unite in the defence of their liberties against foreign invasion, and that their prowess and bravery in such a cause are not to be despised. Many times within the past century, they have defeated the Siberian Cossacks in fair fight, and although the Russians have been nominally masters of the soil since 1700, they have never yet compelled the wandering tribes to acknowledge their authority. In the contract between the Imperial Government and the Russian American Telegraph Co., it was stipulated that the former should furnish troops for the protection of the line in the vicinity of Behring's Straits; but the experience of all our exploring parties proved that such precautions would be entirely unnecessary, and might provoke the wandering tribes to hostility, instead of restraining them. Cruel and

barbarous although they may be, they have never been known to commit an act of treachery, and I regret to say, that just in proportion to the extent of their intercourse with Russian *civilization*, is their character lowered and depraved. The genuine Siberian Arab, who has never seen a Russian, is frank, honest, hospitable, and generous, in his dealings with strangers, and I cheerfully pay my tribute of respect to the tribe of wandering Koraks with whom I have lived, and in whose tents I have securely slept, without a single companion or weapon, two hundred miles beyond the Russian outposts.

Night after night, as we journeyed to the northward, the polar star approached nearer and nearer to the zenith, until finally, at the sixty-third parallel of latitude, we caught sight of the white peaks of the Stanavoi Mountains at the head of Penjinsk Gulf, which marked the northern boundary of Kamchatka. Under the shelter of their snowy slopes, we camped for the last time in the smoky tents of the Koraks, ate for the last time from their wooden troughs, and bade farewell with little regret to the desolate steppes of the peninsula, and to tent-life with its wandering people.

THE NEW FUEL.

THE subject of fuel is at all times and to all classes an interesting and important one, from its intimate connection with the minutest every-day experiences of life, ranking next to food as a necessity of man's existence. In the United States, coal and wood having been abundant, very little want of fuel has ever been felt, yet the rapid increase of the demand has swept away our forests, until, in the older settled portions, wood has ceased to be regarded as fuel, and the immense consumption of coal is causing a gradual increase of price, so much so, that the cost and supply of fuel is to become a matter of no small moment in the future of our country.

The question, can any other substances than those now in use be brought into general requisition as fuel, can be happily answered in the affirmative. In many foreign countries, *peat*, a kind of turf, has long been used to some extent among the lower classes for fires, those residing in the vicinity of swamps cutting out patches of earth and drying it in the sun for this purpose, and it has occasionally been made to do duty in furnaces, forges, and steam engines; but it is reserved for Yankee ingenuity, and American enterprise, to convert our marshes and uncultivated lowlands into a marketable article, having a far wider-spread value than the agriculturist

now dreams of, whose sole knowledge of it consists in making it contribute to the growth of his crops.

Peat is the spongy substance found in almost every flat country, filling up cavities in the surface, and constituting what is called *bog*. This varies in color from light brown to black, and in consistency from bran-paste to that of clay in a bank. It is composed of vegetable matter, generally mosses and species of aquatic plants in different stages of decomposition; and from this circumstance, as well as from the general appearance of the localities where it abounds, its formation may be thus accounted for;—where pools of water collect, the soil under which is retentive, the water, not being absorbed, stagnates, and provided the surface evaporation is not great, forms a pond. Around the borders of this pond various kinds of aquatic plants, sedges and rushes, soon make their appearance, and by reproduction, gradually creep in toward the centre, until the whole surface becomes covered. In process of time, when several races of these have succeeded one another, and mud and slime have accumulated at the roots, and around the decaying stems, a spongy mass results, which is well calculated for the propagation of mosses. Under a constant supply of moisture, these various species thrive, and by progressive growth ultimately form the peat bogs. This formation is commonly confined to the temperate zones, where evaporation is slow, and the atmosphere is more or less saturated with humidity. It is not necessarily confined to low land, for it is often found in mountainous districts, and the constant formation of clouds on these elevated regions is favorable to its growth.

The depth of the peat bogs in the United States as far as has been ascertained, is from one to twenty feet, with an average of from six to eight feet; but there are some localities in the Western States, where it has attained a depth of thirty, forty, and even sixty feet. It seems to be a species of fossil, and the dense compact peat represents

the first step in the progressive changes from vegetable substances to mineral coal.

Peat has long been known to the ancients, for Pliny, in his natural history, expresses his pity for the "miserable people" living in East Friesland and vicinity in his day who "dug out with the hands a moor-earth, which, when dried, they used for preparing their food and warming their bodies." A letter of sanction was given by Abbot Ludolph in the year 1118 to some employees of a nunnery near Utrecht, to dig turf from his own bog for its use, and in Beckmann's "History of Inventions" it is mentioned as fuel during the years 1190, 1191, 1201, and 1210. It was used in Scotland as early as 1140, and Matthew Paris speaks of it in his manuscripts in 1259. Breto mentions turf among the productions of Flanders in 1223, and Philip the Fair made use of it in 1308. It is spoken of in the early days of German monasteries. In 1560, charred peat was used in the Freyberg smelting houses, and for the same purpose in England in the early part of the seventeenth century. Dr. King, an Irish writer, in 1685, says of turf: "As our wood has been politically destroyed, and coal being very limited in extent, we could hardly live without some bogs. When this turf is charred, it serves to work iron, and even to make it in a bloomery, or iron work. Turf charred, I reckon the sweetest and wholesomest fire that can be; fitter for a chamber and for consumptive people, than either wood, stove coal, or charcoal." In 1757, mention is made of a stratum of peat, near Newbury, in Berks, which was from a quarter to a half mile in width, and many miles in length. The depth was from one to eight feet, and a great number of oaks, alders, willows, and firs, were found to be lying irregularly in it. Fossils of animals were also found imbedded in this deposit.

While the immense peat formations of the Old World are well known, many of our own country remain unexplored. In the New England states, Vermont,

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, have the most, while Maine and Rhode Island have the least number of bogs. In New York State, nearly fifty thousand acres of it were discovered during the last ten years. The cedar swamps of Southern New Jersey, and the marshes about the Raritan river contain a large amount of peat. Maryland and Pennsylvania have but little, there being none in the coal and oil regions of the latter State. We trace it as far south as Virginia, where it exists in immense quantities in the great Dismal Swamp, it having the growth of ages, and being from twenty to forty feet in depth. On the southern coast, below Virginia, there are no traces of its formation. It crops out largely in the West. Ohio has on its lake slope from eight thousand to ten thousand acres, one third of which has been leased, and is being successfully worked by a company of practical men from Cleveland. Michigan is known to have over thirty thousand acres, with indications of more. In Indiana are immense peat bogs, two of which are very rich in the deposit, one extending along the Kankakee river sixty miles, from three to four miles wide, and in depth from ten to forty feet, from South Bend to the Illinois line; and the other near the head of Lake Michigan, within fifteen miles from Chicago, containing peat fuel enough to last that city a thousand years, allowing for the increase of its inhabitants. Northern Illinois has large deposits near the Mississippi river. The valleys of Wisconsin are full of it. As yet, but few bogs have been found in Iowa, but Minnesota has thousands of acres, there being enough around St. Paul to supply that city for a century. It has been recently discovered along the line of the Union and Central Pacific railways, and the Tula marshes of California are identical in formation with peat bogs. It seems to have been especially supplied to the prairie sections where a scarcity of fuel prevails, and there is no doubt existing in the minds of practical men, who have investigated the subject, that the yield of

peat in quantity will equal, if not over-run, that of coal, and that it is a more economical and valuable fuel for manufacturing purposes or domestic use.

A systematic plan of manufacture is in operation at a bog recently opened near Ravenna, Ohio. The peat is dug to a depth of from eight to fifteen feet with shovels and slanes, the latter being a kind of spade, with a wing at the side bent at right angles with the blade, so as to form two sides of a square, and loaded into dump cars which are drawn up an inclined plane upon iron rails by friction gearing, and the contents rapidly emptied into an immense hopper containing one hundred and fifty tons of crude peat. At the bottom of the hopper is a large elevating belt running over drums upon which the peat is thrown and rapidly carried into the condensing and moulding machine. Two men are all that are required to keep the machine full. The condensing and manipulating machine is run by steam power. It receives the crude peat from the elevating belt in a wet or moist state, and delivers it in a smooth homogeneous condition through ten oval shaped dies, each $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in area, from which it is delivered on drying racks, passing horizontally under the machine. Each rack is 26×72 inches, constructed of light pine, holding five bars or canes of peat, which when dry will yield to each rack from thirty to sixty pounds of fuel, according to the density of the peat. The racks are carried from the machine on an inclined tramway made of light friction wheels, so that the racks will almost glide from their own gravity. These racks are taken from the tramway and set up like an inverted V, on the drying ground, where being exposed to the sun, and the air circulating freely around and between the bars, they dry in from ten to twelve days, and are ready to be loaded into cars for shipment and use. The distance between the legs or base of the A, being the same as their length, the drying ground is greatly economized. An acre will hold about five thousand of these racks,

from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand being a requisite complement for the machinery. Sixteen men and ten boys on the rackway will make eighty tons of prepared fuel per diem—indeed there is hardly a limit to the capacity of the machinery if labor enough is employed. With thirty-seven men digging and clearing off the racks from the tramway, one hundred and fifty tons of dried fuel can be made per day. This fuel can be delivered at a less price than the best coal, and the cost of preparing it for market is lighter than that required in coal mining. It can be afforded as low as \$4.50 per ton, and even lower, within a reasonable distance from the bogs, and it is more economical than coal.

An analysis of the surface peat of this bog gives the following result: Carbon 68 per cent.; oxygen, 18; water, 16; and ash 3.68 per cent. It also contains ammonia, acetate of lime, fixed and volatile oils. The deeper the peat found, the richer is it in carbon, and there are portions of the bog which will yield 70 to 75 per cent. of carbon. The average amount of carbon thus far ascertained by analysis of the various peat bogs of the United States equals 50 per cent.

The charcoal made from peat is exceedingly dense and pure. Its heating and resisting powers have been amply and severely tested, and with the most satisfactory results. It has been tried in puddling and air furnaces, improving the quality of the iron melted. The strength of peat charcoal iron, proved in the ordinary manner, is considerably above the average strength of iron of the best brands. *Iron made with peat charcoal will not splinter.* It has been found by analysis to possess almost identical qualities with wood charcoal, and is therefore better fitted for many purposes, such as the manufacture of gunpowder, and the working of iron and steel, &c. When condensed peat is carbonized, it gives a fine coherent coke, which amounts to about thirty per cent. of its weight, and contains very little ash. The density of this coke is great-

er than that of wood charcoal, being found to range from 913 to 1040.

For generating steam it is invaluable. Twenty-five years ago, the steamers plying between Limerick and Clare commenced its use. The Shannon steamers used it, and are still continuing it as a fuel. The Great Western Railway of Canada has used it for ten years. The English and French locomotives have been run with it successfully. It has been tried on the railways of the United States, and the testimony of all railway and steamboat engineers who have tried it, either in its crude or manufactured state, is that it is the only fuel for railways or steamers, because it ignites readily, burns freely, producing intense heat without cinders, sparks, or soot, with very little smoke and no clinker, the consequence of which is, that under a boiler, steam is generated much more quickly than by coal or wood, the flues and tubes of the boilers are kept free from soot, clean and bright, and therefore in better condition to make the heat available, and the grate bars are not burned out and injured as with coal, while for the comfort of passengers it is the only fuel that can be used without the annoyance of smoke, dirt and sparks. The reason it has not been generally introduced is, that it has never been manufactured in any one place on so large a scale as to afford a constant supply; as those engaged in the enterprise of manufacturing it can as yet hardly comprehend the enormous amount which will be required to supply the market when it comes into general use. Companies are now being formed all over the Union, to take up these peat lands for the manufacture of peat fuel. The New York Central, New York and Boston, Hudson River, Vermont Central, and other eastern railroads, have tested it successfully, and what is now needed is to set men to work the bogs, get out the fuel, and supply the demand.

The following is the result of an experiment with green peat fuel on the Grand Trunk Railway, in November, 1866, made by engine No 158, with six-

teen freight, one passenger, and one baggage car, run from Montreal to Prescott Junction, distance one hundred and twelve miles :

Total rise in grade,.....	260 ft.
Total weight of eighteen cars and freight,.....	665,000 lbs.
Distance run,.....	112 miles
Lost time made up in running between Vandreuil and Matilda, 75 miles,.....	110 min.
Total weight of peat consumed,.....	7,450 lbs.
Value of fuel, at \$3.50 per ton,.....	\$11.65
Fuel consumed per mile run,.....	66½ lbs.
Cost of fuel per mile,.....	10 cts.
Number of car miles run,.....	2,016 miles
Fuel consumed per car mile run,.....	309 lbs.

The cost of drawing a car, containing over ten tons of freight, one mile, was a trifle over half a cent. The cost of the peat was considerably less than wood. It worked to better advantage, and was in every respect far superior to any other fuel. The locomotive, when strained, in ascending heavy grades, or in quick running on a level road, produced abundance of steam, and kept blowing off the whole time. By diminution of the blast, additional power was gained, and the consumption of fuel reduced.*

As to the comparative cost in running a locomotive with coal, wood, and peat, the following result will show for itself: For a distance of one hundred and seventy-one miles run on the Great Western Railway of Canada, the cost was :

Coal, 295 tons, at \$10 per ton,.....	\$29.50
Wood, 441 cords, at \$7 per cord,.....	30.87
Peat, 3½ tons, at \$5 per ton,.....	17.50

This shows a gain, with the increased quantity of peat over coal, of nearly one half in the saving of expense.†

Peat is beginning to be used for domestic purposes, and during the past winter was tested in Lexington, Massachusetts, in a Stewart cooking stove, and said to be better adapted to culinary purposes than wood or coal, especially for broiling and baking, and also for heating irons, as a peat fire can be graduated to suit the weather and the occasion. It takes but fifteen minutes from the starting of the fire to heating the oven preparatory to baking, and the bakers of Cleveland, Ohio, who

have recently tested it in their ovens, say they prefer it to any other fuel they have ever used. In stoves, the receptacle for fuel should be smaller than that used for coal, and of less depth; and so it should be with grates and furnaces, as from its rapid combustion, it requires to be renewed more frequently than coal, and should be burned with much less draft. When its real value is appreciated, stoves and ranges will be readily constructed, so as to regulate the draft required.

In the manufacture of gas, its properties have been tested in the United States and Europe, and when mixed with coal, it produces a high illuminating power. Gas manufactured from peat has been in use in Paris and Berlin for some years. Experiments have been made with success at the Portland (Maine) Gas Works, and at Utica, New York. The chief impurity of gas made from peat is carbonic acid, which requires considerable slacked lime for purifying it, and thereby is expensive; but when peat is mixed with coal, it makes a superior quality of gas at a comparatively light expense.

In pyrotechnics, it is superior to charcoal manufactured from dogwood and alder. In the manufacture of these, its combustion is more instantaneous, and its fires more brilliant than any other substance employed, and the pyrotechnists of Europe have long used it on account of its peculiar adaptation to the manufacture of fireworks.

The elements of peat derived by distillation, are described by Professor Brande, as follows: *Sulphate of Ammonia*, employed in the preparation of carbonate and muriate of ammonia, of caustic ammonia, and in the manufacture of fertilizing composts; *Acetate of Lime*, largely consumed by calico printers; *Pyroxylic spirit*, commonly called Wood Alcohol, used in vapor lamps, emitting a brilliant light; also in the preparation of varnishes; *Naphtha*, for making varnishes and dissolving crude India rubber; *Heavy and Fixed Oils*, for lubricating, for a cheap oil, and in the manufacture of lamp-black, and *Paraf-*

* Report Grand Trunk Railway, 1867. † Ibid.

fine, largely used in the manufacture of candles.

Peat has been used for pavements, and when combined with an artificial asphaltum, composed of carbonate of lime and coal tar, it forms a solid and elastic road-bed, superior in many respects to native asphaltum. The tendency of this artificial asphalt to crack and break is counteracted by the strong fibre of the peat; which, if added to chalk and tar while warm, acts as a binder when the mass is cooled, obviating its brittleness. Fibrous portions reduced to pulp, mixed with from five to ten per cent. of rag pulp of the same consistency has been used in France for making coarse paper, and experiments have been made in some of the paper manufactories of the United States.

For building and ornamental purposes, peat has been used in Dublin, Ireland, for cornices, roofing, and other parts of buildings, being prepared in solid blocks by hydraulic pressure, and artificially dried. Toys, fancy articles, and rings, have been produced from the same material. On account of the resinous and vegetable matter in some of the peats, they form an excellent material for tanning purposes.

Peat has strong antiseptic qualities. It is a valuable disinfectant and deodorizing agent, and an absorber of all noxious vapors. It will prevent cholera and fever from spreading. It renders the air of a sick-room pure and agreeable. As a compost, two cords of peat mixed with one cord of clear stable manure, forms a valuable fertilizer; and the ashes of peat, which abound in carbonate, phosphate, and sulphate of lime, are used to great advantage on some soils, and are admirable for clover. They make a very serviceable cement, and are useful for polishing lithographic stones, and metallic plates. Free alkali may always be traced in peat ashes; but alkali exists in it rather as silicate, as in leached ashes. These ashes certainly possess a value, and should not be allowed to waste.

When we consider that every acre of peat found in the United States is calculated to be good for one thousand tons of condensed fuel, at a cost of about two dollars and a half for preparation, the amount of solid wealth which these immense beds, when worked, will add to the country, leaves coal and petroleum far in the background.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE.*

LOUIS BOUILLIET, OR THE END OF ROMANTICISM.—BY EX-ROMANTICUS.

THE other evening, I looked for a book to put me to sleep. For a moment, I hesitated over M. Clamagerau's second volume on "Taxation under the Monarchy;" but, fearing that the importance of the subject would keep me awake, I decided instead upon a volume of verses which had been claiming my attention since 1867. There have been

times when such long neglect would have been impossible; for I ever dearly loved poetry. But now it was not love which led me to the poem. These verses, I said, will serve as a gentle transition to the senseless dreams of sleep; and with that anticipation, I opened "*Melænis*," a Roman tale, by Louis Bouilliet. Now, Bouilliet was not,

* *Editor's Note.*—In a former number of the Magazine we had occasion to allude to a new book, "*La Terre*," recently published by a young French savant, *Eliée Reclus*. We now have the pleasure of welcoming to our columns another paper from the pen of his brother, *Elie Reclus*. Their names, well known in France, will be best recognised in America as belonging to that radical wing of the French democracy of which Louis Blanc is so prominent a representative. Their writings, as those of all their brethren in affection and principle, by the subtle inducement of double meaning which everywhere accompanies the obvious purport, read like the cipher sent by prisoners to give account of their condition to their friends at liberty.

is not, a mediocre poet; the journals and reviews have created for him a fair reputation, especially through their theatrical criticisms. He excited at one time many sanguine hopes; he passed for a future leader in literature, and doubtless, more than once a friend had prophesied over a glass of champagne—

"Tu Marcellus eris!"

For the sake of getting sooner to the end of the book, I began in the middle. I must acknowledge, however, that, having skimmed the second half, I wanted to read the first, for the subject interested me; I perceived that, perhaps unconsciously, the author had given us a very vivid and accurate picture of the time in which we have the happiness to live. The situations that he depicts are only too well known to us; the characters that he brings into action, strike us as if we ourselves had met them the evening before, at the theatre, the promenades, or in the streets; and in looking at these sketches we should be able to say whether or no the portraits resembled the originals. If the author dresses his heroes in toga and tunic, instead of bestowing on them pantaloons of the latest fashion,—it is by the same artifice that sculptors employ when they carve the busts of their contemporaries in marble. If he makes his personages speak Latin, it is in order to follow the precept of André Chénier—

"Sur des sujets nouveaux, faisons des vers antiques."

For one empire bears a strange family likeness to another. Paris, in 1860, cannot greatly differ in its political institutions, and in its public life, from Rome of the Cæsars in 180. This pretended tale will be, we are sure, consulted by our future historians in preference to the official harangues of our prefects and ministers, and to the reports of our functionaries. For the artist, in virtue of his nature, is possessed of a marvellous insight, that is able to grasp the character of an epoch as a whole, to detect its distinguishing features, to isolate them and point them out to our duller perception. Objects

reflect themselves in the mind of the poet as in the most perfect mirror: his imagination, like a solar microscope, projects on a screen the image enlarged, but absolutely correct, of all that has been submitted to its objective. Less than all other men can the artist abstract himself from his own work, and efface the stamp of his own personality; for it is his very business to reveal his own inmost character in reproducing nature and the objects by which he is surrounded. In vain he changes the medium, the language, the costume,—the general truth, instead of losing, gains, the principal fact is brought out into stronger relief by throwing off vulgar details. The artist imitates the algebraist, who, by the method of substitution, disengages the unknown nucleus of its equations. Disguises constitute the best devices for exhibiting our follies, our illusions, our concealed desires; and masquerades bring out the character of physiognomies, which could hardly be deciphered in the ordinary costume of street or drawing-room.

It is easy to understand that under cover of a romance in the time of Commodus, M. Louis Bouilliet is relating the condition of Cæsarian France in the happy days of M. de Morny, at the moment when the Empire became consolidated by the process of the Crimean War.

The heroine is a prostitute, the hero a barrister, who, after various frolics, becomes a Zouave. Then come in order a Senator, a professional poisoner, a cock, a buffoon, an Emperor, all five with artistic trades, each in his way; for, curious to note, with the exception of two or three drunkards, parasites, and low people, introduced incidentally, there is nobody in this history but artists, and not a single honest man. It is unfortunately true that art may, during a long time, survive liberty. Itself an intellectual aristocracy, art is easily reconciled to hierarchies and an absence of equality, and occupied in producing objects of luxury (especially at epochs of decadence), it willingly takes the

side of the rich classes, upon whom it lavishes open flattery and secret contempt.

Moreover, in the midst of the general servitude, the artist is the only man who has preserved a shadow of independence, and whose pretensions to originality enable him to become a subject of history. When there no longer exist either men or citizens, there always remain individuals ready to drape themselves proudly in the mantle of the artist.

At a superficial glance, the poem in question might pass as an amusing story vivaciously told, but before reading out the volume the reader feels giddy, as if sea-sick, after whirling among so many lies, debaucheries, and unclean gluttonies. Jest leads to satire, baseness alternates with ignominy. Not a breath of fresh air amidst these perfumes of painted courtesans, these hiccups of drunken muleteers, these greasy smells from an *Ædile's* kitchen; not a clean place, not a tuft of grass in the midst of these vile sewers, and heaps of impure garbage.

At the date of this book, in 1857, it was scarcely possible for an honest man to breathe in France. Bonapartism, strengthened by the English Alliance, enwreathed with the laurels of the Crimea, dreamed of absolute power; nay, more, it dreamed of perpetuity. Luxury was enormous, speculations swept off millions and millions at the Bourse. The *Crédit Foncier*, the *Crédit Mobilier*, the *Caisse Mères*, were so many Californias. The bourgeois believed himself rich, with a portfolio stuffed with shares in the *Grand Central* and the *Docks Napoléon*. Peasants sold their provisions dear, soldiers had high pay, curés fattened in their livings, and tortured poor schoolmasters at leisure. Cardinals sat in the Senate, bankrupts at the *Ministère des Finances*, pirates were marshals, galley slaves and swindlers administered justice and revised the laws. People had good cheer, and led a joyous life. But what mortal sadness for those whom triumphant crime had not been able either to vanquish or seduce!

They continued to protest, in their consciences,—not in words, for their lips were sealed by the *procureur impérial*, scrutinized by sneaking spies. They had nothing but anger to divert their heart-soreness, and nothing but heart-ache to soothe their anger. After so many magnificent hopes, there only remained to them bitter vexations, only hate against their enemies, and rancor against their friends, or hate against their friends and rancor against their enemies, we know not well which. The soul that had lately soared so high, now lay upon the ground like a balloon collapsed by the escape of its gas, like a bladder rent with a knife, pierced by innumerable pins. But in spite of all probabilities, certain hearts continued to hope—they belonged to that irrepressible party *who are always packing their trunks*.*

At this moment passed by a poet. In one glance he surveyed the situation, analyzed it like a true realist. He saw the miserable band of outlaws, he perceived them creeping into factories, workshops, laboratories, wherever they could find a place among the most humble laborers; during the night sheltering themselves under stones from the walls of their Republic, overthrown, pillaged, dismantled. Amidst these ruins the wind whistled sharp and cold; but in the meantime there was banqueting at the *Hotel de Ville*. The young Louis Bouilliet was not obliged to chill himself in the rain and the mud and the wind and the famine, and his poem is given from his own standpoint. Paulus, his hero, was the clandestine offspring of a village girl of the Campagna, who, having been led astray by a Senator, found nothing better to do than to go to Rome to exercise the lucrative trade of a sorceress. She strangles goats to concoct pernicious philters, but she loves, adores her son. She lodges him, feeds him, sends him to school, follows his every movement with long passionate looks. From a sentiment of delicacy,

* We need not explain this expression to those whom political occurrences, in 1852, drove to London and Brussels.

she refrains from disclosing her maternity, and Paulus is too thoughtless to suspect it. He is a handsome, robust boy, determined to eat the best food and drink the best wine, to enjoy a large and easy life. Selfish and passionate, he leaves conscience to fools; morality appears to him a whimsical oddity, and scruples sheer nonsense. Has he ever condescended to think about such prejudices? Has he ever seen,—except in books and fables—any examples of loyalty and devotion? Moreover, at epochs ruled over by any Commodus, virtue is reserved for the senators and the magistrates delegated by Cæsar, and the chevaliers who finger the public funds. It is official virtue. As to the non-official, disgusted with the homage of vice, disgusted with hypocrisy, it takes refuge in the bottom of the well that has long served as an asylum for her sister Truth.

What is there to be got without working! What occupation is suitable for a fellow so thoughtless as not to trouble himself to learn who are the authors of his days? one who believes neither in the Republic, nor in the Empire, in justice nor judges? Such a one may well become a barrister-at-law.

*C'est un metier charmant, et bien digne d'envie,
Par Castor et Pollux! quelqu'en disent les vieux,
Que de polis des mots le tour ingénieux,
Et de tordre la phrase avec la fantaisie,
Comme un serpent marbré dont un jongleur d'Asie
Roule autour de ses flanes, et deroule les nœuds.
Notre héros avait en abondance
Toutes les qualités que marquent les auteurs,
L'oeil ferme, les poudrons solides, la pulesance
Du corps, et la vertu qu'il faut aux orateurs.*

It is in the fortunes of this brilliant rhetorician that the author undertakes to interest us. Henceforth we are to follow this fine youth, specimen of imperial regime, from the cellar of his mother, the fortune-teller, to the boudoir of Melænis, and thence pass directly to seat ourselves at the banquet of the Senator Marcus.

As the latter gave good dinners, Paulus contrived to insinuate himself into his house, in the company of a parasite. Before presenting us to the high state functionary, the poet introduces the cook.

*"C'est plus que le tribun, le Consul, Pædile,
Plus que le sénateur et que le chevalier,
Le Consul en un jour peut sortir du suffrage;
Le caprice des camps fait des Empereurs;
Mais, entre l'art divine qu'il veut en partage,
Il faut au cuisinier le pénible labour,
La science profonde, et que dès un jeune Age,
Il ait, comme un savant, pall sur les auteurs
Le cuisinier parfait sait avant toute-chose
L'art de la politique et des gouvernements."*

Besides this inimitable treasure, the fortunate Ædile possessed the dwarf Coracoides, who had been made a dwarf on purpose and to order.

Paulus having done justice to the wines and viands, makes it a point of honor to get up an intrigue with the daughter of his host. The buffoon arranges a time and place for an interview, but Melænis, inspired with a furious jealousy, gives information of the rendezvous, and Paulus narrowly escapes being cut to pieces. He saves himself for the moment, but the Ædile has a long arm, and Paulus, believing himself lost, is meditating schemes of drowning, when he happens to fall in with the gladiator Mirax, who—

"Était libre, et qui prit le metier des esclaves."

Mirax's description of the triumphs and glories of his profession is so vivid and fascinating to our young orator seeking a refuge, that he is easily persuaded to become a gladiator, and finds he has not gone down in the world by exchanging the forum for the arena.

A meeting between Paulus, now attired in the garb of a gladiator, and his old master of rhetoric, Polydamus, is well described. Polydamus, amazed at the transformation, calls for an explanation. "I am gladiator," says Paulus, "and from choice." This was the final blow. To Polydamus the ancient world seems reeling; fighters and clowns are corrupting the fatherland, and the criers will soon claim place on Parnassus itself. "Alas!" he cries, "eloquence lies low."

"Master," says Paulus, "fencing is the sister of true eloquence."

*"A phrase you handle, or you poise a dart,
'Tis always rhetoric, and always art."*

"There is no difference, except that the arena is wider." "But glory, O my

son!" "I am satisfied with wine and love and life."

"Then sighed the old man. Paul had heedless dealt
A crushing fatal blow. He veiled his aged face,
Raised his arm slowly to the immortal skies,
And long stood silent, lost in sad reveries
On art's lamented ruins; then slowly left the room,
More pompous than a grand exordium."

I think it was the author's intention that this scene should be comic. Nevertheless, this impression is but very slightly conveyed. For Polydamus, with the exception of the cook Bacca, is, in the whole extent of the vast Roman Empire, the only person we can perceive who is not absolutely worthless. It is true, the unhappy old man is nothing but an artist in sophisms, a juggler, who plays tricks with empty phrases, a fore-runner of the scholastician; but he is devoted to his art, he believes himself to be the depository of the traditions from the great orators, he has for gods Hortensius and Marcus Tullius, he knows the names of Scipio and Cato, he trembles, perhaps, at the terrible recollection of the Gracchi. Some distant reflection from the antique Republic illuminates the forehead of the old rhetorician; but because, after his kind, he was honest, it was not necessary to turn him into ridicule. For, by his first blow, Paulus, the gladiatorial apprentice, wounds the heart of his old master, who, losing henceforth faith in the destinies of his art, can no longer teach with enthusiasm, and will die soon after, smitten to death by "a barbarism that he encountered by chance."

We are at last introduced to a combat in the Coliseum. The circus is then the highest institution of the Empire. The Government has taken pains to alienate the citizens from public affairs; it has seized the monopoly of politics, administration, science, commerce, industry, religion, literature, and art. What remains to do for those who are not doomed to slavery, properly called, who have some leisure, are not bent over their trade hungry and pale, or do not warm with their sweat some miserable clod of ground? Doubtless the poets are not entirely deprived of occupation, they still rhyme acrostics and official

odes. The painters still manufacture religious pictures, and *articles de piété*, they exhibit in brilliant colors the august Caesar, now cleaving the skulls of his enemies in distant expeditions, now inundating his people with benefits and charities. And the orators? We see by the poor Polydamus what remains of them. The wisdom of S. S. Ex. Ex. Messieurs, the ministers, renders political eloquence useless; the routine of office-holders, disciplined by precedents, serves much better the dispatch of business than the chattering of lawyers, and the improvisations of stump speakers. The orators, chased from the forum, have been obliged to metamorphose themselves into rhetoricians, and the lazy public has been compelled to follow them in their schools. The nation has really nothing left to do, having transferred to the Government their right of deciding for peace or for war, the taxes, the duties, and every thing. In the mean time, a nation cannot always betake itself to children's games and conundrums. From time to time man has need of something positive, something real and material. Well! what is there more serious than a fight to the death, than hatchets and spears driven into human flesh; what more moving than the rightful drama of man in conflict with man, of man wrestling with wild beasts? The circus games are not vain amusements as superficial moralists have pretended. On the contrary, they are of the highest governmental utility, respectable on the same ground as a state religion; they make part and parcel of every Cæsarian system with any pretence to perfection. This is why the Empire covers itself with arenas from the north to the south, this is why we find at Bayonne as at Burgos, at Nismes, as at Montpellier, at Rome as at Seville, everywhere men fighting against wild bulls.*

Our Paulus becomes then a gladiator, and in this capacity, covers himself with glory. He merited the suffrage of

* A bull-fight was recently given at the Exposition at Havre, as a compliment to the Empress Eugénie.

Commodus, who was well posted in such matters. The Empire had instituted the circus,—by the logic of things, the circus installed the gladiators at the summit of the Empire.

Son of Marcus Aurelius, a stoic on a throne, a wise and magnanimous Emperor, who well deserved to have been a simple citizen, Commodus, born to personify insanity and cruelty, was a curious example of hereditary laws in morals and dynasties. The world is still astonished at the spectacle of an all-powerful Emperor, as lascivious as Helio-gabalus, delighting to cut the throats of his wives and his sisters. Proud of having descended seven hundred times into the arena, he armed himself with a steel sword, and unweariedly slaughter-

ed men defended with leaden sabres, wretched victims driven before him, like swine under the mallet of the butcher. Never a soul more vile, never an intellect more frivolous has had at his disposal more absolute power. Never such baseness was elevated on a higher pedestal. So great is his ignominy, that Commodus has exceeded our contempt, and won for himself a species of respect. Human race and society, nature and art, combining their efforts, have never created a being more monstrous and grotesque. A great painter, meeting this prodigious Emperor in his path, had not failed to do him full justice; but our Bouilliet has not dared to cope with his model; the portrait is only half sketched, flabby, and nerveless.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

TO-DAY: A ROMANCE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI.

LETTER FROM MR. CHARLEY GRAVES TO WILLIAM HOLT.

—, Iowa, June 11, 18—.

DEAR SIR: You told me not to write you, but I did not promise I would not, and I shall never be contented till I do. I will not say that I am grateful to you, for fear I shall set you swearing at me. But I will tell you this: I am the happiest man alive. I have just come in from going round our wheat field. Did you ever see a wheat field? I don't mean a little patch of five or ten acres, but such fields as we have out here! (You never told me there had been fifty acres of winter wheat got in. This of itself will support a family handsomely a year.) Virginia says it is the handsomest sight she ever beheld, and that there is nothing in Broadway or the Fifth Avenue to compare with it, and I think she is right.

Everything is as fresh here as though it was made yesterday. No live thing seems to be afraid of you. When I walk out into the road a score of wild pigeons will fly up, and light over my head, and fly back again after I pass. The prairie is full of deer, rabbit and grouse; and as for wild turkeys, they wake me up every morning, gobbling all around us. We keep three cows, and make our own butter, of course; we have a poultry yard well stocked with fowls, and all the various "fixins" which help make life comfortable. The climate is

very fine. It does one good to breathe the air; and now that I am here, I wonder why poor devils like myself (or as I *was*, for I count myself out now) are willing to live along from year to year in the dusty filth of a city.

One special reason why I wished to write you is this: I know you thought I wouldn't stick to it out here; that I would get sick of it, and want to come back to New York, and would neglect things generally. I don't say, but it might have been so if I had left a year sooner, when everything looked bright at home. It took, I think, just such a schooling as I had that twelvemonth to open my eyes. And now, though I say it, there is not a man in this country who attends more carefully to his business than your humble servant. I don't pretend I have become a good farmer all in a hurry, but I know I am fast learning, and "Where there's a will there's a way." I think a good deal of old times, and what a fool I used to make of myself, but I don't let that worry me now. If I have any luck, I shall plough up fifty acres more this fall. There is not a better quarter section in this part of the State, and by another year we shall have a railroad station within ten miles of us. My wife's mother is a great comfort to her, being a very good housekeeper and understanding Western ways

first-rate. It continues to be a great mystery to both of them, notwithstanding all my explanations, how I secured this place for Virginia; and I am afraid I have had to tell more stories to enable me keep myself right with you in this matter than I can ever answer for. But I can stand it all for Virginia's sake. She says she is as happy as she can be, and I really think she is. She declares nothing would induce her to go back to New York.

Yesterday we rode out together in the buggy on the prairie. The handsomest fawn I ever saw, nearly full grown, started up at a spring where he was lying, and bounded off a few yards, and then stood perfectly still, looking at us. Virginia would not let me shoot; she

said it would spoil her ride if I killed it, and I was glad afterwards I did not. I will now bring this rambling letter to a close, and hope you won't fly in a passion with me for writing.

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES GRAVES.

WILLIAM HOLT, Esq.,
New York.

When Holt received this epistle, he read it over very carefully twice, dwelling only on the paragraphs where Virginia's name was mentioned. Then he tore it in fine pieces, and threw it in the waste basket.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOVERS.

CLARA and Du Barry were seated together in the little library of Mr. Ferris. They were to be married in a few weeks. The day was not yet fixed, but it was well understood it would not be distant. Then they were to leave on a foreign tour which should last an indefinite period. Clara's fortune was ample for this. As for Du Barry's, it had become a mere pittance under the new era of inflated prices and general extravagance.

The absolute devotion which Clara expected from her lover, and which she was ready to return by an entire consecration of herself to him, had begun seriously to annoy him. But the time would soon be up, the prize secured, and then matters would settle down on a more rational basis.

They were seated together. Du Barry had just come in. He found Clara reading a volume of Wilhelm Meister—it was a German copy. Looking up at him as he took his seat, she exclaimed:

"Do you recollect when you marked these passages?"

"Why? how did you come by this book?"

"You left it on the table yesterday."

"Oh, I recollect. I took it with me to the printing-office, where I was correcting proof. I was wondering how it reached you. I have a handsome library edition, which I will bring you. This has been thumbed so much that it is unfit for a lady's hands."

"I like it all the better," said Clara. "It makes a book look more interesting. This is such a neat, compact little thing. I am going to keep it. You must bring me the other volumes."

"Certainly, if you fancy them; though I have an impression the set is imperfect."

"I hope not. You did not answer my question; when did you make these marks? Stop, let me read to you."

They were sitting close together, and while Clara's hand rested in Du Barry's, she read in English the following:

"He had told Aurelia of his intercourse with Mariana, and could therefore now refer to it. She looked him intently in the face, and asked: 'Can you say that you never yet betrayed a woman; that you never tried, with thoughtless gallantry, with false asseverations, with cajoling oaths, to wheedle favor from her?'

"'I can,' said Wilhelm; 'and what a warning, my beautiful, my noble friend, is this melancholy state in which I see you! Accept of me a vow which is suited to my heart; which under the emotion you have caused me has settled into words and shape, and which will be hallowed by the hour in which I utter it. Each transitory inclination I will study to withstand; and even the most earnest I will keep within my bosom; no woman shall receive an acknowledgment of love from my lips to whom I cannot consecrate my life!'

"She looked at him with a wild indifference, and drew some steps backward as he offered her his hand. 'Tis of no moment,' cried she, 'so many women's tears more or fewer; the ocean will not swell by reason of them. And yet,' continued she, 'among thousands, one woman saved; that still is something; among thousands, one honest man discovered; this is not to be refused. Do you know, then, what you promise?'"

"When did you mark it?"

"Years ago. I purchased the work when I first came to Schweinfurth, a few weeks after I landed. I have told you how I used to live in that little quaint old place."

"Yes, indeed. I shall insist on keeping this all the more now. I shall look for all the marked passages. How delicately you drew those lines; very different from your present bold, vigorous dash."

She began to turn the leaves over.

"I fear I must interrupt you. I have to take the book once more to the printing-office; then you shall have it with the remaining volumes."

"Just a moment. Let me repeat this to you. Do you see, you have double marked it. I can just perceive the second line; it is very faint." She read:

"No woman shall receive an acknowledgment of love from my lips to whom I cannot consecrate my life."

"Of whom were you thinking, Alfred, when you drew your pencil so softly twice opposite these words?"

"Of a certain young lady, whose indignation I had roused by asking her to wait for my return before she engaged herself," replied Du Barry, tenderly.

"Ah, that is the charm," returned Clara. "To know you never had a thought for any one but me, that when a boy you consecrated your life to me; that in all those long years of absence you cherished only this idea, that your first, your only vows, were breathed to me. It is too great happiness."

Du Barry made a suitable reply. Clara still held the little volume in her

hand, while she carelessly turned the leaves.

It would seem that her lover was not anxious to prolong the interview, for he made a gesture to take the book which she was again beginning to examine.

"Oh, here is something else," she exclaimed.

She ran her eye eagerly over the page.

"Did you ever lend this?" she asked, abruptly.

"Never. Why do you inquire?"

"I don't know. It has been so much read. This line is too delicate for even a youth."

She half held her breath as she looked at her companion for his reply.

"I could imagine that some young girl did this!"

"Nonsense." He took the book, and read the paragraph to himself. "I confess I see nothing here worth marking; it is very commonplace."

"How can you say so? It is exactly as I feel now, Alfred, all the time. She read aloud:

"Except Narcisse, the world was altogether dead to me; excepting him, there was nothing in it that had any charm. Even my love for dress was but the wish to please him; if I knew that he was not to see me, I could spend no care upon it. I liked to dance; but if he was not beside me, it seemed as if I could not bear the motion. At a brilliant festival, if he were not invited, I could neither take the trouble of providing new things, nor of putting on the old, according to the mode."

"How can you call that commonplace?"

"Excuse me. I did not mean 'commonplace.' I should have said 'common.' It is the genuine sentiment of one who loves; but an ordinary sentiment nevertheless. I confess I was thinking more of your odd surmise about the marks than of what I was reading."

Clara laughed. Du Barry's natural tone relieved her. "I did not mean to frighten you; I do not know what it is of late. I conjure up the strangest imag-

inings. Yet who could possibly have less reason? It is the excess of happiness. It makes me mournful. I want you near me every moment; I become sad as soon as you leave me."

"This will soon end," whispered Du Barry; "and then——"

They were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Ferris, who came in humming a favorite air. She did not appear at all surprised to find the two together, but nodded carelessly to her cousin, who seized the occasion to excuse himself. With the volume of Meister in his hand, he took leave, saying he would be in again during the evening.

Clara followed him into the hall. "You will think no more of my folly in imagining any one could have had that book but you," she said.

"Certainly not. I quite understand how you feel."

"You do, do you not?" exclaimed Clara, eagerly.

"You know I do. And whenever any little thing disturbs you, promise me you will at once speak out as you did just now. Then we can never misunderstand one another."

"Indeed I will. I cannot express how happy your words make me."

She came back to the little library radiant, quite ready to enter into the lively vein Miss Ferris was indulging in.

When Du Barry reached the street, he drew a long breath. "Well out of that," he said to himself. "Curse on my carelessness. A few weeks more, and all danger will be over."

He took his course to the printing-office. What awaited him there, deserves to be recorded in a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

CASTLETON RESOLVES TO REFORM THE WORLD!

To return to Castleton.

For days after the extraordinary denouement with Augusta Delaine, he had the sensations of one physically and mentally benumbed, so terrible was the strain on his nerves and on his moral sense.

As the clear light of reason and conscience spread healthfully over him, he emerged from the torpid state in which he had temporarily been plunged, into an atmosphere purer, as it appeared to him, than he had ever before breathed.

With this came a quiet, calm control over his emotions, such as he could never exercise before. As he looked around him, and then into the future, he seemed to himself to be isolated; isolated by his own deliberate act. That of resting his hopes on an object which did not respond to him, and of rejecting the alluring offer made to his senses.

"What am I to become?" he exclaimed. "Dare I oppose my personal aspirations to the cry of the many

which everywhere ascends for relief, or is smothered in the low mutterings of despair? Can I escape the sense of HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY which oppresses me? Am I to do any thing to lighten the load which weighs down the great army of the Unfortunate? Am I ready now to enter the lists? Yes, if I can rise superior to any circumstance; if I can say necessity no longer controls me. With a sense of undaunted rightfulness, what may I not achieve? Always for the true, I have no apprehensions, no palpitations, no 'bondage through fear.' I will begin again. God has vouchsafed me a vision. Given rest of soul, with activity of mind and health of body, and I have the powers of a god. Why not? Those tantalizing and illimitable desires no longer in my path, and there is an end of *Abnegation*. Forward! The day is past wherein to seek our own advantage. Now, a man no longer belongs to himself. But how to equalize human happiness! To solve riddles more mysterious than the Sphinx's.

Joy + sorrow × sorrow + joy.
 Song × wail of wretchedness.
 Mirth × sadness.
 Dance × tread of woe.
 Crime × good deeds.
 Guilt × innocence.
 Depravity × virtue.
 Power × weakness.
 Wealth × destitution.

One common humanity.

"Where is the moral mathematician who shall work the equation? Will any so-called 'great philanthropist' attempt it? Let every individual try, and the work is done. I will set about it for one."

Such were the resolves of our hero, which, perhaps, would never have been

so conscientiously determined on, had he experienced no heart troubles. For in that case, things would have flowed too smoothly.

He did not know, though, what he marked out for himself.

"Tantalizing and illimitable desires no longer in his path," indeed! For how long the exemption? As if he could get free from them! Nevertheless, young man, keep on your course; carry out your resolutions; but do not think to fight this battle without carrying about you the full weight of human dross, and being exposed to the poisoned arrows which the enemy within hurls into your very citadel!

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR AFFAIRITION.

WE left Du Barry on the way to the printing-office, where he was going to correct the proofs of a fresh article for the "Copernican Monthly." This printing establishment was a large one, and the proprietors had lately introduced the experiment of employing girls to set type in a small part of it.

The article in question was of the romantic order. There was a very sentimental love-affair described, and the scene was laid among the Alps—the Franconian Alps.

Du Barry was surprised to find his proofs so correct. The German words, of which there were a large number, were set up without an error. He was still more astonished to observe the name of one of the places which he had mentioned omitted, and another put in its stead. The first was an imaginary, the other the real name.

Vexed that any one should presume to take such a liberty with his MS., he called the foreman, and asked, "Who set up that page; is it an American?"

"No; it is a German girl, whom we first employed a few days ago. She is highly educated and very intelligent, and can set up a form as rapidly as any one in the place."

"Very odd," returned Du Barry.

"There is not the slightest error in my proofs. But she has gone rather too far in undertaking to change a word. Can I see her?"

"Certainly, if you will step this way."

At one of the "cases" stood a young girl of no ordinary appearance. She wore a close-fitting dress of dark material, and her small and delicate fingers were stained with printers' ink. Her light hair, of which she had a profusion, was drawn tight over her forehead, and wound in a coil at the back of her head. Her face was one of great beauty. It appeared something thinner than would seem natural, while her fine large blue eyes wore an expression of sad resignation.

She paid no attention to the two who were approaching, till the foreman stopped. "This," he said, "is the author of the article you have been at work on; he wishes to speak to you about the proofs."

Could Du Barry believe the evidence of his senses? It was Charlotte Meyer who stood before him!

The foreman had turned immediately away. The case stood in the corner of the room. Every one around them was busy. Nobody took any notice of Du Barry's approach.

"Charlotte! Good God! How came you here?"

There was no reply. She stood looking fixedly at him, but she did not speak.

"Why did you leave Nuremberg?" asked Du Barry, after a painful silence.

"What was there in Nuremberg that I should stay?" she demanded in a tone so earnest and sad that her questioner hesitated before he attempted to reply.

"But why go so far from home? why come to America?"

"Home!" echoed the girl, "home! Can you tell me where is my home? I came to this country to escape from scenes and recollections that haunted me *there*; not as you perhaps fear, to give you any annoyance."

Du Barry's countenance expressed the sense of relief which this last observation caused, but he did not know what to say.

"I know all, Alfred," she continued, calmly.

"And you will not betray me?" he could not help asking with eagerness.

"Betray you!" she spoke for the first time with bitterness. "Is that a word to employ toward me? Betray!"

"Forgive me, Charlotte. I did not think what I was saying. I have much I would explain to you, had I the opportunity. How long have you been here?"

"Many months."

"And why did you come?"

"I had not heard from you for a year." She spoke calmly, without agitation.

Another embarrassing pause ensued, embarrassing to Du Barry, for Charlotte stood quite collected, regarding him mournfully, as if she pitied him.

"Very strange," he said, at last. "Why did you not let me know you were here?"

"I only desired to learn the worst. I had no wish to see you."

"No wish to see me!" exclaimed Du Barry, in a tone dramatically tender and reproachful.

"None," replied the other coldly.

"When I learned how matters were, I was no longer distracted. I am now at rest."

Her face contradicted the assertion, but she bore herself bravely. Du Barry saw it, and felt a secret satisfaction.

"Where are you staying?" he asked. "We must have an interview which will be undisturbed. Can I not come to you?"

"Come to me!" she exclaimed, with dignity. "This is too much." She turned to resume her work.

Du Barry saw his mistake, and made haste to rectify it. "You are angry, Charlotte, because you do not understand. I would make explanations by which you would think less severely of me. In a word, I will say here, if I can have no fitter time, that before we met, before I left America, I had already entered into a solemn engagement—"

"Which you broke on the first opportunity," interrupted Charlotte. "The less you explain, the better."

"As you will. But if you knew every circumstance, as I am ready to detail to you if you will permit, you would not feel so bitterly toward me."

"It can be of no consequence to you how I feel, and it is time this interview should close."

She turned again to the case.

"Charlotte, one word, we have each other's letters. Do you not think they should be exchanged?"

"Yes."

"I will bring yours here to-morrow, if you will have mine ready."

"Be it so."

Du Barry departed with an intense sense of relief. The conversation had been carried on in German (though Charlotte, from long intercourse with her lover, was equally familiar with English); no one could suspect its purport; Charlotte had said distinctly that he need apprehend nothing from her, and their letters were to be exchanged.

"A good morning's work," he said to himself, as he stepped into the street. "'From the nettle danger I pluck the flower safety;' the only hazard I feared is disposed of. I must overhaul

these volumes of Meister, and obliterate all tell-tales; in fact, I must submit my effects generally to a scarification."

He walked cheerfully onward till he emerged into Nassau street, where he encountered Castleton.

CHAPTER XV.

CASTLETON—DU BARRY—CLARA.

THESE two young men now seldom met. There was nothing whatever to bring them together.

On this occasion Du Barry felt in particularly fine spirits. He shook his old friend warmly by the hand, exclaiming, "You are just the one I wish to see. I have some business matters which must be attended to before—before the—event. You understand?"

Castleton felt as lawyers usually feel when professional topics are broached outside of the office, and especially on the street; but he controlled this, and responded pleasantly: "What can I do for you?"

"Settlements, that is the word, I believe," returned Du Barry. "Mr. Ferris tells me that these things should be fixed, or rather that Clara's trustee insists on it; though I am told the laws of this State sufficiently protect the property of married women without any."

He did not say he had, with much solicitude, consulted a lawyer on the subject.

"Not if you go to reside elsewhere. I shall turn you over to Mr. Pulsifer; it is his special department."

"Nonsense, Tom, as if you could not get these things up without sending me to him. You know we don't like each other, and Clara perfectly abominates him."

"She does! I thought they were good friends."

"There you are mistaken. She can't bear the sight of him."

"Then you should consult some one else."

"The trustee insists that the papers be prepared at your office. There's a fix!"

Du Barry spoke in his old free and easy way, when he said "there's a fix," which made Castleton laugh, and car-

ried him back, for a moment, to old times.

"There is no help for you," he said. "It is not in my department. You need not meet Mr. Pulsifer. Miss Digby's trustee is the one to call on him."

"True. It must be so, I suppose. Are you not tired, Tom, of this treadmill life of yours?"

"Tread-mill! Our profession is especially varied; any thing but monotonous."

"Oh! I don't mean that exactly. After getting even a peep at Europe, were you not disgusted to return?"

"Quite the contrary, I assure you."

"I don't know how you can say so. We mean to make our escape as soon as possible. Once across the water, we shall not come back very soon, if I can prevent it. There is every thing here to disgust one. Look at your society. For the life of me, I don't see how you, who are born a gentleman, can tolerate it."

"You find it better abroad?"

"Better? yes, indeed. There you have the refinement and breeding of high birth."

"I have seen only outside views," said Castleton; "but what I did see, led me to give the palm in courtesy and politeness to Americans. I am told, too, by those who have lived long in Europe that in no city in the world do you meet with so much general refinement and so much real politeness as in New York."

"Stuff, all stuff, I assure you——"

"As to the accident of birth," continued Castleton, without noticing the interruption, "you know I don't care that for it" (he snapped his fingers as he spoke). The more people I find, of what you call low birth, who rise to a first-class position, the better I like it."

"You are led away by a sickly sentimentality," retorted Du Barry. "When we were boys, we thought it was a great thing to put on these airs, and discourse about equality, and all that sort of thing; but we are old enough now to know better. If you will but open your eyes, you will confess I am right. What do you say to the evidences of the grossest corruption around? You are already fast getting into a state of anarchy. You will continue to grow worse and worse till you are driven for protection to the other extreme—despotism. Some of your wisest men agree with me."

"They are fools!" exclaimed Castleton. He checked himself, and continued in a different tone. "But grant you are right, what is your proposition? You propose to run away, instead of manfully trying to help correct the evils you perceive so plainly. Don't you think you owe something to your country?"

"Stuff, again. Owe something? No! 'Tis an abstraction, a pure chimera. The idea that it's my duty to wear out my life in attempting to reform knaves, cut-throats, and hypocrites, because I happen to be born in the same land which produces them. That's a good joke. I gave up such nonsense long ago, and hoped you had by this time. I tell you what it is, Tom, I am a cosmopolite. '*Ubi bene ibi patria*.'* Good morning."

"Will he make Clara happy?" queried Castleton, as Du Barry turned away.

He appeared to suddenly resolve on something. He stepped to his office, and left word there that he should not return again that day. Coming out, he made his way "up-town."

I have already remarked, that, partly from pride, partly in consequence of the judicious conduct of Clara toward him, Castleton was prevented from declaring himself when there really was not a shadow of a chance for him.

Now that the marriage between Clara and Du Barry was settled on beyond question, Castleton took a resolution.

"I am not satisfied to part from her without a word," he said to himself. "I will avow what I feel, since there is no longer occasion for the least misunderstanding."

In due time, he reached the residence of Mr. Ferris, and inquired if Miss Digby was in. He was told she was.

Sending up his name, he took his seat in the little library, where Clara was accustomed to receive her intimate friends.

What reminiscences it awoke in Castleton's breast! How many happy hours had he spent with her in that room! How many—

He was interrupted in his day-dream by the entrance of Clara herself. She had been in a joyous mood all day. The morning's interview with her lover was such a satisfactory one, and he was to be with her again in the evening. She was entertaining the kindest feelings toward all the world when Castleton was announced.

She hastened to welcome him warmly. "An unexpected pleasure," she said. "You have neglected me shamefully of late."

"We have both been a good deal occupied, I imagine," was his reply; "and now I only come to say a sort of good-by to you."

"Are you going away?"

"No, but you are," said Castleton, smiling, while the young lady looked grave. "Clara" (he had not called her Clara for a long time before), "Clara," said Castleton, in his peculiar, low, impressive tone, "you know perfectly well how I have always felt toward you. You now belong to my old friend—my rival. If I have a wish of the heart, it is that you and he shall be happy together. You may think it strange I desire distinctly to avow that I have always loved you. I should not be satisfied with myself unless I did so. That is a reality of the past. There is no longer a propriety in its continuance. A word more. Little as we can know the future, I am certain that my friendship for you will never be diminished. This is now of no consequence to you, I

* Where I am well off, there is my country.

trust it may never be. But if, in the years to come, a time *should* be, when, for some cause we may not now count on, it could relieve you to know this friendship is always a living, tangible reality,—what I ask of you is, employ it as one honest soul may demand of another—will you do so?"

She looked at him as he spoke with an expression which it might not have pleased Du Barry to witness. Then her eyes fell.

Not a word was said, but Castleton was satisfied. He had received his answer, and rising, he left the room.

Clara sat quite still for several minutes. "Was any one ever so supremely blest?" she thought. "To be loved as I am loved, and to have such a noble, generous friend!"

I have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain whether or not she gave Du Barry an account of what passed at this interview. In the happy moments of

his visit that evening, she may have omitted to do so.

As Du Barry was leaving her, the same evening, he said, "I shall not see you again till to-morrow afternoon; I have something to attend to which will take me out quite early in the morning."

He was anxious to get the interview with Charlotte off his hands before again trusting himself in Clara's presence.

"Oh, you *must* come in, if only for a few moments. Do you think I shall let you go directly past without a little visit?"

She continued her endearing persuasions, which were very flattering to his self-love, till at last he yielded.

"It will be a half hour of happiness to me, even if I do disappoint others," he said gallantly.

There were more tender words, and he departed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOST PACKAGE.

THE air blew cool and fresh from the northwest (it was now the latter part of October), giving elasticity to Du Barry's step and buoyancy to his spirits, as he pursued his way home with a light heart.

All his plans had worked to his entire satisfaction. Another interview with Charlotte, and that disagreeable affair would be off his hands. His last article for "The Copernican" was in type. He never intended to concoct another. In three weeks he was to be married.

He had but a short walk to take before reaching his bachelor quarters. Mounting to his room, he lighted his meerschaum, and proceeded to business.

He took from his *escritoire* a small package of letters which were contained in an envelope. Then he looked carefully through the desk, taking out many small pieces of paper (I have no means of knowing their contents), several little keepsakes of more or less value, various odds and ends of things of ap-

parently little importance, and last of all a miniature.

This he opened and looked at. It must have recalled a great many tender associations, but it does not appear that he exhibited any particular emotion. He closed the case, which also contained a plain gold ring, and thrust it into the envelope which held the letters. He gathered together all the remaining articles, little papers, keepsakes, a very small neat glove, a lock of golden hair, a bit of faded ribbon, and threw them on the fire which was burning brightly in the grate.

He watched till they were consumed.

Next he laid hold of the volumes of Wilhelm Meister, and examined them carefully. Occasionally a flower, which had been pressed between the leaves, would fall out, and once a small bit of silk from a dress of Charlotte's which Du Barry had liked particularly. There were marks in abundance through the books, and many annotations as well

as references to the time or occasion when such and such a page had been read.

"What an escape!" he muttered between his teeth. "I shall not undertake to prepare these for other eyes."

He took the books and threw them in the fire.

In a diligent business way he went through his entire effects, destroying whatever in his judgment involved any hazard to retain. It was a very searching, thorough piece of work, and it was not till one o'clock in the morning that Du Barry, a good deal fatigued with his peculiar occupation, retired to rest with the satisfaction of a man who has performed his task well.

He slept soundly.

The next morning was very fine. A magnificent autumnal day; Du Barry felt its animating influence as he left the house and proceeded to call on Clara, as he had promised the evening before.

The servant took his light overcoat as he came in, while he stepped unannounced to the little library, where Clara already awaited him.

She received him joyfully, as usual. After a few minutes, she perceived her lover appeared not altogether in his natural mood. "Are you well?" she asked.

"Perfectly well; who could be otherwise in such magnificent weather?"

"I thought you did not look quite yourself," said Clara, anxiously.

"The fact is," said Du Barry, "as I mentioned to you last evening, I have an appointment at this hour, which really I ought to keep, and I dare say the idea makes me appear a little absent. You will forgive me?"

"You shall keep it," cried Clara. "It is enough that I have seen you. I will be content till you come back to me."

His reply, as he rose to leave, was very happy and appropriate. She accompanied him as usual into the hall. They stood together a moment on the stoop, admiring the glories of the new day.

As she turned to come in, after his

departure, and just as she closed the door, her eyes fell on some papers which lay scattered almost at her feet. As she stooped to take them up, she saw Du Barry's name in his own handwriting on the envelope which had contained them.

Her first impulse was to call after him, that he might reclaim what he had accidentally dropped. This impulse was checked by a counter-current surging back on her heart at the sight of the neat delicate handwriting, and of a miniature case which lay near.

A terrible prescience seized her. She clutched the letters and the miniature, and hastened back to the library; she could not wait to go to her chamber.

She sat down, and without a thought whether or not what she was doing were right or honorable, she eagerly, fiercely ran her eyes through the notes. They were written in a delicate German "current-hand," with which Clara was perfectly familiar. She did not attempt to read them, but darted from page to page, seizing by instinct on certain points, then hurrying rapidly on to other portions which attracted her.

This is what she first read, her eyes being drawn to the page as if by a magnet.*

I send you a journal of my days. I commence on that of your departure. After you left me, I gave a free course to my tears. While we were at breakfast, I forced myself to appear in spirits, lest I should make you sad. It was in vain I endeavored to relieve my breast. I found it impossible to take up any thing; my head was too confused and my heart too full. I thought breathing the fresh air might a little restore me, and went out for a walk—I cared not in which direction. I soon returned, and after sitting, thinking, thinking for hours, night came, and I retired. I leave it to you to divine if I slept. The next day Gertrude called to see me, and afterward Aurelia. I compelled myself to go out with her, but I soon found myself at home again, where I could think of you without interruption. I do nothing else, nothing, nothing; and

* The author was tempted to leave these extracts in the language in which they were written, but it will probably be more satisfactory to the general reader to peruse the translation; in which, however, it is impossible to retain the touching pathos of the original.

thus three days have passed, days which seem to me years. If three days seem so long, how do three months? O Alfred, I have not the courage to wait. If you knew all my poor heart suffers. Why did you leave your Charlotte?

Happy those who have never loved! But when I consider that God or destiny intended a something in all this, when I reflect that it is to thee that I have brought all my friendship, to thee that I render caress for caress and kiss for kiss, ah, then I am happy.

Thou art constantly not before my eyes alone, but in my heart. Oh, believe me, for why should I not speak the word, believe me, when I say I love thee, I love thee, yes! with all the force of my soul. I have nothing else to love after God.

O Alfred! I must be with thee, with thee only. I speak freely, without fear. For if I feared thee, I would not love thee. We fear only the wicked, and thou art good, so good.

How solitary is my heart. I cannot content myself. Where is my loved one, who used to sit by my side? Alas! he is now encountering dangers, while I can repose safely in my room.

Before sealing this, I closed my eyes for an instant and saw thee in one of those happy moments. Now I am happy.

I have been ill, and could not continue my journal: but a kiss which I imprint on this spot will tell thee what the hand cannot trace.

At length I am better; but for many days I was on a couch of pain. Alfred, dear Alfred, I confess it, I cannot bear thy absence. Yet I have suffered less while I was so ill than when I am well. You were always so lovingly before me.

What fairy images rose before me, what castles of happiness, what pictures of domestic joy; ah, never, I fear, never to be realized, for time so mocks me; but I dream still. Wouldst thou know my happiest fancy? Listen. I picture myself in a lovely cottage quite secluded, absolutely retired from the world, thinking only of thee, and living only for thee. I am employed in some little details of the house, while thou art engaged in the garden among the plants and flowers. For me a single domestic serves to perform what is necessary, without encumbering me with the care of servants. In the afternoon, when the weather is fine, we spread our table under the shade of beautiful trees; then you talk to me while I work at my embroidery. Believest

thou, dear one, there can be a greater happiness?

Again I fancy myself going with thee over the whole world; always, always with thee while we visit new countries and climes. Yet the first is my happy dream, for I want nothing but to feel thy breath mingle with mine, to press thy heart against mine, and repeat as often as I will, 'I love thee, I love thee.'

O Alfred, dear Alfred, what shall I do? What will become of me? There is no letter for me! I should be distressed for thy safety; but watching eagerly, I find the steamer which carried thee has safely reached New York. How can I wait another week? how can I, Alfred? It is by some accident, I know; but how can I bear such delay?

After ten more long, wearisome, wretched days and nights, almost beyond the power of my heart to endure, your letter is brought to me. Oh Alfred, dear one, ever loved, how couldst thou go so to wound a tender soul? Thy letter is in French! In French which we both detest for the language of the heart. You remember, Alfred, in our happy readings together of Wilhelm Meister, what was said of this language, and how we both declared it was perfectly true. These paragraphs which I then marked in happy unconsciousness now strike me with terror. I must write them here, for they haunt me.

"During the period of his kindest connection, he wrote in German, and what genuine, powerful, and cordial German! It was not till he wanted to get quit of me, that he began to write seriously in French. I marked, I felt what he meant. What he would blush to utter in his mother tongue, he could by this means utter with a quiet conscience. It is the language of reservations, equivocations, and lies; it is a perfidious language. Heaven be praised, I cannot find another word to express this PERFDIE of theirs in all its compass. Our poor TREULOS, the FAITHLESS of the English, are innocent as babes beside it."

Am I only foolishly nervous? are my wits unsettled, that I seize hold of this? For thy letter is kind and loving. Why should I speak in this way? I do not know. I cannot tell. Seventeen days of weary, desolate waiting for its arrival have unstrung me.

O God! why hast Thou created a heart to be so unhappy! Till I loved thee, how little did I think it possible to love! Then thou gavest me * * *

* * * * *
Clara held her breath till she struck on the next.

Alas! not one word from thee! Art thou

vexed because I reproached thee for writing in French? Oh, forgive me. Write in what language thou wilt, only write; write, I implore thee, I cannot longer exist in this way.

Her head distracted, her heart stone, she dropped the letters and opened the case which kept the miniature, and beheld the picture of a lovely young blonde, in appearance not more than sixteen, with large pensive blue eyes and innocent face, childlike in its expression of love and trustfulness.

The ring fell on the floor. Clara picked it up as if its touch was deadly, and put it in its place; then she took off her own engagement ring, and laid it beside the other, and closed the case.

At that moment the street door-bell rang sharply.

She started up to make her escape;

but the servant happening to be in the hall, opened it immediately.

She stopped just at the entrance, chained to the spot by the sound of Du Barry's voice.

"Did you find a little package, James, after I left this morning? I think it may have fallen from my overcoat."

"I did not, sir. I should have been sure to have seen it, sir, had you dropped it. No one has passed in or out, sir, since you were here."

They appeared to be searching a moment. Then Du Barry exclaimed, "I must have left it at my room," and he was off.

The door was shut. The sound struck on Clara's heart like the closing of the tomb on all she had ever loved.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESOLATION.

PICTURE a beautiful palace, adorned with whatever human art can create, where all your years you have delighted to dwell, the very stones of which you love; every nook and portion of which is endeared to you by some happy memory, every apartment, the walls, the wainscoting, the pictures, each article of furniture and ornament associated with your happiest hours, and which you leave in beauty and strength for a morning's drive, and return after a few hours to find nothing but blackened ruins and smouldering embers.

Or rather, imagine whatever the heart can possibly conceive of happiness, over-

flowing, comprehensive, embracing earth and heaven, sun, moon, and stars, with sensations of bliss ecstatic, illimitable; of bliss which has no alloy, can never have alloy; this instantaneously to vanish—not diminished, obscured, hid, but—*swept out of existence*, ANNIHILATED; nothing remaining except the bitter ashes of self-deception.

What was left to her? To look in her own heart was to look in an abyss of misery. If she looked abroad, she saw nothing but empty delusions, which mocked her with jeering grimaces.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESOLUTION.

SLOWLY, painfully Clara ascended the stairs leading to her own room.

As she approached it, she met Emily Ferris, who was running along in her usual high spirits.

"Good gracious, Clara, what is the matter!" she suddenly exclaimed, as her eyes fell on her.

Clara made no reply, but walked on without appearing to notice the question.

"Are you ill?"

Clara shook her head.

"Something has happened. I know something dreadful has happened," continued Emily, as she followed her friend in her own room.

Clara sank into a chair without a word. Emily knelt by her side.

"My dear, darling child. Speak to me," she said. "Something fearful *has* happened; I know it has. Oh, what is the matter," she exclaimed piteously, as Clara continued to grow more deathlike in appearance. "Let me send for Dr. Castleton."

Clara started at the name. "I am not ill," she said.

"You *are* ill—you must be ill. I will send for Alf immediately."

Clara seized her arm, and held it as in a vice. "No, no, no," she ejaculated.

Emily and Clara were very fond of each other. The genuine affection which the former now exhibited had a comforting effect on the poor girl. "Emily," she said, in a hollow voice, still holding her arm, "it is all over. I shall leave New York to-morrow morning. Help me to get away without—without—you know—"

She could not finish the sentence. Emily continued kneeling by her. She

smoothed her brow; she caressed, she soothed her until she became more calm; then Clara told her all.

"You will help me to get away?"

"Any thing, every thing, but—"

"No buts, unless you would make me frantic. I will *not* meet him again, and you *must* help me. Let nothing be known by any body till I have gone."

They continued to converse together all the morning, and if Emily had any desire to reconcile matters for her cousin, she was borne down by Clara's strong, determined will.

"I shall not tell you where I am going; then you can truthfully say you do not know; but you shall soon hear from me."

This was the conclusion.

After a few hours, Clara's self-possession seemed perfectly to return. But it was the calm of hopelessness; the repose of the ship after being tossed high on the sands, beyond even the reach of the breakers which wrecked it there.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT PROFITS NOBODY.

Du Barry was considerably relieved when told by the servant that he had not dropped the package in the hall. This relief was of short duration, when hurrying to his room he failed to find it there.

Could he have lost it in the street? Horrible idea. Was it possible that Clara might have picked it up? Still more horrible.

He did not dare return to inquire, lest he should excite suspicion. He would not venture at the printing-office. He continued in a very uncomfortable position all the morning.

Early in the afternoon he repaired to Mr. Ferris'. Cool as he generally was, he could not control a certain agitation of manner as he rang the bell and inquired of James if Miss Digby was in.

He was answered in the affirmative.

"I hope you found the package, sir,"

said James, as Du Barry walked toward the library.

He did not appear to hear the question.

There was no one in the room; but after waiting a few minutes, Miss Emily came bounding along. "Alf," she said, "you have come in a very inopportune time. We girls are especially engaged. Clara really can't come down at all. Come in this evening, won't you?"

It was done with a naturalness none but a woman is capable of; but a vague suspicion made Du Barry's heart beat hard.

"Any thing wrong, Emily? tell me."

"Wrong? what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; only, you know, Clara is not usually engaged at this hour so as not to be able to see me."

"That is very true," she replied, laughing; "but there must always be a

first time, you know. You will be in this evening, of course."

Du Barry felt entirely reassured. He put himself a little on his dignity. "I am not certain I can come this evening. I am to dine with a friend."

"Well, I will tell Clara; then you will be here the first thing in the morning? Really, Alf, you must excuse me now, we are so much engaged: Au revoir," and she ran away as gayly as she entered.

"It is all right," said Du Barry to himself. These girls are putting on airs. On the whole, I will *not* return this evening. I know Clara will expect me." He went to his rooms, and resumed the search for the lost package. It is needless to say it was unsuccessful.

About nine o'clock the next morning, as Du Barry was preparing to go out, there was a knock at his door. One of the servants of the house entered, and handed him a sealed packet.

It was directed in Clara's handwriting. He tore it open, and found his lost letters and the miniature. Mechanically he opened the latter, and saw *two* rings instead of one.

"I fancied as much," he muttered to himself. "Curse my folly for running in there when I ought to have known better; when I *did* know better. I will not give it up, though."

He sat a few moments to collect his thoughts and concoct an explanation. Then he took his way to where Clara was staying.

"Miss Digby left town early this morning, sir," was the reply of James to his inquiry.

"Indeed! for what place?"

"I cannot say, sir."

"Is Miss Ferris in?"

"Miss Ferris went out a few minutes ago, sir."

He hesitated whether or not to go in and see his aunt. He decided not to do so, and walked away.

In the afternoon he called again, and then he saw his cousin.

"I know nothing about it, Alf; I mean the particulars. I only know it is idle for you ever again to think of Clara

Digby. She has left New York not to return."

"Emily, where has she gone?"

"I do not know. On my word, I do not know, and have not the least idea."

Du Barry had pride. He would not accept a humiliating position before his cousin.

"Very well, Emily," he said; "whether you know much or little is of no consequence. I shall not run after any body. If Clara is such a fool as to let such a little bit of nonsense come between us, it is all the better that I know it now."

He was very much at loss where to go, when he left the house of Mr. Ferris. He was desperately chagrined, but what could he do? All New York, that is, all his set, would soon be talking about the affair. Castleton—how could he ever meet Castleton? Something must be done—done speedily.

He had no real friends in New York. His superciliousness and general assumption made him particularly unpopular. He knew Clara well enough not to entertain a hope of reconciliation with her.

What should he do? He went back to his room to think it over. He recalled the easy, untroublesome life he used to lead in that old German town; recalled it now with a soothing satisfaction. Other images came up insensibly. Other scenes connected with the still, quiet grandeur of his European surroundings—with a lovely young creature, who never gave him trouble or annoyance, and who was content to enjoy the happiness of loving him and being with him.

The next day he had taken his resolution. He had not, of course, kept his appointment with Charlotte for the exchange of letters. Now he proceeded to the printing-office. He purposely selected the noon hour, and sought her at the case. She was just leaving it.

It was impossible for her to conceal a sort of satisfaction at his presence, though she attempted to do so.

"I brought your letters," she said, "but you did not come for them. I still have them with me."

"And I have yours, Charlotte, but I am not going to give them up!"

"No!"

"No. I have been reading them over word by word. I cannot part with them. You heard I was to be married, I suppose?"

"I know you are to be."

"You were partly correct. I admit that. I would extenuate nothing. But you have also been misinformed. I come to tell you I am yours, only yours, that is, if you will forgive me, Charlotte."

He looked at her pleasantly.

"This is no place for explanation," he continued. "Where are you staying?"

"With an old Nuremberg family, who knew me in happy days."

"But why did you engage in this strange way?"

"For distraction; you know, I have often told you how I loved to go when father was living and stay with him in his printing-house, where I learned at a little case he made for me to set the

type just for a pastime, before I knew thee. And I confess it, Alfred, I came here because I discovered that what you were writing was printed here. You know now my heart's weakness, and you can judge whether you are forgiven."

Charlotte left the printing-office with Du Barry. She never returned to it. The explanation which he invented satisfied her loving heart.

In one week from that day the two were on their way to the old world. Charlotte's little fortune left by her father was quite equal to the sum Du Barry himself had. United, it afforded a pleasant competence in a small way, where no demands of society or fashion need make inroads in it.

Such was the end of this singular affair.

Charlotte always believed his love for her had finally prevailed. She never knew the true history of Du Barry's return.

OVERWEIGHTED.

"A SPLENDID fellow that, and stands to win in any race he's entered for," remarked the Colonel, as Captain Galbraith left the mess-room, and took his way slowly across the parade-ground to his own quarters.

"You're right, Colonel," replied the Major heartily. "And yet—" with half a dozen contemplative pulls at his cheroot, "and yet, I don't know. I think I'd sooner put my money on Maitland."

"You would? Galbraith's the better man."

"He'd be the favorite, I dare say; but for all that, I believe Maitland will do the running."

"Why?"

"Can't say. I feel so, that's all. Just as I did when I backed Thompson's weedy roan against Merrivale's tidy sorrel, and won a pot of money, too."

"I always wondered where your 'in-

ner light' came from on that occasion, Major. Make a clean breast of it—come!"

"I couldn't do it, Colonel; and for the knife-grinder's reason, 'Story?—bless you, I have none to tell, sir!' I felt it in my bones, as the old women say, and how it got there, beats Ned Guthrie to tell. Perhaps mesmerism might explain it."

Mesmerism was a tender subject with the Colonel, and he immediately asserted his superior rank by a dignified silence, succeeded finally by a grave political discussion. But an hour later, as the two officers were about retiring to the bosoms of their respective families, the Colonel abruptly said:

"Major, I'd like to lay you a hundred to fifty that ten years, no, say twenty years from to-day, my man leads yours, and stands fair to come in ahead."

"The winning post being?" asked

the Major, who was a bit of a sentimentalist.

"Quien sabe?" replied the Colonel, lifting his eyebrows. "The parson says, or quotes, 'Death is but an incident in life,' that is to say, a mere check in the race, to which both horses, I beg their pardon, both men are liable, and having gotten by that, they take straight on to—no one knows where. All we have to do with is, the look of the thing as they pass our stand, which I propose for this day twenty years."

"Done," replied Major Guthrie, methodically, entering the bet, as did the Colonel, and then the two separated, the Major muttering,

"I shall be fifty-two, the Colonel fifty-seven, and Galbraith and Maitland forty-seven and eight, I believe. What a lot of old fellows."

The subjects of this discussion, and of the somewhat insulting wager in which it ended, were meantime carrying on a conversation still more personal in its nature.

Captain Galbraith, entering his quarters, had found them already occupied by a young man also in captain's uniform, a young man whose brown complexion, short, wiry, dark hair, heavy beard, and keen, dark eyes, at once offered a clue to the strong and concentrated nature of the man, and explained the confidence of women and the respect of men, which never failed to attend John Maitland in every situation of life.

The face and figure of Galbraith presented a more complex hieroglyph, and was not yet fully deciphered, even perhaps by himself. Tall, finely formed, and with a martial bearing due both to early training and to natural aptitude, this man bore his bland head proudly above many of the petty annoyances of life, and at once assumed rank in the first class of manhood; but that he was born of woman, who could fail to remember, as he noted the pathetic curve of the lips, the deep blue of the eyes, the minute delicacy of the hands and feet? "And yet"—as Major Guthrie remarked half an hour before, "and

yet, those eyes, if sometimes blue as summer lakes, could other times show with the steely blue of an uplifted sword, and the pathos of those shapely lips could deepen into sternest resolution. "*Such a handsome man*," lisped Jane Matilda. "Nonsense with your handsome men! He's a splendid soldier, and as brave and resolute as lions are not," replied her brother, and so the verdict of the world was divided and suspended. Let us also suspend ours, nor give it until the bet between the Colonel and the Major is finally decided.

It is Maitland who is speaking, and he says:

"Wish me joy, old fellow, Helen has decided to come out with the chaplain and his wife."

"Indeed! I do wish you joy with all my heart, Maitland. It will be a great thing for you to have your sister with you."

"You'd say so, if you knew all we've been to each other our lives through; orphans, you know, and without even any relations nearer than second cousins,—there's no telling all we've been to each other. Why, when I was at West Point, Helen made her sheep-dog, that's old Miss Wetherbee, her governess, you know, come up and board at Cozzens' from the first of June until the first of November, so as to see me every day, and all winter I was trotting down to New York on leave, to see her. You wouldn't think I was a fellow to spoon my own sister to that extent, now would you?"

"I should think you were a fellow to stand as close as might be by any one you were fond of, sister or lady-love, or friend," said Captain Galbraith, smiling.

"Thank you, and when you say 'friend' to me, it means you, Galbraith, and I'm glad enough you believe in me, that's all," said the other, a little ashamed of this discussion of himself, and horribly afraid, as most men are, of being supposed to possess the capacity for emotion. So he hurried on.

"But what I was going to say, is this: Helen is the thing I love best in this world, and, and there's no fellow I know stands near you. What say to putting the two ideas together? Of course, I don't mean making an offer of my sister, not even to you, Galbraith, only I thought I'd just let you know before she arrives, that if any such thing *should* be on the cards, why it'll be the jolliest go I ever knew. Don't say any thing just now, for what can you say, you know, that will amount to any thing? Just wait——"

"Hush, for God's sake, Maitland!" here interposed the other, his face livid with some powerfully suppressed emotion. "I'd give a month's pay sooner than have let you speak, if I could have guessed—I ought perhaps to have told you before, but the fact is—I am engaged to marry—some one else."

"You engaged! I wish you had told me sooner to be sure," exclaimed Maitland a little sternly; but in a moment his brow cleared. "But, after all, what an ill-natured beggar I am to growl as you keeping your own secret, if you chose to make a secret of it. There's no harm done, not the value of an Indian's oath, for, of course, I never said a word to Helen, and as for you, why 'forewarned is forearmed,' and you can enjoy her acquaintance without any danger of falling in love, and I'll just mention your engagement to her——"

"No, don't do that, please," interposed Galbraith with a hard laugh. "I'm not such an irresistible fellow that Miss Maitland need be warned against me, and—I suppose you don't want assurances that I shan't behave like a villain."

"I should say not, old fellow," replied his comrade sententiously, and then there was a long silence, during which Captain Maitland softly beat a tattoo upon the table, and grimly looked out of window, while his host strode nervously up and down the narrow chamber, biting, as was his trick, an end of his blond mustache, and pondering some difficult question.

At last he said, abruptly seating himself:

"Don't fancy, Maitland, that there is any thing to be ashamed of in my engagement, or any thing that there is real need of concealing, but you know, in a little garrison like this, how every thing is discussed, and—hang it all, Maitland, I might as well say it out, it's not a favorite topic of mine."

"And more's the pity, then, old fellow," said Maitland kindly, and yet cautiously.

"You see," proceeded his friend, starting up and pacing the room again, "we were very young, that is,—she is a little older, say nine years' older than I am, and she was very good to us when I was wounded there in Texas——"

"Before I knew you, then?"

"Oh yes, a thousand years. I was a young chap, just past two-and-twenty, and she was the first woman that ever seemed to take an interest, you know."

Maitland interpolated a nod of appreciation of this delicate periphrasis.

"And I was green—but don't think I am running her down. She's an honest, energetic, true-hearted woman, and a great deal fonder of me than I deserve."

"Why didn't you marry at that time?"

"I couldn't afford it, nor can I now. She has nothing, and—I did not mention that she is a widow with two children."

"Good heaven, no!"

"Yes, and lives with her father in Kentucky. They removed from Texas just after—the engagement."

"A widow with a brace of brats! I beg your pardon, Galbraith, upon my honor I do, but the expression slipped out. Excuse me."

"Certainly, but you only convince me of my wisdom in not setting all these tongues to work after the same fashion," said Galbraith, waving his hand contemptuously about him.

Maitland colored.

"I don't wonder you're a little sour upon the subject, Captain, and I shall never allude to it again unless you do. But don't let this make any unpleasantness between you and Helen. I want

you to be the best of friends, and there isn't another fellow in the garrison that I'd given her to. So mind, I depend upon you to be a sacred brother to her, and let all the rest go by. I'll just drop a word in her ear, and a secret given to her is all the same as thrown into a bottomless well——"

"There will be no need of explaining——"

"No, I will only mention a secret engagement, and bid her hold her tongue to you and every one, that will be enough. And now I must go and get myself up for evening parade. Good-by, old chap."

"Good-by, Maitland," and Captain Galbraith, who, glad to see his guest retire, as the guest was to get away, closed the door after him, and unlocking his desk, hunted out an old-fashioned daguerreotype case, took it to the window, and opening it with a sort of shudder, contemplated with renewed interest the image of a large-featured, common-looking woman, her face laying claim to a certain share of comeliness, and a very considerable amount of energy and perseverance.

Replacing the case, he took up a letter bearing date about a month before that day, and read it through. It ended with these words:—

"And though it's so seldom I get a letter from you, I never have any doubts, as some would, for I know that you're as true as steel, and your word is as good as another's oath, and when once you've promised to be my husband, it's as sure as if the parson had given us his blessing. So I remain,

Yours forever and ever,

ALMIRA JEFFRIES."

"'Forever and ever'—is that true?" muttered Captain Galbraith, replacing his letter and locking his desk. Then he dressed himself, and went to parade, with no sign upon the surface of the conflict beneath, unless it was that the pathetic curve of the handsome lips had given place to a stern and rigid line.

Two weeks later, Helen Maitland, under escort of the reverend Chaplain and Chaplainess, arrived at the little frontier fort, where her brother and his

comrades watched Indians by way of business, and laughed, flirted, and talked nonsense by way of recreation. As she rode into the fort, Captain Galbraith, who happened to be passing out of the gate, glanced once keenly and earnestly into her face, and went upon his way with the image of a dark, bright beauty, with hazel eyes and chestnut hair, and a spirited, noble expression photographed upon his brain.

"As nearly like her brother as she ought to be, and remains so feminine," said he with a sigh, and strolled on until he reached the muddy creek, upon whose bank he lay motionless for hours.

Returning to the fort, he found Maitland impatiently awaiting him.

"Where have you been hiding!" exclaimed he, in a half-vexed tone. "Come on, and be presented to my sister. We've been waiting for you these two hours."

"For me!" stammered Galbraith, and suffered himself to be led to the Chaplain's quarters, where he was duly presented, and had opportunity to discover that Miss Maitland was even handsomer in a pretty white dress, with cherry-colored ribbons, than she had been in a riding habit, and that her brilliant eyes were duller than her wit.

When he returned to his own room, and sat down for a quiet smoke before going to bed, he took the daguerreotype and the letter from his desk, and contemplated them steadily.

"She trusts in my word, and in my honor. She shall not trust in vain," muttered he, putting them away at length, and before he slept he had written a letter to Mrs. Jeffries, not perhaps as tender or as long as that ardent dame would have chosen, but still a letter.

"And now, Miss Maitland," said the gallant Colonel at the close of a dinner in the young lady's house upon the day after her arrival, "now comes the holiday-season for us poor fellows. The weather is fine, the Indians are quiet, and, you see, I know how to work up to a climax, and youth and beauty grace us with their presence. How shall we celebrate the auspicious conjunction?"

"That is not for us to say, sir, as I can claim neither the merit of the fine weather, or of the good behavior of the Indians, or the presence of Master Charlie and Miss Belle, whom I understand to represent the youth and beauty referred to," said Helen, turning to caress the Colonel's pretty children, who had entered with the dessert.

"Ha! ha! she understands both parry and thrust," laughed the Colonel, turning to Maitland. "But come now, Miss Helen, in plain English, what will you allow us to do by way of entertaining you?"

"Keep on talking, sir. I can suggest nothing better," replied Helen wickedly, and then catching a warning glance from her brother's eye, she continued:

"But there can be no trouble about entertaining ourselves, with plenty of horses, such glorious weather, and such a lovely country about us. Could not we have a picnic in the woods?"

"A dozen, and boating upon the creek, and racing upon the prairie, and excursions to the Indian mounds. You've only to choose, and every man in the fort, from the commanding officer down to the drummer-boy, is your humble servant," said the chivalrous Colonel, bowing low.

The declaration was accepted as a Standing Order by the merry circle of officers who heard it, and never was order more rigidly obeyed. From that moment, Miss Maitland became the reigning queen of the fort, the supreme authority in every matter not distinctly included in military routine, and the principal thought in the mind of every man, except, perhaps, the few who enjoyed the privileges of married life.

A round of gayeties, founded upon the suggestions of the Colonel, and improved upon by the inventive genius of Miss Helen herself, turned the sometimes drowsy and monotonous garrison-life into a sort of Decameronian existence extremely delightful to every one concerned, and a little more than that to Captain Galbraith, who early in the campaign had been elected, partly by Maitland's manoeuvres, partly by a

glance or two of Miss Helen's hazel eyes, and most of all by his own impulses, to the post of her especial escort and guardian after her brother, who often summoned him to his duties thus:

"I say, Galbraith, keep close to Helen while I am away, and see that none of the fellows talk nonsense to her;" or, "I wish you'd ride on Helen's other side, and keep that idiot Snell from bothering her;" or, "Helen wants you to take the part of lover in the play to-night, for Green is crazy to secure it."

And so the days went on, the happy, careless summer days, such as all of us have some time known, and whose suns still warm our blood as no other suns can warm it again, for summer does not come every year, whatever the almanac may say, and Hugh Galbraith knew as well as he ever learned it, that the summers of his life were concentrated in that one. Still he did not forget, and he made sure, too, that she should not forget; for one day he forced himself to speak of "the lady to whom I am engaged," and again, of the time when Helen, still a gay and bright young girl, should see him settled down a sober Benedict, until at last, when some such jest had left his face white and wrung, and brought that stern line to his lips, which all who knew him well learned to read so plainly, Helen looked up, and with the sudden tears flashing down her cheeks, said:

"Oh, please don't, Captain Galbraith! I know it, and I shall not misunderstand—it is cruel to yourself, and almost an insult to me, for you to mention it in this way."

"An insult to you, Helen! You did not, you could not think I was fool enough to fancy that *you* cared. No, indeed, I never got so far as that."

"I thought you were afraid I should suppose—" began Helen in a low voice, and, faltering, stopped.

"Suppose you cared for me? O Helen, if I thought *that*—" and then Captain Galbraith bent forward and looked into the face of the young girl, as if his sentence of life or death were written there.

"Let us ride on," said Helen, suddenly striking her horse and dashing forward.

When Galbraith overtook her, he said:

"I have to beg your pardon for my last words. They will prove to you, at least, that it is my own forgetfulness I have reason to fear, no one else's."

But from that day he spoke no more of his engagement.

Suddenly into the midst of these Arcadian sports and dreams, stalked a grisly intruder. The Indians had attacked an emigrant train, murdered all the women and children, and half the men, and retreated to their villages full of pride and plunder. The survivors of the massacre made their painful way to the fort, and demanded vengeance first, food and shelter secondarily. The supplies were accorded, but in inverse order. The men were fed, clothed, forced to rest for a few hours, and then furnished with a sufficient escort to make their arrival in the Indian villages a matter of some political importance. Galbraith and Maitland were of the troop, and each went forth to battle with a lady's favor to give him courage and comfort. Maitland's was a kiss from Helen's lips, and an embrace of her white arms; Galbraith's was a glove she had thrown aside one day because it was torn, and he had picked up, and half remorsefully allowed himself to keep. To-day he laid it over his heart, and secretly prayed that the first bullet should pierce through the one to the other, and so furnish a short, sharp path out of all his trouble.

The little glove, however, proved an amulet, rather than an omen, and Galbraith came out of the fight, wherein no man bore himself so gallantly, without a scratch. Not so fortunate Maitland, whom they brought in for dead, and so reported him to his sister. She received the news at first with incredulous horror, and, when it was repeated, with such frantic grief that the good Chaplainess and the Colonel's wife were themselves frightened, and sent for Captain Galbraith. He did not come

at once, but when he did, walked straight to the girl, as she rushed wildly up and down the room, as if seeking escape from this horrible phantom of Death, and taking both her hands in his, looked into her face with such a tender sympathy, such a vast pity, such power, and such love, that she was still at once and waited like a child for what he had come to say. It was:

"He will live. God has spared him to you."

Then he took her to her brother's side, controlled the agitation of her grief and joy, and at last brought her back to her friends, quiet and reasonable, and utterly dependent upon him, although that he had not intended, that is, not consciously.

"And now you will try to rest, you will do all that Mrs. Miles asks you to, will you not?" said he, in leaving her.

"Yes; but you promised to call me——"

"At the slightest change for the worse. I shall not leave him a moment all night," said Captain Galbraith quietly, and Helen went to bed and to sleep.

Six weeks later, in the golden days of early autumn, a little train left the fort. It consisted of Captain Maitland going to New York on sick leave, his sister, an elderly woman who accompanied the invalid as nurse, and Miss Maitland as maid, and Captain Galbraith, to whom the Colonel had given leave, because Helen Maitland asked him to do so, and who had accepted it, for very nearly the same reason.

Six weeks more, and Mrs. Almira Jeffries, sitting with her youngest-born in her arms, and visions of pig-killing and salting for the morrow in her mind, was startled by the sound of horses' feet outside her door, and opening it, discovered Captain Galbraith upon the threshold—or was it his ghost?

"My Lordy, is this you, Captain?" exclaimed she.

"Yes. I want to see you alone, Almira."

"Why, what's the matter? Alone—well, sit down and wait till Sally gets you some supper, and you've rested a spell——"

"No, I want to see you now, directly," said the lover in such stern and peremptory tones, that Mrs. Jeffries turned to look at him again while she hustled the two children out of the room, committing them to the care of Sally, the negro wench, who performed all the work she could not evade, of the squalid house.

"Now, Hugh, what is it?" asked the mistress, returning, and seating herself with an air of anxiety.

But Captain Galbraith seemed in no haste to improve the opportunity he had so vehemently claimed. His elbows resting upon the table, and his face hidden in his hands, he sat for several minutes silent and motionless. His betrothed seated opposite, waited with grim patience, not unmixed with a certain hostile determination, for the errand whosa nature her feminine instinct vaguely divined.

At last he raised his head, and looked at her with something of imploring in his eyes, but she would not help him, and he was forced to speak:

"Almira, I have come to you for help."

"For help, is it? Well, I don't know any one that's more bound to give it to you than your good-as-married wife."

"It is just that I am going to speak of. Almira, I am not worthy of the constancy and devotion you have shown toward me."

"That's for me to judge," replied Almira briefly.

"I have not repaid you in like manner."

"I suppose not; but you're a man, and younger and handsomer than I am. You can't be expected to stick to me quite as tight as I do to you."

"Almira, you will not understand me. I wish to confess to you that I—in spite, God knows, of every effort against it—that I have learned to love another woman."

"Well! You said I was to help you—how?"

"What does your generosity suggest?" asked Galbraith, his face crimsoning with shame.

"My generosity?" repeated Almira slowly, while a hard smile passed across her face, and left it cold and emotionless as before. "Well, it suggests that I should forgive you, and try to forget what you have told me."

"Nothing else? Almira, you were very kind to me when I came to your house wounded and destitute five years ago, and it was little enough that I should give you all I had, and all I was, not in repayment, but acknowledgment of your devotion, and yet——"

He stopped short, and she took up the word,

"And yet, though you thought it little enough then, now you think it too much, and having had what you call my devotion at that time, and for five years since, you are wanting now to throw me off, and marry some fine lady or pretty young girl. Is that it?"

"I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman and a soldier, Mrs. Jeffries. You have my promise to marry you, and I am ready to hold to that promise."

"If you never had made the promise, it would have been the better for both of us, may be," said the woman bitterly.

"No doubt," replied Captain Galbraith in the same tone.

"It isn't that I'm in such a strait for a husband, neither," continued Almira, following the thread of her own mental reasoning rather than the spoken conversation. "There's enough would have liked to marry me in the course of these five years."

"Then you have entertained other suitors during my absence?"

"No, *sir*. You won't catch me there, nor get any excuse for your own double-dealing. I've known, as what women don't know, when men have come hanging round here, what they hung round after, but as for leading 'em on, or any thing of that sort, why, my word was passed to you, Captain Galbraith, and though I ain't a lady, much less a gentleman and a soldier, I was brought up when I'd given my word, to hold to it true and honest, as I've held to it now. After that, if you've a mind to turn

me off, why I don't know as I can hinder you. I shan't sue for breach of promise, nor I shan't make a row with your new girl. All the revenge I want, will come out of your own heart, and your own conscience."

She rose as she spoke, and strode in her masculine fashion to the window, turning her face to the darkness, lest the man she loved should see the tears another woman would have used as her best weapon.

Five long minutes passed, and then Captain Galbraith arose and followed her.

"Almira," said he, standing beside, but not touching her, "I do not ask you to forgive me, for I still think I did well in telling you the whole truth, but I can heartily say that I am sorry for having pained you, and that I admire your steadfast constancy and faith more than I can tell. Should you like to be married soon?"

"Whenever you're ready, I am," replied Almira without looking round.

Captain Galbraith waited a moment longer, as if to gather strength, and then he said:

"I shall resign my commission, and take a farm. I suppose you would like to live in this neighborhood?"

"You going to turn farmer!"

"Yes. It is a business easily learned, and I know none but that of a soldier."

"Why not stick to that?"

"I prefer to change."

"You'd be ashamed of me among your fine officer-friends and their wives."

"We need not discuss the point, Almira. A good wife complies with her husband's wishes, without insisting always upon his reasons."

Mrs. Jeffries considered this proposition for a moment in silence. After all, she liked him the better for thus assuming the master, and it was pleasant to have him speak of her as his wife in any fashion. So at last she said:

"If you want a farm, take this. Father died last month, and left it to me."

"Your father dead?"

"Yes. Fever."

"Why did not you let me know?"

"I wrote to the fort. I never heard of your leaving there, till to-night."

Captain Galbraith paced the disorderly room, as he had been wont to pace his quarters at Fort Clyde. Conscience was at her bitter work again.

"Almira," said he, stepping beside her at last, and taking her hard hand in his, "you have great reason to complain of me, and you treat me now, as you always have treated me, much better than I deserve. But let the past go, and the future shall be better governed. Can you trust me?"

"I always did, Hugh, and I wouldn't have believed any body but yourself, that said you could do such a thing—"

"Let the past go," interposed Galbraith, sternly. "I have to leave you now, but as soon as I have arranged my plans, I will return, and we will be married. I will let you know when I am likely to come. Good-by."

"Good-by, Hugh."

He took her hand again, held it for a moment, and while she waited for his kiss, he dropped the hand, and rushed from the room. She did not follow him, but standing still, her hard face softened by grief and tender pain, she listened to the hoof-beats that carried him out into the night. As they died away, she sank upon a chair, moaning again and again,

"I couldn't give him up, I couldn't, noway."

"And so you start to-morrow, Colonel?"

"Yes, Major, so says the Department. I did hope to get an extension of leave, but the Mormons found out that I was taking a holiday, and so kicked up a row to call me back. By George, it is remarkable how my whole life has been spent in fighting barbarians of one sort or another. When it isn't Mormons, it's Indians, and when it isn't Indians, it's bushwhackers, or rioters, or drunken firemen. I wish before I died I could meet a regular regiment of trained soldiers, and see how it seems to fight on level ground."

"Dont you growl, Colonel," replied an old friend, Major Guthrie, somewhat nervously. "Say you'd got to stump through life on a wooden leg and a pension, without the power to fight so much as a policeman, if you wanted to."

"There's few better men walk on two legs than you on your one, old fellow, and I shall be glad enough if, when my time comes, I have as fair a record to show as your conduct when you lost that leg," said the Colonel.

And the two grisly veterans shook hands with a meaning in the act.

Guthrie was the first to speak:

"I will tell you what I was thinking, Colonel. I've nothing to do about here; in fact, time will hang more heavily after you are gone, and, if you like, I'll make the trip to Utah with you."

"That's a good fellow. If I'd had an idea you'd do it, I'd have been at you long ago for a promise. We'll make believe old times, Major."

"Here's something to help it out."

And the Major produced a little worn and yellow memorandum-book, and opening to a marked page, handed it to the Colonel, who read,—

"Colonel Bascombe bets with me a hundred to fifty upon Galbraith against Maitland. Date, this day twenty years."

"And the twenty years come round five days from this,—dont you see?" pursued the Major, chuckling.

"That's a fact, Major," and the Colonel dropped, his double eye-glass and stared at his old comrade.

"Well, what I say is, let us look those fellows up and decide the matter. I heard, not long ago, that Galbraith was farming it still, somewhere near Frankfort, Kentucky, and we might make it in our way West to look in upon him."

"Yes. I have quite a margin both as to time and route," replied the Colonel. "And where is Maitland?"

"Don't you know? Why, he's got a jolly berth in the Paymaster's Department, at Washington. You're to report there, haven't you?"

"Yes. To-morrow night."

"All right. We'll see him for an hour, and then Westward ho!" said the jolly invalid, with a flourish of his claret-glass, and the two old boys made a night of it,—mildly and discreetly, however.

"Major Maitland at home?"

The servant blandly replied that he was, and after showing the guests into a reception-room, took their cards upstairs upon a silver salver.

"Paymasters make a pretty good thing of it hereabout," grumbled the Colonel, casting his eyes discontentedly about him, and thinking of the arduous journey, and irksome campaign awaiting him.

"And yet, taking it 'by and large,' as the Commodore says, I'd rather be in the field," replied the Major with a sigh, as he impatiently waved his crippled limb.

The return of the servant cut short the Colonel's rejoinder, and the two gentlemen followed him at once to a luxurious dining-room, where Major Maitland, with two or three guests, sat over the remains of a dessert, whose edibles seemed to have escaped very lightly, while the potables had been severely punished, not, however, without inflicting a certain retaliation upon their consumers.

Maitland came forward at once, and welcomed his old friends in the heartiest manner. He had hardly met them in fifteen years, as he said, and it was quite like a return to the days of his youth to do so now.

"And you're not married?" asked the Colonel, intent upon discovering some flaw in the apparent felicity of his adversary's man.

"Married! No, sir, I rather think not," replied Maitland, with an air of infinite self-gratulation. "No, sir—marriage is a delusion and a snare, and I will none of it. What, get me a wife to say that I shan't smoke in the drawing-room, shan't exceed the second bottle of Margaux, or the first of Moët, to ask how late I was out last night, and insist upon my accompanying her to a charitable fair to-night! No, Colonel;

with all due deference to Mrs. Bascombe, who is, I hope, as well and blooming as ever, you won't find me joining the rank of Benedicts so long as I retain the amount of common sense I at present enjoy."

"No; I don't think our friend Maitland's private career would quite stand a wife's curious research," said one of the guests dryly, and the rest laughed in a significant fashion. Colonel Bascombe was something of a physiognomist, and during this badinage he had studied the face of his host with curious attention, noting down upon the tablets of his mind the result of his study something after this fashion:

"Face fallen and coarser, not so strong as it used to be; lips loose and fleshy, eyes hazy, forehead contracted, too much color, and not of the right sort, marks of good feeding, heavy drinking, and very little work; expression sleepy, sensual, and indolent, though thoroughly good-natured. Altogether a tremendous falling-off from Captain Maitland of twenty years ago.

"Ned Guthrie, you've lost your money, unless the other man has gone to the bad at a hand-gallop."

Presently the guests, who were elsewhere engaged, dropped off, leaving the three old comrades together, and the conversation became a little more confidential.

"What news of that charming sister of yours, Maitland?" asked the Colonel.

"Helen? Well, she keeps house for me. At least, this is her home, although she is not here now. She visits her friends at the North a great deal. To tell the truth, the boys who come to see me are a little gay for her taste, so she runs away," said the Major, with no idea of any selfish tendency in his words.

"Then she is not married?"

"No. Not for want of chances, however. But she is fond of her brother, silly girl, and so stands by him."

"Well, Maitland, I don't see but what the world has done about as well by you as by any of us. Upon your own

showing, you have all you want, including your own way," said the Major, craftily, as he pushed back his chair. Maitland raised his eyebrows and his wine-glass,—

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but, after all, you know, it's only getting over the road a little more or less roughly. What the deuce is the good of living at all, if you come to that? It's a con-founded bore to keep doing the same things over and over, year in and year out, and sometimes, I think, the fellows who have to rough it and keep their eyes open to see their bread and butter, have the jolliest time of it."

"Do you say so? Well, get an appointment, and come out and help us fight Mormons," said the Colonel, grimly.

"Thank you, no," replied the host, smiling; "I've grown lazy in my old age, and I don't think I could quite go the mess-dinners I used to eat without minding them."

"Well, I have to be on my way in the morning, Major, and so—good-by."

"Must you really go? Well, good luck to you, Colonel, and lots of glory, if you still care for that sort of thing. And so you're going as a critic, Major? Write on the result of your observations."

The words were hearty, the manner cordial, and yet, as the guests turned away, it was with a conviction that before twenty-four hours were over, their host would have well-nigh forgotten their very existence.

"So much for my man, Colonel," said Major Guthrie, when they were in the street. "Now we will see yours."

"And suspend judgment until we have," replied the Colonel, drily.

Five days later, "two horsemen might have been seen" riding at a sharp trot along one of the half-made roads in the northern part of Kentucky.

"This should be the place," said the foremost, pausing at the entrance to a rough field, beyond which was visible a house, neither better nor worse than the average planter's dwelling in that section of country.

"I wonder if it is. Hillo, there, my

good fellow!" shouted the Major, catching sight of a man busy among the just ripened corn in the next field. The man looked up, and slowly approached the fence.

"Can you tell us, my man, if this is Captain Galbraith's estate?" continued the Major, with bland condescension.

"My name is Galbraith, and this is my farm," replied the man; and although dressed in a suit of homespun, covered with a coarse straw hat, and bearing marks of toil upon his hands, announced himself as quietly and courteously as he could have done under the most fortunate circumstances.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Colonel, and hastened to introduce himself and the Major, who was trying to stammer an apology, interrupted by Galbraith.

"Ride up to the house, gentlemen, and I will meet you there. Allow me to open the gate."

He climbed the fence as he spoke, swung open the gate, and when the officers had passed through, closed it, and took a short path across the enclosure to the door of the house, where he arrived at the same moment with his guests. A half-grown negro lad was hailed, and bidden to take the horses, while Galbraith, with no apology or preparation, led the way into the principal room of the house, and requested his friends to be seated. This invitation was barely accepted, when an inner door was violently thrown open, and an elderly woman, none other than our friend Almira, with the added weight of twenty years upon her head, rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"I tell you what it is, Captain, I won't stand it any longer, if——"

Conscious too late of the presence of guests, she stopped short, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Excuse me, gentlemen. I didn't know there was any one round, and them pigs have been and rooted up all my onion-bed the second time in a week——"

"Mrs. Galbraith, this is Colonel Bascombe, and this Major Guthrie. They

have ridden out from Frankfort, and will spend the night with us," said Captain Galbraith, with no visible emotion of anger or surprise in face or voice, and his guests hastened to support him by entering into such conversation with his wife as she could best hold a part in, without disgracing herself and him. But after a few moments she withdrew, observing,

"You must have some supper, and them lazy niggers wouldn't have it ready between now and bed-time, if I didn't go drive 'em up. Captain, you get them something to drink."

She retreated as she spoke, and presently the sound of cackling and shrieking poultry, the howls of negro children, and the shrill voices of angry women, announced that her labors had begun.

"Captain, don't disturb Mrs. Galbraith, but if you will let us wash our hands, and brush a little of this dust from our clothes," suggested the Colonel, who began to feel the situation painful.

"Certainly," replied the host, rising and opening a door, but shutting it again after a glance into the room. "Yon bed-chamber does not seem to be prepared. Will you come into my dressing-room," said he quietly, and led the way to a closet, evidently an afterthought in the construction of the house, but neatly fitted up with every appurtenance of a gentleman's dressing-room.

"Aha! you don't go the entire farmer, my boy!" exclaimed the Major, bluntly, as he took up an English hair-brush.

Captain Galbraith looked at him in quiet surprise. "I have not given up washing my hands and brushing my hair, Major. Why should I?" asked he, coldly.

"The Major and I have been so long used to roughing it in camp that the sight of a dressing-room upsets us," explained the Colonel hastily, and Galbraith, with a courteous remark, withdrew.

When the guests reappeared, an

abundant supper of chicken, sweet-potatoes, corn-cakes, pork and hominy, was smoking upon the table, and three young men, varying in age from fifteen to twenty-six, stood ready to join in it.

"These are Rafe and Gilbert Jeffries, and my son Ichabod, gentlemen. Colonel Bascombe and Major Guthrie, boys," said the father, in the subdued tone in which he generally spoke, and the family seated themselves.

The young men did not talk unless addressed, and their mother talked constantly, unless quietly silenced by her husband, who took his share in the conversation, much as he took his share of the farm labor, manfully and resolutely, rather than heartily. The meal finished, he rose, hesitated a moment, and then, as his wife and sons left the room, said with a visible effort,

"Will you come and smoke with me in my own room, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," replied the guests, and followed, full of astonishment, the movements of their host, who led them out of the house and through a little grove of pines at the back. Here, between the wood and the river, stood a small log cabin, commanding a picturesque landscape, and quite secluded from all observation. Galbraith unlocked the door, and motioned them to enter. The interior consisted of a single room, with a wide fireplace, a home-made couch, an easy chair, and a writing-table. A homely book-case contained perhaps a hundred standard volumes, and the walls were hung with engravings, photographs, a ragged regimental banner, and the flag of the United States. Over the fire-place were arranged a sword, a pair of pistols, a captain's shoulder-straps, sash, and military gaiters. Below were the accoutrements of a war-horse, excepting the saddle, which lay at one side of the fire-place.

"Seat yourselves, gentlemen. Colonel, do me the honor to take the arm-chair, and Major, that couch is not uncomfortable, if you find the right angle," said the host, busying himself in lighting a fire, and arranging glasses, a bottle, pipes and tobacco upon the table.

"But you, Galbraith, where will you sit?" asked the Major, already in search of the comfortable angle.

"Oh, I will resume my seat in the saddle, as I often do," replied the Captain, more blithely than he yet had spoken; and, indeed, one could not fail to perceive that from the moment of crossing the threshold of this little cabin, Captain Galbraith had resumed more of his wonted look and manner than half an hour before would have seemed possible, and at last the Major told him so. Galbraith smiled a little sadly:

"Well, yes, perhaps it is so. I don't think I was quite cut out for a family man, or for a farmer. I like sometimes to shut myself up here, and fancy I am twenty years younger, and a bachelor Captain in the —th regiment."

"With all a young man's fancies and hopes. I suppose, like the rest of us, you feel that life promises more than it fulfils," suggested the Colonel sadly.

Galbraith smoked furiously for a while. At last he said:

"Well, I don't know about that. It seems to me, life is very much what you choose to make it. I selected mine deliberately, and it is no worse, that is, not different from what I expected. I made my bed, and I lie in it quite as easily as I could hope to. I am not discontented."

The sentences, brief, painful, and half unwilling, gave the man's whole story, and his hearers could find nothing to reply, until Guthrie stumbled upon a commonplace:

"You have a good many books here, Captain."

"Yes. For the backwoods. They are my luxury, and it would make you laugh to hear me spouting Shakespeare, or rolling out Homer all alone. It is a great amusement to me."

"Then you keep up your classics?"

"Feebly. I have been training my boy for a cadetship, which I hope to get for him."

"You will make a soldier of him, then?"

"If I can. There is nothing beyond it in my idea."

"Then why the deuce did you quit the army?" blurted out the Major.

"For private reasons; but I had thoughts of going to the Crimea, and fighting under the British flag. There is no service in this country, and I don't want to live in camp or in garrison."

"Come and fight the Mormons," said the Colonel, smiling.

Galbraith shook his head:

"I don't care any thing about the Mormons. Get up a war with some foreign power, and you'll see me volunteering under the old flag," said he, with kindling eyes; and so the talk drifted on to political and military matters, and the night was half spent before they returned to the house.

"And now, Colonel," said Major Guthrie, as the two soldiers journeyed on together next day, "how about our bet?"

"I hold to my original view," replied the Colonel. "Your man in my man's place would have gone under long ago, turned sot, a politician, or rough. Galbraith is ahead, just as I thought he would be."

"That's rather begging the question, Colonel. Look at Maitland's position, his income, his mode of life, his social status——"

"And look at the way he uses those advantages," replied the Colonel warmly. "A mere selfish sensualist, thinking only of his own pleasures, and keeping such a house that his own sister won't stay in it. No, sir, my man is twice the man yours is to-day, and I hold to my first idea."

"Then why do we find him where we do?" asked the Major, dryly. "Why hasn't he done more for himself?"

"Because, sir, the race wasn't a fair one. Galbraith's overweighted—that's what he is, and it's infinitely to his credit to hold his own as he does, with the drag of such a wife, and such surroundings, and all the tastes of a gentle-

man as keen as ever they were in him. He's horribly overweighted,—and the race was not a fair one."

"Well, Colonel, I'm with you, after all, although I felt it a duty to stand up for my side," said the Major, smiling a little grimly; but the Colonel interposed,—

"That's all, Major. The bet is drawn, neither of us can claim the stakes, and so there is no more to be said about it. Galbraith would have beaten your man to tatters in a fair trial, but not under these circumstances, not so overweighted as the poor fellow has been all along. No, no, that is too much to ask."

And so the old comrades, jogging on together, arrived in due course at Salt Lake, and fought the Mormons until the sharp strange blast of a real war-cry rang through the land, and summoned them to fight with heart as well as hand for their beloved and imperilled country.

"Halt, there! Whom have you on that stretcher, men?" cried General Bascombe, as a fatigue party hurried past him carrying a wounded Union officer.

"Don't know, General, except that he's a captain," said the leader, saluting, and halting his men, while the General, riding close to the litter, looked down at the pallid face, then threw himself from his horse, and seized the hand of the dying man.

"Galbraith, my dear fellow, is it you?"

The glazing eyes opened slowly, and the stiff lips as slowly smiled,

"Yes, Colonel. I've got my wish—I die in harness—it's all right."

And Helen Maitland was the nurse who made him ready for his grave, and when he lay ready for it, kissed the sad, stern mouth, that dying had whispered no name but hers.

BREVITIES.

THE FINE ARTS OF SOCIETY. IV.—DRESS.

ALPHONSE KARR has wittily, if not reverently, said, that the toilette of women is like the altar which the Greeks erected to the unknown god; they dress, they know not for whom. Throughout the animal creation, the brightest colors and gayest plumage are almost invariably given to the male; but in the case of man, it is the feminine element which revels in brilliant hues, and it is to woman we must look to preserve the æsthetic balance of the universe. Man furnishes the element of power, we look to her for the graceful and the beautiful. And as it is to the eye that the beauty of woman first appeals, that sense demands imperiously to have its rights. The first duty of woman to society is to dress well.

Now to dress well, is not necessarily to dress expensively, it is only to dress appropriately. But to accomplish this needs an intimate knowledge of one's self, a knowledge which, strange as it may seem, few people possess, because it is only to be acquired by careful study, and a most candid and impartial scrutiny. A really vain woman never dresses well, because she has the hardihood to imagine that she looks well in any thing, and tosses upon her person a medley of incongruous colors and forms, that to use an expressive French idiom, swear at each other, as well as at every shade in her complexion, every line in her shape.

The three grand unities of dress are time, place, and person. The woman who knows herself to be fifty, and dresses persistently like fifteen, loses the advantage that a careful adjustment of sober tones and matronly combinations would have given her, and brings the faded tints of her complexion into dangerous proximity to the dazzling colors of youth. While recourse to the coarse

and unavailing devices of paints and dyes cannot be too earnestly deprecated, every legitimate means of softening the ravages of time by judicious concealments and the use of quiet, but cheerful tints, must be considered not only legitimate, but praiseworthy. A sober richness of attire takes the place of the airy fabrics and gaudy hues of earlier years, and in the velvets, laces, and diamonds permitted to the matron, she can surely find consolation for the loss of the roses and tarletans of the young girl. Form, too, should change with the years. Because a neck and bust are lovely to look at in the bloom of youth, it by no means follows that we care to see their ruins twenty years after, and the exquisitely tender and graceful screen of lace, which veils the shoulders of an old beauty, testifies at once to her modesty and her good sense. Short dresses and round hats are *per se*, exceedingly sensible things, but we do not wish to see our mothers and grandmothers parading the streets, a pyramid of peaked furbelows of every color in the rainbow, and a painful revulsion of feeling is occasioned by the sight of a soured and withered visage under the coquettishly tilted brim of a tiny round hat.

But while we deny to age the privileges of youth, let us be equally strict upon the other side of the pale. Young girls in full possession of that nameless charm of extreme youth which the French call *la beauté du diable*, whose eyes sparkle without the aid of eau de cologne or belladonna, whose brilliant complexions glow with a "Bloom of Youth" not to be purchased at any fashionable perfumer's, and whose wavy tresses grow honestly on their fair and thoughtless heads, should be cautious how they trespass upon the narrow

province of their elders. Be generous, mesdemoiselles! you have what neither art nor wealth can give them, why covet their point lace and their diamonds, their velvets and their satins? As the little song has it,

"Du hast die schönsten Augen,
Mein Liebchen, was willst Du dennmehr?"

You who can stick a rose in your luxuriant tresses and be beautiful, what do you want of a tinsel tiara? When your arms are so lovely, where is the need of loading them with bracelets, and why insist upon making of your pretty little persons a show-figure for all the jewelers of the metropolis? Leave your gems and gauds to those who need them, and come out like the fresh young Spring, with her light in your eyes and her flowers in your sunny hair. It is a matter of economy, young ladies, to which we would counsel you. You will have plenty of time by-and-by to dress like sixty, robe yourselves like sixteen while you have the chance, for the hours are fast stealing your May from you, and by no magic process yet discovered, can we grow young again.

It is not enough to dress according to age, we must also regard the unity of place. Station in life, or absolute literal standing of the moment, both are to be consulted. Simplicity is a grace and a charm, but we do not care to see a duchess dress like a milkmaid; it is her duty, as well as her privilege, to delight our eyes with magnificence, the creamy sheen of satin, the soft rich lights of velvet, and the brilliant flashes of precious stones. And most assuredly we do not wish to see the milkmaid ape the duchess. What would become of her dairy while she was attending to her toilette, and how would her *paniers* consort with her milk-pans? A servant girl looks much more lady-like, if she did but know it, in neat and modest garments befitting her duties, than she does rigged out in tawdry finery which imitates the worst taste of her mistress; and the daughter of a poor man is lovelier in a simple merino which she can afford and is at ease in wearing, than in

any extravagant pomp of silk and satin.

Our American ladies are often censured by foreigners for wearing toilettes too rich and gaudy for the place in which they may happen to be. These critics complain of their slovenliness in dragging superb dresses through the mire of the town; and now that the fashion of sweeping the streets with ladies' trains is happily abated, of the display in those streets of toilettes so gorgeous in color and rich in material as to attract every eye, and rivet the attention of every lounger. The pronounced aim of fashionable toilettes at present is to do that very thing, and to enable the wearer to pass through a gauntlet of vulgar observation, which would cause a truly modest woman to sink into the ground with shame. Balzac says that we have believed the *mouches* of the eighteenth century lost, or forgotten; we are mistaken. To-day, the women, more skilful than those of the past, seek the gaze of the opera-glass by the most audacious stratagems. This one first discovers the rosette of ribbons, with a diamond in the centre, which attracts the attention of an evening, that one revives a past mode, or plants a dagger in her hair. These sublime efforts, these Waterloos of coquetry or love, then become fashions to the inferior spheres, while these happy creatures are seeking new ones. But to attract attention, it is needless to say, is not synonymous with dressing well, or we might take a perambulating advertiser for our model, and no woman is well-dressed who wears in the street the materials and colors only fit for the house, or who persists in dragging through the dirt a train only intended to be worn in a carriage. And of all forms of bad dressing, the worst is to be over-dressed, for it adds the vulgarity of ostentation to the list of our social crimes. Accidents will happen, of course, and the victim whom a prolonged experience has convinced that "a few friends" means a full-dress party of five hundred, will occasionally stumble upon a genuine reunion of half-a-dozen, in all

the pomp and circumstance of his war-paint, but then the toilette is its own and all-sufficient punishment. The offender is strangled in his own white choker.

There remains to be considered the third and all-important point—the person. And it is here that that candid and impartial scrutiny of which we spoke before must begin. We must be aware of all our defects in order to soften and obliterate them, as we must be aware of all our beauties in order to give due prominence to their effect. There are certain well-known and universal rules to be observed, as, for instance, that perpendicular stripes give length to the figure, while horizontal ones shorten it, that shawls are not becoming to high shoulders, nor plain waists to flat chests, that round faces look best below a high head-dress, and thin ones beneath a low one, that brunettes should not wear green (which they *will* do), nor blondes yellow, and so on. But besides this a b c of the art of dress, there is a subtler personal adaptation of what Balzac has well called the *mouches* (patches) of the present day. It consists in the dexterous arrangement, not only of the grand masses of the toilette, the harmonious disposition of tint and form, but of those little nothings which go so far to make the perfect whole, the ribbon added, to produce the necessary climax of color, the well-chosen jewel, that answers to the painter's high light, the nameless devices that enhance the beau-

ties of the subject, and throw its defects into the shade. Has she a pretty foot? the daintiest of *chaussures* reveals its Arab lines; an ugly hand? soft falls of dainty lace tone down any harshness of color, and half conceal its size. The hair rolled back in silky waves reveals the exquisite contour of the ear, or curled and frizzed above the forehead, takes away from its unfeminine height. A thousand airy nothings go to make that charming whole of which Ben Jonson was dreaming, when he sang,

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace!"

He little knew how much art had been expended upon that picture of "a sweet neglect."

We have said nothing of masculine attire, because it is at present a hopeless subject. Until men have succeeded in reforming the dress of women to meet their own ideas of the sublime and beautiful, ideas which change with every fashion, it is useless to say any thing of their own monstrosities of dress. When the sphere of woman has been correctly and satisfactorily defined, when the much-vexed question of the ballot shall be decided and set at rest, when women shall have attained the climax of perfection in dress according to man, which is, to appear beautiful at all hours, without the expense of either time or money, then we shall expect a reform in the habiliments of the lords of creation, which will not stop at velvet dress coats, or even at the abolition of stove-pipe hats.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

— It is not given to every man to write out of the fulness of his nature, but it is given to many to write from their experience or observation. Originality, which is but another name for genius, is as scarce as the severest critic would have us believe, but talent is common in all professions, and in none more common than in literature. The majority of men who have possessed a talent for writing have overrated it, and the result is such great libraries as the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Impériale, and other overgrown collections of dull and indifferent books. Now and then, however, a man of talents is so well aware of his limitations that he refuses to add to the world's tasks in literature. Such a man was Mr. HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, whose "*Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence*" have lately been published by Fields, Osgood & Co. "Mr. Robinson," said his English publisher to him, shortly before his death, "I wonder that you have never been induced to undertake some great literary work." Mr. Robinson placed his hands on the shoulders of his publisher, and said, "It is because I am a wise man. I early found that I had not the literary ability to give me such a place among English authors as I should have desired; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them." That Mr. Robinson has done good by keeping such a record, must be the verdict of all readers who care anything for literary men and the literary character, so good, indeed, that we can no more afford to spare his volumes, once having had them, than we can afford to spare those of Boswell, which they surpass, we think, in many respects. Mr. Robinson's circle of acquaintances was much wider than the one in which Boswell and his burly hero moved, and the men and women who composed it have left names which are much less likely to perish. We find no Goldsmith there, it is true, but his absence is more than supplied by dear, delightful *Elia*. And who among Johnson's friends is worthy to be compared with Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Goethe, Schiller,

Tieck, Herder, and other German authors whom it was Mr. Robinson's good fortune to know? Mr. Robinson's work is as much more interesting than Boswell's as his friends were greater than Johnson's. In the one we have a careful portrait of a vastly overrated man of letters, painted as Cromwell wished to be, with all his warts; in the other, a series of elaborate sketches of many famous writers, drawn with as much freedom as justice. Justice, which is about the last thing to be found in Boswell, is the first thing that strikes us in Mr. Robinson, who sympathised so thoroughly with the most opposite natures that he seemed to have no personality of his own, except the rare personality implied in a catholicity of taste and intellect.

"As wide and general as the casing air."

He was among the first Englishmen to perceive the greatness of German literature, and to extend his knowledge of it among his countrymen; and he was among the first to make the Germans acquainted with the English poets of his day and generation, giving Wordsworth and Coleridge, say, in exchange for Goethe and Schiller. From the start he was a warm admirer of the Lake school of poets, but, unlike most of their admirers, he could find excellence in writers who were opposed to them, as Byron, and Keats, and Shelley. He was prompt, too, to recognize genius and talent in young men, never waiting for the world to make intellectual discoveries before he would endorse them. We learn more of the Lakists from him than from their biographers; for while their biographers, as in duty bound, keep carefully in view the feelings of survivors, he is moved by no such narrow motives, writing for himself at the moment,—and afterwards for posterity. It is not difficult to guess from his pages that Lamb had at one time a failing for the bottle, and that Coleridge was under the influence of opium, or something worse, when delivering his lectures on poetry; but it is not so much from what Mr. Robinson says, as leaves unsaid, that we guess it, nor do we respect them less than before. Lamb, indeed, was never before presented to us in such a tender and loveable fashion. Yet

there is not much of him after all, beyond a brief mention now and then, as, that Mr. Robinson took dinner and tea with him and his sister, and passed the evening over a quiet rubber of whist; or that Lamb talked of old books, and made new jokes. A few of the latter are given, but they add nothing to his reputation in that particular line of wit. We learn more of Wordsworth, perhaps, than of any author of the present century, and the impression that he makes upon us is entirely opposed to the impression he made upon Mr. Robinson, to whom his tediousness was profundity, and his insufferable egotism the natural revelation of the poetic temperament. Besides the writers we have mentioned, Mr. Robinson abounds in reminiscences of others of lesser reputation, as Dr. Arnold, Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Barbauld, Jeremy Bentham, Lord Brougham, Campbell, Clarkson, Miss Edgeworth, Emerson, Godwin, Hazlitt, William Hone, Leigh Hunt, Edward Irving, Walter Savage Landor, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Miss Martineau, Rev. W. F. Robertson, Rogers, Sir Walter Scott, and Talfourd. It is not easy to recal any author of note whom Mr. Robinson had not met, or of whom there is not some mention in his book. It is the same with actors, of whom his recollections are exceedingly vivid; his criticisms on Edmund Kean, for instance, are among the best that we have ever read, and they confirm the impression we have always entertained that Kean was great only by fits and starts. "It is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning to see him act," was said of him by some enthusiastic admirer. "But Shakespeare," it was objected, "cannot be read by flashes of lightning." Mr. Robinson was likewise familiar with many of the best painters of the century, especially with Flaxman, of whom he has written largely, and with Blake, whose mental portrait is painted nowhere else with such force and fidelity to nature. How extensive was the list of Mr. Robinson's acquaintances may be inferred from the fact that the Index to his "Diary," which occupies about thirty closely printed double-column pages, is nearly made up of the names of authors, artists, actors, journalists, politicians,—in a word, of professional men of celebrity. For the "Diary" itself, it fills over nine hundred and fifty pages twelve-mo, which contain, we are told, only about one-thirtieth part of the material left by Mr. Robinson, who must henceforth rank among the most voluminous of writers, whether the rest of his MSS. ever see the light

or not. For just what it is,—his work is so thoroughly entertaining, with all its faults, that it will be a long time before the world will "willingly let it die."

— If Mrs. Malaprop had not taught us that "comparisons are odorous," we might draw a brief one between Mr. Robinson's "Diary" and "*Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton*", of which Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. are the publishers. It is a large octavo of over six hundred pages, which deals with men and events in America from the boyhood of Mr. Hamilton down to 1866, or upwards of three quarters of a century. To say that it is not in a certain sense interesting would be untrue, and to say that it is really interesting would be equally untrue, the fact being that some parts of it are entertaining, while others are quite dull. Mr. Hamilton's recollections of his father, Alexander Hamilton, are agreeable reading, as is also his account of his early legal and political life, taking us back as it does to a time when history was made at a much slower rate than at present. If the average reader of to-day feels any curiosity concerning the Administration of President Jackson, and his war on the United States Bank, concerning the state of affairs in the New York Custom House under Collector Swartwout, and concerning the Great Fire of 1835, and similar topics, here is a good chance for him to gratify it. Mr. Hamilton probably knows as much of early American politics as any man living. He filled the office of Assistant Secretary of State for a time under Old Hickory, whose trusted friend he appears to have been always; he was afterwards District Attorney for the Southern District of New York; and he made several journeys in Europe, where he was received with distinction by the most noted men of the day. The Diary which he kept on these occasions is so good that we wish it had been more fully quoted from, or, if that was not practicable, that other and later portions of the narrative were shortened so as to be in keeping with it. It may interest many to remember that Mr. Hamilton was always ready to take part in the political movements of his countrymen, and to give Presidents and Heads of Departments the best of advice on all sorts of subjects; but the fact is not, we imagine, of much consequence now, to any one but the more immediate friends of the author, whose *Reminiscences* would be twice as readable if they were condensed to one half their present bulk.

— The stanza of Lord Houghton,

"A man's best things lie nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet,"

may be true as a matter of fact, but it is not true in fiction, or so many of the late English novelists would hardly have turned their attention to France and Germany as the most fitting stage upon which their imaginary dramas could be enacted. It is not too much to say that there is a school of clever writers in England who invariably seek sources of inspiration which lie outside of their own country, though not, it is to be presumed, outside of their own knowledge. To this school belong Miss or Mrs. Matilda Betham Edwards, author of "Dr. Jacob," an excellent picture of German life; Mrs. Jenkin, Sarah Tytler, and the anonymous author of "Mademoiselle Mori" and "Denyse," each of whom has shown much talent in delineating different phases of French society and manners. From the last named of these ladies we have a new story, "*On the Edge of the Storm*" (G. P. Putnam & Son,) which will compare favorably with any novel of the season. It is a story of the French Revolution,—an epoch of which we are never weary, dreadful as it was, and which bids fair to live in romance long after it shall have been exhausted in history. The scene is mostly laid in a little country town, and the characters are such as would be likely to be found therein at the period, the chiefest being the Lestrelle family, consisting of a husband, a wife, and one daughter; Garvarnie, a young Americanized Frenchman, on a visit to his native land; and Bernadou and Véronique, a brother and sister belonging to the mysterious race, or tribe, of *cagots*. To these must be added a number of minor personages, as a priest, an innkeeper, and a rabble of ignorant villagers. From their position the Lestrelles are objects of suspicion and persecution, and it is with their fortunes, good and bad, that the plot is mainly occupied. It is simple and pathetic, with an ending not too sad to be borne, since it is not evolved in, but on the edge of, the storm. The different members of this family are well individualized, Madame Lestrelle being, perhaps, the best drawn of the three. Véronique, the *cagot* beauty, is excellent, and likewise, in a detestable way Jean Lebrun, a rustic *sans culotte*. As a spirited and faithful picture of what the French Revolution was in the provinces, where it was seldom seen at its worst, and as one of its many touching dramas, we

know of nothing better than "*On the Edge of the Storm*."

— The success which has attended Mr. Wilkie Collins as a fabricator of ingenious plots has led a number of clever men to follow in his footsteps, just as the success which attended Mrs. Radcliffe in her gropings into the regions of mystery and awe led a number of romantic young women to rush after her, and upon the public, with absurd and impossible fictions. Mr. Collins' best imitator, so far as we have seen, is Mr. T. W. SPEIGHT, who appears to have discovered the value of precious stones just about the time that Mr. Collins did, and to have set to work upon a story entitled "*Under Lock and Key*," which has lately been republished by Messrs. Turner Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia. Like "*The Moonstone*,"—to which Mr. Speight assures us it was prior, several chapters having been written before Mr. Collins had published the first lines of his tale—"Under Lock and Key" turns upon a great diamond of fabulous value, and upon the adventures of a scoundrel who endeavors to obtain it from its possessor, a wealthy and eccentric Russian, who had himself procured it by fraud. The existence of this diamond is revealed to the scoundrel in question through a cypher in figures, the key of which is discovered for him by one of his friends,—which cypher and key would have delighted the soul of Poe. We shall not unravel the plot, which Mr. Speight contrives to keep "under lock and key" almost to the end. Enough that it is good, of its kind, and that the persons by whom it is developed are fairly enough drawn, from a rather romantic standard of character. The best of the number is Cap-ham Ducie, a profound but not unnatural villain, whose dramatic excellence consists in his utter unconsciousness of his wickedness.

— One of the best signs of the time, so far as the Book Trade is concerned, is the issue by certain of our publishers of authorized editions of the works of foreign writers. It is not so good, of course, as an equitable copyright law would be, but in the absence of that it is to be welcomed, since it enables a European author who may be reprinted to at least choose his publisher, and to obtain a per centage, however small, of his just profits. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. were first in the field, we believe, with Author's Editions of Dickens, Reade, and George Eliot, and Messrs. Hurd & Houghton the next to follow with an Author's Edition

of the Works of Hans Christian Andersen, of which "*The Improvisatore*" is the first instalment. "*The Improvisatore*" has been read by thousands since the republication here of the English translation by Mrs. Howitt, many of whom must have desired it in a better edition than the one they have had to accept until now, which has had nothing but cheapness to recommend it. Such an edition is this,—a beautiful twelvemo, of three hundred and forty odd pages, carefully printed, on clear white paper,—a book to be put away on the shelves of a library, not to be stuffed into a carpet bag, and left anywhere as soon as read. For read it will be in any form, both for the beauty of its story, and for its excellence as a series of pictures of Italian life and landscape. The remainder of the series in which it belongs, and which we are assured will include all the writings of Andersen, is promised to follow rapidly, and it cannot be too rapidly, particularly the volumes which shall contain his wonderful children's stories, that are in the world of fairy-love what the plays of Shakespeare are in the larger world of the drama.

—If poets would only settle among themselves what poetry is, or, if they cannot, if critics would only do it for them, we should be spared a good deal that purports to be poetry now. Poetry must exist outside of the metrical forms in which it takes up its abode, or the forms themselves would be poems, which they certainly are not. What is Poetry? Poe defined it as a rhythmical creation of beauty, and Milton as "simple, sensuous, passionate." Every poet gives a different answer, if not directly, in words, at least in his practice, where, in case of his silence, we should look for it. We have looked into "*The Vagabond*, and Other Poems," by Mr. John Townsend Trowbridge (Fields, Osgood & Co.) for his answer to the question, but it has evaded our search. We will not say that Mr. Trowbridge is not a poet, but we do not hesitate to say that he does not appear to know what poetry really is. Its noblest quality, its most spiritual essence, escapes him; the butterfly is flown before he reaches it, the bird has left its empty nest and is singing somewhere out of sight. What Mr. Trowbridge most lacks is, perhaps, Ideality: what he possesses most of is intellectual sentimentality,—a sort of haziness of aspiration and expression, akin to the transcendental utterances of Emerson. If Emerson had not written poetry, it is probable that some of Mr. Trowbridge's poems would not have

been written. In others, especially "*The Vagabond*," he reflects the dramatic manner of Browning. He aims at the dramatic, however, in a fashion of his own, in such pieces as "*Our Lady*," "*My Brother Ben*," and "*La Cantatrice*," and is as successful as we could expect, considering that the subjects, as he conceives them, are rather idyllic than dramatic. The idyllic walks of poetry are those in which Mr. Trowbridge should be most at home, but unfortunately he is not, why, it is not easy to determine. He has a genuine love of nature, and a knowledge of its forms exceeding that of many greater poets, but the power of fusing its parts into a complete whole is denied him. He has, however, the rare merit of looking at nature through his own eyes, and the rarer merit of attempting to strike out a new path in rural poetry. And he has measurably succeeded, too, in such pieces as "*Watching the Crows*," "*Evening at the Farm*," and "*The Summer Squall*." They afford us no great pleasure, it is true, but if Wordsworth's "*Goody Blake*," and pieces of that stamp, are poems, we must accept these as poems also. They are at any rate original and American, which is in their favor. The same must be said of "*The Charcoalman*," which we ought to like, we suppose, only we cannot bring ourselves to it. If there be such a thing as Flemish art,—if the pot-house scenes of Teniers, for example, are art at all, "*The Charcoalman*" is a fitting subject for poetry. But if poetry is "simple, sensuous, passionate," he is about the last man alive with whom a poet should keep company, with his singing robes about him. A little bit of natural description like this, is worth a whole city full of such grimy monarchs of toil:

"The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail;
Her chickens skulk behind the rill;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats its throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and look
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float."

—Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have recently published "*The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*," by EDWIN P. WHIFFLE,—a volume of essays which were originally delivered as lectures before the Lowell Institute. If the

limited number of these essays,—there are but twelve in all,—had not necessarily restricted Mr. Whipple in his choice of writers, we should have had something to say in regard to his omissions, which are numerous, as well as of his avoidance of facts, in matters biographical and bibliographical. As it is, we suppose we must take his book for what he intended it to be—a glance over the large field of Elizabethan Literature, accompanied by elaborate criticisms on the intellectual characteristics of its most noted names. Why he should have selected this particular epoch of literary history is not apparent, but it was certainly not because he was more in sympathy with it than the literature of our own time. It was otherwise with Charles Lamb, almost any one of whose little foot-notes on the dramatic poets of Shakespeare's time, is worth volumes—we will not say like Mr. Whipple's, but of mere professional criticism. The defect of Mr. Whipple appears to be that his sympathies are rather general than profound; he admires too many things to admire any one very warmly. Where he admires most, however, as in the case of Shakespeare, his criticisms are frequently less valuable than in other instances. He fares much better with Ben Jonson, whose character, and the worth of his work, he has very happily hit; and, singularly enough, with Bacon also, whose measure, great as it was, he has taken accurately. We like, too, what he says of Marlowe, and some of the minor dramatists, especially old George Chapman. We are grateful to him for the two pages of extracts from the last, which are weighty with "barbaric pearls and gold." For justness of criticism, and felicity of language, "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" is Mr. Whipple's best book.

—Though many poets have written prose but indifferently, it cannot be doubted that they could have written it excellently, if they would have bestowed as much pains upon it as they did upon their poetry. There is no reason why a writer of good verse should not be a writer of good prose. Indeed, the writer of the best verse should be the writer of the best prose; for however much they may appear to differ in style, that which is essentially style is the same in both. If proof of this were wanting it might be found in the prose of Cowper and Southey, and, to come nearer home, in the prose of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, whose latest work, "*Letters from the East*," has just been published by G. P. Putnam & Son. We have

called it his latest work, for it is such so far as the public is concerned, though it was written some sixteen or seventeen years ago. There is, however, no flavor of age about it, its excellence has so little that is temporary in it, while the scenes it describes can be made so permanently interesting. It would hardly seem possible that there should be anything in the East worth reading about now,—it has been so done to death, often by "slandrous tongues;" but Mr. Bryant proves to the contrary, possessing, as he does, the uncommon faculty of 'knowing what to see, and what to say about it. If he errs at all, it is in saying too little; a traveller less reticent would have made twice as much out of his materials, and have made nothing of them after all. That the half is greater than the whole, however, is a truth which the poets have known from the days of Herod to the present time.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans.

By Dr. LANGE and Rev. F. R. FAX, translated from the German by Dr. Hurst, is the new volume of the series known as Lange's "Commentary on the Holy Scriptures," of which, in the number for February, 1869 (p. 242), we gave a brief notice. Of the present volume, treating of the most important, as well as most difficult of St. Paul's Epistles, we need hardly say more than that its profound learning, its fearless investigation and discussion of points in debate, its searching exposition of the falsity and wickedness of pantheism and rationalism will prove of great value to Christian readers and students, especially in these times. We have no space to attempt anything like a review of the present volume. It is one to be studied, and it will repay study, whatever conclusion may be arrived at on the deep and unfathomable mysteries of absolute decrees, election, predestination (supralapsarian or supralapsarian), the free will of man, the sovereignty of God, the atoning efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ, and many such like. All that can be done, in the way of furnishing material for the right understanding of the Epistle to the Romans, has here been attempted, and we think with success. There is an elaborate general Introduction to St. Paul's Epistles, and an equally elaborate special introduction to this particular one, covering 52 pp. Dr. Schaff has greatly enriched the volume by additional critical and bibliographical notes, and especially by giving

the results of the best English and American scholarship. The work appears opportunely, and will serve to counteract some of the

poison in the brilliant but malicious volume on "St. Paul," emanating from Ernest Renan, and just now published.

FINE ARTS.

—Two very interesting examples of Gustave Doré's genius as a painter, are now on exhibition at the Somerville Art Gallery, in Fifth avenue—"Jephthah's Daughter," and "Dante and Virgil in the Frozen Regions of Hell." Before coming to this country, these works were exhibited in Paris and London, and in both cities elicited such high praise from the most distinguished art-critics, that their arrival here was impatiently awaited. We are not surprised that public expectation, so highly raised, should have been somewhat disappointed when the paintings were first displayed. It cannot be denied that Doré's designs in black and white are often more impressive than his large works in color. Many of his drawings for Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the "Purgatory" and "Hell" of Dante, convey a more striking impression of strength, of mastery over material, and of great imaginative qualities, than these immense areas of canvas over which colossal figures stalk, or lie sprawling in confused heaps. Give Doré a block of wood for a page illustration, and he will startle you with the fertility of his imagination. He will open a whole world before you, and fill it with legions of forms, so that you seem to gaze into an immensity of space that, like Cowley's heaven,

"Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find."

But give him a canvas as big as the side of a house, and the limitation of his powers and his knowledge at once become apparent. Doré's drawing, especially in the human figure, is generally careless and defective. His work abounds in errors of detail. As an acute critic remarked of an ambitious English artist, painting in small he compresses his knowledge, but painting in large, he expands his ignorance.

But to the paintings. On entering the gallery, the spectator stands before a large imposing work, "Jephthah's Daughter," the first effect of which is very striking. He sees, in the foreground, the brow of a barren mountain, on which a group of maidens is disposed in graceful attitudes, relieved against a glowing burst of morning light. Beyond them stretches a wide plain, terminating in

a range of low hills, intensely purple in tone. The sun is not yet above the horizon, and the sky is suffused with the glory that heralds his approach. From the distance at which the whole picture can be taken in by the eye at once, the effects of grouping and contrast are very striking, and it ought not to be examined from a nearer standpoint. But it must be approached in order to study the expression of the faces, and with every step toward it, the charm of the first impression loses power. The principal figure, that representing Jephthah's daughter, is placed somewhat higher than the rest of the group. Her face is turned nearly full on the spectator, the eyes are closed, and the expression is one of patient melancholy, rather than of sorrow. One of her companions leans on her bosom, and appears to be absorbed in grief. On her left, sit two others, their back toward her, and their profiles clearly cut in shadow against the glowing sky. These two appear to be wrapped in silent contemplation. A little nearer to the spectator, and still further to the left of Jephthah's daughter, another maiden reclines against a rock, in a half sitting posture. These figures are balanced by others to the right of the central group, disposed in nearly similar attitudes. Looking closely at these figures, one perceives a want of delicacy in the drawing and painting of the faces, and a lack of that deep and intense emotion, which the actors in this mournful tragedy must have felt. The spectator feels at once, that Dore never really pictured to himself the situation he had endeavored to portray. All he has done, is to paint a group of beautiful and rather melancholy Jewish maidens sitting on the brow of a hill, and evidently unable to account for being there.

As mere painting, this work has many excellencies. Nothing could be finer in its way than the management of the light, against which the groups of maidens is relieved, and none can fail to admire the artistic disposition of the several figures and the painting of the draperies. But it would be profanation to call the picture a work of religious art.

In "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle," the figures that catch the eye and fix

the attention, are those of Virgil and Dante, standing erect among countless multitudes of the condemned, on whose agonies Virgil looks down with the calmness of a Shade, and Dante with an expression of human sympathy not unmingled with aversion. The immense height of these erect figures strikes the eye at once. Compared with others around them, they appear to be about ten feet high. They stand in strong relief against an obscure mysterious depth of gloom, which seems to extend to an indefinite distance behind, around them, and out of which, becoming less and less indistinct as they approach the foreground, loom dreadful groups of the tormented, some sprawling over the ice in every attitude suggestive of intense suffering, others frozen up to the chin, others still with nothing but the eyes and forehead above the glittering surface. In these groups Doré finds ample room for the display of his morbid love of the horrible. To be sure, a man who attempts to portray a scene like this, cannot shrink from the delineation of physical torture, but one cannot resist the impression that Doré, if permitted to gaze with mortal eye upon scenes that Dante visited in imagination, would make his studies with as little emotion and sympathy as he would experience in drawing from the antique. We do not think thus of Dante. Despite the hardness of his creed, and despite his fierce hatreds, and his thirst to be revenged upon his enemies, his heart was full of sympathy and tenderness; and he himself tells us that the writing of his poem made him "lean for many years." He could not pass unmoved through the awful scenes created by his imagination. But a glance at Doré's round, comfortable, good-natured face shows that he has never come into sympathy with the poet's awful creations. To Dante, Hell and Purgatory were dreadful realities;—through one, he must some time pass himself, and could escape the other only by the grace and mercy of God. But to Doré, they are nothing but the morbid dreams of a dyspeptic bigot. He very probably never stops to think whether they exist or not. It is doubtful if he ever gave the poem serious thought. Before making his contract to illustrate the Bible, he had never turned the pages of the sacred volume, and when asked to make drawings for a new edition of Milton's poems, he innocently inquired, "Who is this Milton?" That he read *Paradise Lost* carelessly, is shown by his frequent departures from the author's

sense. This is true, also, of his illustrations to Dante. The picture we are now considering exhibits several glaring misconceptions of the poet's imagination. Dante's description of the Frozen Circle implies a solid mass of ice, like an immense glacier, in which the bodies of the condemned are firmly and immovably fixed. It was frozen so solid, he says,

"That if Tambernich
Had fallen upon it, or Pietrapana,
'E'en at the edge 'twould not have given a creak."

Doré, on the contrary, appears to have made his studies on a skating pond, where a thin sheet of ice overlaid a body of water. The figures, instead of being imbedded in ice, have merely broken through, and their lower limbs are submerged in the water, which is visible through the fissures produced by their struggles. Several of the figures,—as, for instance, that of the woman in the foreground,—look as if they could easily enough get out if they chose to make the effort. The central point of interest in the picture is, of course, the group formed by Count Ugolino and the Archbishop Ruggieri. We quote, in Longfellow's translation, Dante's allusion to this scene:

*** I beheld two frozen in one hole
So that one head a hood was to the other;
And even as bread through hunger is devoured,
The uppermost on the other set his teeth,
There where the brain is to the nape united.
Not in another fashion Tydeus gnawed
The temples of Menalippus in disdain
Than that one did the skull and the other things.

Dante's verse gives merely the outlines of the horrible picture, leaving the details to be filled in by the reader's imagination. Few care to dwell upon it. The artist, with less consideration for our nerves, dwells with loathsome particularity on these details, and forces them upon our attention. If the mere suggestion of the poet's verse fills the mind with horror, the painting creates the most profound disgust.

We do the artist injustice, perhaps, in thus considering his works in connection with the literature whence he professedly draws his inspiration. He is not, in the strict meaning of the word, an illustrator of the Bible, or of Dante, or of Don Quixote. He merely glances through these works for suggestion of pictorial situation and effects, and never, if we are correctly informed and rightly interpret his productions, endeavors to master the author's conception and recreate it to the eye. Hence his Bible is not in any sense

a work of religious art, nor can his Dante be considered an artistic interpretation of the mysteries chanted by the Father of Tuscan song—keeping this thought in mind, or rather dismissing from the mind every thing but the artist's work, we shall find in these pictures much to praise and admire. One great merit of Doré is his suggestiveness. Whatever technical faults may be found in his works, whether of color or of drawing, his pictures always suggest ideas, awaken feeling, and excite the imagination; and, in grateful recognition of this admirable quality, we can readily forgive, even if we cannot justify the impetuosity that forbids him to linger over details with the patient dullness of a Dutch painter of pans and kettles, or the minute trifling of the English Pre-Raphaelites.

—Several months ago, we directed the attention of our readers to a series of pictures by Fagnani, representing the Muses. As we then stated, these works are veritable portraits of American young ladies, slightly idealized in expression. The series is now on exhibition at the Somerville Art Gallery, and is well worthy of examination.

—There is now on exhibition in the Art Gallery of Mr. Schaus, on Broadway, an admirable work by Erskine Nichol, entitled "Paying the Rent." It is strong in drawing and color, well composed, and executed with conscientious but not painful attention to detail. The picture of the sturdy old peasant drawing out his pocket-book, is an excellent study from life, and there is something very attractive in the face of the young woman standing at the table, and with a rather anxious look regarding the clerk as he examines her papers. The story is well told.

—Before another number of the magazine appears, the delightful Studio Receptions will be resumed, which for several winters have exercised a most salutary influence on the artistic and art-loving public of New York. We have reason to believe that this season their attractions will be greater than ever. The artists have returned from their home and foreign wanderings with abundant material for Fall and Winter work. The water-colorists especially, we are glad to learn, have met with great success, and expect to make a magnificent display at their next exhibition.

TABLE-TALK.

—It was a spectacle of shame and horror—that furious, deadly struggle and clutch of the gold gamblers, during the last week of September, in the monied metropolis of America. Had Doré sought fresh studies for Dante's Hell, he could hardly have found them more frightfully vivid than in the anguish, terror, hate, covetousness, and intense over-mastering selfishness of the Wall Street faces that glared at each other during this contest. "Bulls and bears" with a vengeance! All the baser instincts, the more brutal greeds of humanity were loose, and all the better quenched. Scarce a redeeming trait of generosity or chivalry is told of the contest: it was "no quarter" while it raged, and *sauve qui peut* came at the end. As Mr. Stedman's street-poem, or metrical sketch of the climax, puts it:—

"Five millions more! for any part
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart,)
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

And this was a contest of "gentlemen"—gentlemen, not bedlamites, but howling like mad—of the "merchant princes," whom so many a country lad dreams one day of joining, to share in their "honorable" course to

fortune! It is a sorry spectacle, we say, for commerce and for business, a sorry spectacle for America and her institutions. It recalls Childe Harold's misanthropic line—"The same wide den of thieves or what you will."

Out of this wild chaos can any seemingly order come? Beyond the maelstrom are there quieter waters? It is possible. A great change in finance as in politics or social laws, is preceded by fierce convulsion. So long as four men in one city could daily boast, and with reason, that they controlled \$80,000,000, and sooner or later would break its market to atoms, all was uncertainty and anxiety. When the crash comes, there is at least a relief that the crisis is gone. The late disgraceful scenes are not likely soon to be repeated. Not impossibly the return to specie payments may come the sooner for this anarchy in Wall Street—this mad stroke of moneyed autocracy. If only it do not come through repudiation, even "out of seeming evil," we shall find a "still evolving" gold. That issue would more than compensate for the terrible means through which it came.

"Let the tempest come, that is gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere."

— Americans have a singular facility at adapting themselves to foreign manners and customs, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to the English, who carry England with them wherever they travel. An American in Paris is more French than the natives. In Berlin he is a German, in Florence an Italian. The consequence is that no people in the world profit more by foreign travel; and ill-natured critics say that no people ever had more need of the polish thus received. Now and then an American is met with in foreign parts, however, who sturdily stands out against all the blandishments of European culture. He steadily refuses to learn the language of the country in which he travels, and objects to everything that differs from what he was accustomed to at home. I remember one old Western gentleman, whom I met in Germany, who expressed the utmost contempt for everything foreign,—the language, the manners, the style of living, the cooking, all was barbaric and unworthy the attention of a genuine American. The ceremonies of the dinner-table especially moved his anger. "Why, sir," he exclaimed one day, after we had been at table over two hours, "here I've spent half the afternoon trying to get a decent meal of victuals, and I'm a great deal more hungry than when I began. I never spent more than half an hour eating dinner at home. Why, sir, I remember once the Governor of Indiana gave a dinner to the Legislature. It was a smashing good dinner too, and I tell you what, it didn't drag. *We had ten courses in fifteen minutes, and never changed a plate! Think of that, will you.*" Well, yes, it was something to think of; and I inwardly gave thanks that all Americans were not as this man.

— Turning over a heap of old papers, a short time since,—the relics of my school-teaching days,—I came across some specimens of youthful compositions, which I had saved on account of their oddity. One of these, written by a smart Irish lad, who has since given up his life for his country, is so characteristic of the Irish mind that I think the reader will relish an extract or two. It is entitled "The Fruit of Bravery and Ambition," and relates to the brave and unfortunate Marshal Ney. I copy literally spelling, capitalizing, punctuation, and all. It opens thus:

"Who has ever perused the immortal deeds and prodiges of valor that were performed by Napoleon and his marshals, without paying particular attention to Marshal

Ney, by his daring deeds and glorious actions among an army of heroes, he earned the highest reputation and an incomparable title of the bravest of the brave, who have ever read of his actions without being struck with wonder and astonishment to think that providence would protect any mortal man in such perilous dangers that he so often encountered," &c.

But the most exquisite passage comes at the close. After describing the incidents of the retreat from Moscow, my young Irishman goes on to say:

"But his deadliest enemy was not inconsistent man, he had to contend with the angry elements of a Russian wilderness with nothing to guide or protect him on his wearisome journey but the birds of the forest dropping dead from the frozen tops of the stately pine or the prowling wolf howling through the dreary wilderness * * * many would wander to some solitary abode and there think of their by gone days and their own present situation with no other consolation than leaving their bones to bleach in the wilderness, while others would sit down with frenzy and despair, with their clenched hands upholding their frozen cheeks, behold their heads would waver to and fro, and their spirit would take its flight and leave their frozen tenements of clay, for the croaking ravens of a frozen forest, with them it was the end of earth."

Could anything more thoroughly Irish be imagined? The lad who wrote it was sixteen years old, and well advanced in his studies.

— A correspondent from the frontier thus takes exception to our article on the Indians, in the number for September:

You ask in the Sept. number, "Shall the Red men be exterminated?" Yes; by all means. The Indian is an animal that must be thoroughly subdued before he will treat with any degree of reliability. What signifies it sending such boys as Vincent Colyer with a good escort to find the real status of the Indians? Of course they want Government to think they are friendly and do the whites no damage and have sense enough to appear friendly before its agents, but as soon as their back is turned will steal the first stock they come to, and kill and scalp the man who interferes. Let government detectives come out here and live as *scallions*—be scalped three or four times, or feel that they are enjoying life if they find the hair on their head each night—then let them go home and advise Government to furnish the noble red men breech-loading guns—and leave the muzzle-loading ones for us the *ignoble vulgus* in case of such an unexpected contingency as proving hostile.

Our correspondent will some day thank us, we think, for suppressing his name. He is

wholly in the wrong in this matter, as all history shows. Wherever the Red Man has been treated as a man, with rights that the invaders of his country were bound to recognize and respect, he has been faithful to his word, and has lived peaceably with his white neighbors. There is no fact better established than this, that treaties with the Indians have invariably been violated first by the whites. This alone, we think, furnishes a conclusive answer to our correspondent's letter.

— Professor Raphael Pumpelly, of Harvard, (whose "Mining Adventure," in our last Number, occurred in Arizona instead of New Mexico as printed) is about to publish a substantial volume of his Travels in Eastern Asia and in our own Western wilds.

He superintended the Santa Riba mines in Arizona during the pioneer times, and was the only one of five consecutive superintendents of his mine who was not murdered by the Indians or the Mexican workmen. His accounts of pioneer life in Arizona, are novel and exciting. From Arizona, Professor Pum-

pelly crossed to San Francisco, making a detour through Sonora, and then sailed to Japan, to accept a commission as mining engineer under the Government. He was at once given a rank and retinue corresponding to those enjoyed by the viceroy of Yeddo, and with them them, of course, proportionate facilities for studying the country and people. In 1862, he sailed for China, and arrived there almost simultaneously with the fleet purchased by the Chinese Government in Europe. After a dangerous journey of 3,000 miles in the valley of the Yangtz Kiang, he was engaged by the Chinese Government to search for coal for their new steam navy, and was given a large escort and government facilities.

On leaving China, Professor Pumpelly went northward through Mongolia into Siberia, and travelled across Siberia in an open sleigh in the depth of winter, reaching St. Petersburg in 1865—his tour around the world thus occupied five years of travel and special observation, having crossed both continents in their widest parts. This book will be a notable novelty in our literature.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

Monthly Notes prepared for Putnam's Magazine.

— Out of every hundred educated Americans, probably ninety-nine believe that the chief source of the ignorance, the misrepresentation of the facts, the moral and political antagonism to the United States, still current in Europe, is to be found in England. The identity of the language makes this supposition natural; for it is much easier for our journals to copy than translate. An English blunder or misrepresentation is caught up and ventilated at once, and all the chief English newspapers and periodicals have been so disciplined by this experience, that they have become at the same time fairer and more careful in their statements. American politics, art, literature, and moral and social conditions, are now, on the whole, as calmly and intelligently considered in England as at home.

In Germany, however, we find at present a counterpart to the days of Trollope, Marryatt, and Hall. One feature of the German mind when it is imperfectly or only superficially developed, is a colossal egotism. In fact, the absence of this vice is an almost infallible test of true greatness in Germany: her noble list of scholars and poets have been

free from it. But there is a large class of writers, some of them enjoying considerable popularity, each of whom has his pet personal theory, by which he measures the world, coolly turning up his nose at every fact which does not square with it. In the same land where we find the highest and purest forms of intellectual aspiration, we find also the narrowest and most vulgar phrases of egotistical assumption. Few of our native-born citizens are aware of the manner in which every thing relating to America is represented by certain members of the latter class. Their virulence is simply amusing, for—although many of them draw their materials from *German* newspapers in this country—they do not seem able to shake the hearty, friendly spirit of the *German people*. A letter from an emigrant with a draft to pay the passage of a relative, is a fact which outweighs a million arguments. We need not, therefore, lose our temper when we take up a little of this comic German literature concerning America.

— Herr Blankenburg, who wrote a history of the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, has now tried his hand upon us. His work,

"The Inner Conflicts of the North-American Union, up to the Presidential Election of 1868," a large octavo volume, has just been published in Leipzig. It is curious. He asserts that the question of Slavery had nothing to do with the war, which was an uprising of the Free Trade South against the Protective North. The Northern States, he further says, did not object to Slavery until after their white population had so increased that they could do without it, and after they had sold all their slaves to the South! This was the cause of the bitterness which the South felt toward the Abolitionists! In regard to the war itself, he declares that both sides were in the right, and acted from the deepest conviction of right. He concludes by pronouncing Andrew Johnson to be a great statesman, yet hopes that Grant may be able to reconcile both parties.

— The *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* contains a review of Gerstäcker's *Travels in the United States*, by a Herr Richard Andree. Gerstäcker is somewhat known in this country as an indefatigable traveller. His journeys have reached almost every accessible part of the world, and the narratives thereof, written in a lively, picturesque style, are quite popular in Germany. But he is a man of strong prejudices, imperfect culture, and is a superficial observer of lands and races. He came to the United States thirty years ago, as a young man, and remained six years in the South, mostly in Arkansas. His favorite associates were the "border-ruffians" in the latter State, and something of his nature may be inferred from that fact. Gerstäcker and his reviewer agree perfectly. The latter says: "It is now clearly understood, on this side of the ocean, that the tricky Yankees are unamiable, disagreeable people; and the enthusiasm expressed during the war—which was not fought by them, but almost wholly by Germans, Irish, and Niggers—is nearly at an end." Gerstäcker expresses himself in this elegant manner: "The little finger of a backwoodsman [in Arkansas] is more to me than a whole Yankee." He pronounces the South a ruin, condemns the system of Slavery, yet finds the Blacks intolerable in their freedom, &c., &c.—in short, his work would furnish a great many editorials to various American journals—if, indeed, it was not inspired by the latter.

— The *Globus* (published in Brunswick) continues to be so crowded with comic American statements, that we cannot pretend to notice a title of them. It has already

published, this year, half a dozen articles filled with tremendously italicized passages, to the effect that a paper called "The Imperialist" has been established in New York by "the Radicals," for the purpose of familiarizing the soldiers with monarchical ideas! We have, further, a statement that at the election in Washington the negroes took complete possession of the polls, and allowed no white man to vote! That in the last two or three years, two hundred persons have mysteriously disappeared from the Washington hotels, "probably murdered and thrown into the Potomac!"—and that, in a general way, there is neither morality, honesty, nor personal security in the United States. We must inform the American reader, in conclusion, that the *Globus* is not a periodical devoted to the burlesque, but calls itself, on the title-page, "A Journal for the Knowledge of Lands and Races!"

— The *Revue Contemporaine* contains an interesting article on Charles Baudelaire and his works, by M. Noel. It commences with a striking picture of the poet, shortly before his death, when, by a singular affection of the brain, he was entirely deprived of the faculty of language, without, apparently, the loss of his reason. It appears that he first became known as an author through his art-criticisms in the years 1845 and '46, though many of his most characteristic poems were then already written. The direction of his poetic genius was due to his acquaintance with the works of Poe—or, as the French write it, *Poë*. How deeply the American author colored his thoughts and was reproduced in his style, can only be understood by those who have read his *Fleurs du Mal*. Baudelaire, in fact, was the son of Poe, as Swinburne is the son of Baudelaire. Here are four lines from the latter's poem of *Les Phares*, which contain a sketch from the scenery of "Ulalume," painted by a French brush:

"Delacroix, lac de sang hanté des mauveses anges,

Ombagé par un bois de sapins toujours verts,
Où, sous un ciel chagrin, des fanfares étranges
Passent, comme un soupir étouffé de Weber."

M. Noel, at the close, pronounces judgment upon the poet in words which express a distinction no less delicate than just. They might be applied to other authors than Baudelaire. He says: "We have repelled the accusation of immorality which has been brought against him; nevertheless, it is only too true that his works have a certain danger,

but not that which some imagine they detect. The *Fleurs du Mal* are not pictures which pander to vice; their immorality, if one may use so rude a word, is more subtle and more abstruse. It resides in a narrow and exclusive spiritualism, in the too absolute worship of the glorification of the personal aims of the individual to the detriment of those of Society, in that isolation, that sharp sundering of self which gives to poetry so personal a character. It is also found in a certain tendency to treat Evil objectively, to accord to it a distinct reality — in short, to *incarnate* Evil — a doctrine which Baudelaire openly professes in other works, and which is in truth the most immoral and discouraging theory that can be imagined."

—The women may take courage! Fanny Lewald has written a letter to the *Cologne Gazette*, entitled "For and Against the Women," in which she gives the following picture of the conventional tyranny imposed upon her sex, not more than thirty years ago. Her statement, as we have reason to know, is the simple, unexaggerated truth: "I often recall," she says, "with amusement, and yet with sorrow, how laboriously, and step by step, we have gained the ground whereupon all women now stand without embarrassment. How much there was that gave offence, in our early days! How much there was, unbecoming for a woman, and so much the more for a girl! The latter dared not look upon a statue which represented the nude human figure; she was required to turn away her eyes from a picture containing such figures, and, if at all possible, start and blush; she dared not make the shortest journey alone, and even in a trip of four hours must be accompanied; she dared not go into a strange house in order to engage a job to be done by a mechanic or laborer. Even a woman no longer young was not allowed to nurse a sick male friend much older than herself: unless he happened to be married, she could not even visit him on his sick-bed. To express an independent opinion, or any sympathy for subjects of general interest, was not considered womanly. We were not expected to have opinions of our own, and womanly propriety required us to begin every sentence with 'I believe' or 'It is said.'"

—Some interesting letters of Humboldt, written as a youth of nineteen and twenty, have just been published in Germany. They are admirable specimens of epistolary style—picturesque, humorous, and overflowing with life. He uses Hebrew sentences, quotes from

Petrarch, discusses metaphysics and science, and gossips delightfully about society. Speaking of the Countess von der Recke, he says: "She has so many admirers because she is handsome, the sister-in-law of a Duke, and witty withal. But she is far from being so wise as Herz (Henriette Herz) in Berlin, who, because she is too noble, too modest, a Jewess and not a Dutchess, is much less valued." The following passage gives a curious illustration of Prussian censorship in the year 1788: "Day before yesterday, Unger had to pay 10 thalers fine, because he had printed a little epithalamium without submitting it to the Censor. Recently (for the marriage of the Countess Lottum) I could not get two of the most innocent lines printed *once* upon a garter, unless I should lay the garter before the Censor's Court."

—One of the most important of the recent publications in England is the first volume of Baring-Gould's work on "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief." This volume is devoted to an examination of "Heathenism and Mosaism." It is written from a purely philosophic, unsectarian point of view; the subjects discussed are: the origin of the religious idea, immortality, the names of God, the law of religious development, the origin of polytheism and mythology, idolatry, theocracies, the ethics of religion, the idea of evil, asceticism, mysticism, sacrifice and sacraments. The accumulation of important materials, furnished by the researches of the past few years, has been very great; and as Mr. Baring-Gould possesses the rare power of clear and compact statement, his work is likely to be widely read.

—Mr. Abbot, Head Master of the City of London School, has published "A Shakspearian Grammar: an Attempt to illustrate some of the Differences between Elizabethan and Modern English." Another pedagogue, Mr. Herbert Snow, Assistant Master at Eton, announces a translation of the Idylls and Epigrams of Theocritus.

—A work, almost unique in literature, has appeared in Trieste. Dr. Formigini, a Jewish physician of that city, has translated Dante's "Divina Commedia" into Hebrew verse. The first volume, just published, is entitled *Hathapthe* (Hell). The translator declares in the preface, (written also in Hebrew) that "the great Poet, Dante Alighieri, must be ranked immediately after the Divine Prophets, through whom the mind of God has been revealed to men." His version is highly praised by Hebrew scholars.

— A German reviewer, in commenting on Madame de Staël's description of the intense natural vanity of the English, cites, as an instance of the manner in which this feeling is inculcated, the hymn for children, commencing:

"I thank thee, God, that I was born
A happy English child."

— Professor Victor Aimé Huber recently died at his residence in the Hartz, in his seventieth year. He was the son of Huber, Schiller's early friend, and Therese, the daughter of George Forster and granddaughter of the scholar Heyne. Professor Huber was well-known by his politico-economical and socialistic works. He was intimately acquainted with the condition of the laboring classes in England, and the questions growing out of their condition.

— The memoirs of Lord Broughton (Hobhouse) may possibly throw some light on the Byron scandal, but we shall have to wait thirty years for their publication. In his will he has ordered that all his "diaries, manuscripts, correspondence and other papers, both official and private, shall be delivered to the trustees of the British Museum, to be kept without examination until the year 1900, when, if desirable, they may be published;" and, by a codicil, he desires "that such as relate to the business of the State, and more particularly to the Sovereign under whose orders they were written, shall not be made public without the sanction of the reigning Sovereign"—in 1900, of course. All this, however, may be less important than it sounds.

— Mr. Swinburne's new poem, "Super Flumina Babylonis" was written more than a year ago. It is a lyric of moderate length, and will not therefore, probably, be published separately, but as the initial poem of a collection.

— Still another periodical is to appear in London. Murray, it is announced, will shortly commence the publication of "The Academy," a weekly critical journal. Both Dr. Smith and Mr. Hepworth Dixon are named as possible editors.

— A German critic, reviewing seven works on religious topics, commences his article with the sentence of Emerson: "Tis a whole population of ladies and gentlemen out in search of religions."

— The celebrated Dr. Carus has just died in Dresden, 80 years old. He had nearly completed the fifth volume of his memoirs. One of his most noted works is his

"Symbolism of the Human Form"—an attempt to show that the body is plastic to the character and growth of the mind, and expresses them more, or less, in every part.

— A work which will interest a limited circle of readers is Dr. Volkmann's "Synesius of Cyrene, a Biographical Characteristic of the Last Days of Hellenism." Synesius was a cotemporary of Hypatia, and the work treats therefore of the Neo-Platonic school of Alexandria.

— The "Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge," in London, is doing a good work. It publishes and distributes tracts, bearing such titles as, "The Worth of Fresh Air;" "The Use of Pure Water;" "The Value of Good Food," &c., seeking to purify and elevate the degraded classes of the population physically, as the necessary preparation for spiritual improvement.

— Karl Gutzkow, the novelist, is now publishing a new romance of the Jacobin days in England, entitled "Through Night to Light." [The title is precisely the same as that of one of Spielhagen's novels.] The number of volumes it will fill is not yet announced. He is now writing still another romance—"The Sons of Pastalozzi."

— A Bavarian poet, Franz von Kobell, has translated Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie" into the dialect of the Alpine region of Bavaria. The title is: "S blau-augeti Diendl"!

ART.

The sculptor Krausser has completed his model for the statue of the Master-Singer, Hans Sachs, which is to be erected in Nuremberg. The old poet is represented in his leather apron, seated, supporting with his left hand a huge folio (which serves as a temporary writing desk) on his thigh, while his right hand, with a pencil, is lifted as if to beat the metre of the coming verse. The design is highly praised.

— A curious portrait of Napoleon has been discovered in Paris. It was painted by Cavalutti, in Ajaccio, in 1773, when the first Bonaparte was only four years old. He is dressed in sailor costume, of a green color, and wears pointed shoes, with buckles. His brow is completely hidden under his thick hair, but the face already foretells its later characteristics.

— The poverty of Italy in artists has just been illustrated in a singular manner. The Committee having in charge the erec-

tion of a monument to Manin, in Venice, offered a prize for the best design. Not less than forty-four models were sent, every one of which was rejected, on account of an utter lack of artistic merit. The most of them were imaginary figures, without the slightest resemblance to Manin.

— It is designed to give an exhibition of Ecclesiastic Art, in Rome, during the session of the Ecumenical Council.

— The English sculptor, Noble, will furnish a statue of Oliver Cromwell for the City Hall in Manchester. This will be the first of such honors paid to Cromwell in England.

— Belgian Art has sustained a severe loss this year in the death of Baron Leys. He died in Antwerp, where he was born, on the 26th day of August, fifty-four years old.

— There seems to be no end to the monuments, projected or in process of erection, in Europe. Harold Haarfager (or the Fair Hair) is to be thus honored in Norway, Capo d'Istrias on the island of Corfu, Cervantes (at last!) in Madrid, and Arndt at his birthplace on the island of Rügen. Various minor celebrities, in France, Italy, and Germany, await their turn. In the course of two or three centuries, Europe will resemble an immense Central Park.

— An interesting discovery has been made in the crypt of the Church of St. Geryon, in Cologne. After removing fifty coats of whitewash from the vaulted ceilings, a series of superb fresco paintings, three or four centuries old, were revealed. The work of restoration is now going on.

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATIONS, ETC.

The Schools for Adults, which have been established in France, are constantly extending their sphere of usefulness. During the year ending Aug. 1st, they were attended by 678,753 men and 114,383 women, of whom, at their entrance in the schools, 91,487 were unable to read and write, while 318,934 had the merest beginnings of education. The cost of this instruction, which was entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions, amounted to two millions of francs. The fact indicates a great change of sentiment in favor of popular education among the French people.

— In July last, a laborer, digging in a sand-pit near Bonn, came upon a leaden coffin, six feet long, inclosing the skeleton of a man. The lead, which had been cast, not

rolled, broke into pieces on exposure to the atmosphere, and the bones crumbled into dust; but the skull remained in a state capable of being preserved. Inside the coffin were several terra-cotta vessels, of Roman form. The body is supposed to have been buried about the fourth century, when the practice of burning corpses fell into disuse.

— The French historian, Boullée, insists that a great mistake has been made in celebrating the centennial anniversary of Napoleon's birthday on the 15th of August, 1869. He professes to have discovered a certificate of baptism, written in Latin, stating that the child of Carlo and Letitia Bonaparte was baptized in the church at Corte (not Ajaccio), on the 7th of January, 1768, and received the name of *Nabulion*! This is a doubt which Nabulion III. should order to be settled at once.

— A very interesting discovery has been made in Pompeii. A house recently uncovered contains a large fresco representing the amphitheatre, as it appeared just before the destruction of the city. The arena was then planted with trees. The fresco has, moreover, a historical value: it is a picture of a battle between the people of Pompeii and those of Nocera, which is mentioned by the cotemporary historians. Near the amphitheatre there is a large, stately building, for which search is now being made. (Those who have visited Pompeii will remember that the amphitheatre is an isolated excavation, nearly half a mile from the Forum.)

— The grave of Stradivarius has been discovered in the Church of St. Domenico, in Cremona. Of course he is to have a monument.

— The Rev. Mr. Elliott, an English Alpine-Clubber, refused to be bound to his guides, on descending the Schreckhorn. The consequence was, he fell 7000 feet, and was afterward picked up as a shapeless mass.

— Sir Samuel Baker's Egyptian Expedition to Central Africa is now under way. A great portion of the material and supplies has been shipped to Sowakin, to be transported thence to Khartoum. The steamers will take advantage of the inundation of the Nile, and pass the Nubian cataracts. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker left Cairo on the 10th of September, and will take the usual route, via Korosko and Berber. The Expedition is expected to be in complete readiness at Khartoum by the 20th of October, by which time also the telegraph line will have been completed from that point to Cairo.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[OUR RECORD CLOSES OCTOBER 1.]

I. SUMMARY.

SEPTEMBER has been well supplied with topics and incidents of interest and importance. Perhaps the most significant single phenomenon of the month has been the ill-health of the French Emperor. There is a theory that the nucleus of a comet is gas, or some imponderable composition, while the tail is, or carries with it, solid matters. So with the Imperial indispositions. They may be trifles, as the official periodicals anxiously insist; but close in their train swings a half panic in the French money market, a sudden bustle and instant rise of courage and discussion among the various political oppositions. The Empress comes hastily back from her Eastern trip. The public prints all discuss regencies and a *plébiscite* on the choice of the Prince Imperial to succeed his father, and the supposed hastening of the young gentleman's majority. If he could be secured a beard by *senatus consultum*, or the addition of a cubit unto his stature, perhaps it might help him to vote him of age. As it is, there is great reason for any anxiety which his parents may feel about his inheritance. The Emperor has undoubtedly been seriously ill, and is, in a measure, recovered. He has certainly for some time back been pursuing a policy intended to be considered liberal, and such as would be naturally adopted by a man of sense in his situation, recognizing the approach of his end, setting his house in order, and trying to secure some provision for his family. There is little risk in prophesying a troublous period for France when, within a short time, Napoleon III. shall die.

A curious contrast to all this pain and worry around a sickly old gentleman and his slender only son, is the centrifugal bounty with which Victoria launches forth her girls and boys all over the world. One of her princesses marries some Prince or other every little while, and first one and then another of her princes appears in country after country all round the world, leaving a trail of adulatory paragraphs and scandal, until one might almost fancy that any stray boy is to be charged to the account of the British

Queen. At the present moment, the Duke of Edinburgh is on a voyage round the world, and Prince Arthur is touring in Canada. It would take a great many deaths in the royal family to perturb Great Britain. One will explode France.

The war record of the last few weeks is worthy of note. Its materials, however, are exclusively from the New World. There has been about the average number of "revolutions" in Latin America. The civil war among the negroes of Hayti continues. Events in Cuba and in Paraguay, however, are of more significance. A considerable advantage seems to have been gained by the Cuban insurgents at Las Tunas; there are reports of another advantage gained in the field over Gen. Valmaseda; and a story from the Spaniards in Havana is to the effect that Gen. Jordan, the American commander for Cuba, has written a letter to Gen. de Rodas, offering to sell out the cause for a specified sum. So transparent a fabrication is evidence of great trouble among those who manufacture it. There have apparently been some successful evasions of the U. S. military, naval, and legal authorities by a number of armed vessels in the Cuban interest, and it would not be surprising to hear of a damaging privateer assault on the commerce of Spain. In the mean time, a series of confused and untrustworthy reports have come from Madrid, about some alleged negotiations attempted by Gen. Sickles, our Minister there, towards buying Cuba, or guaranteeing its purchase by the Cubans or advising the gift of independence to the insurgents, or intimating that the United States might think proper to recognize it.

It really seems as if the Paraguayan dictator Lopez was at last beaten into helplessness. The news is circumstantial and confirmed that, after the long delay spent by the Brazilian commander, Count d'Eu, in building a military railroad and organizing for an advance, he did at last move on the positions of Lopez, on the 18th of August attacked and carried his intrenchments at Curuguaty utterly routing his army, which lost 1000 killed,

300 prisoners and 12 cannon. Attacking again on the 21st, the Count defeated him again, taking 25 more guns, and still pressing closely upon the fugitives, dispersed the Paraguayan army entirely, and forced Lopez to flee to parts unknown. The Paraguayans now lost also all their steam fleet. The victors liberated 44 British subjects, detained by Lopez. It seems probable that this bloody and determined despot is effectually dislodged.

II. THE UNITED STATES.

Sept. 1. The decrease of the Public Debt during August was \$5,604,234.

Sept. 2. A "National Temperance Convention," sitting at Chicago, passes a resolution for organizing a "National Temperance Party, having for its primary object the entire suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks."

Sept. 2. A considerable party of men about to proceed to Cuba to fight on behalf of the insurgents there, gathers near Fort Gaines, Georgia, but they are dispersed by the legal and military authorities.

Sept. 6. Major General John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War, dies of disease of the lungs at his home in Washington. He was born in Jo Daviess County, Ill., in 1831, was brought up as a farmer and charcoal burner, studied law and entered practice at Galena, and after Bull Run went into the service, first raising troops and then joining Gen. Grant's staff as adjutant. Here he remained and rose with his chief until he became, after Lee's surrender, chief of staff of the U. S. army, and afterward Secretary of War. He was a man of great rectitude and purity of character, energy, force of will, and administrative ability.

Sept. 6. In the territorial election in New Mexico, J. F. Chavez, Republican, is chosen delegate to Congress, by 2,500 or more majority, and a Republican majority in the Legislature is also chosen.

Sept. 6. The flue at the foot of the only shaft of the Avondale coal mine at Plymouth, Pa., catches fire, and the woodwork of the shaft and the wooden building erected over its mouth burn up, choking the shaft, rendering escape impossible, and causing the death, by suffocation in the gases of the mine, of 108 workmen.

Sept. 7. Rev. Joseph B. Felt, LL.D., dies at his home in Salem, Mass., aged 80. Dr. Felt was an eminent scholar and authority in American history, and published a number

of books in that department of literature, besides shorter papers.

Sept. 7. At the Vermont State election, Washburn, Republican, is elected Governor by about 31,500, to about 11,000 for Heaton, Democrat.

Sept. 8. One of the severest gales of the present century visits the coast of New England, from Rhode Island to Maine. At Providence, blowing up Narragansett Bay, the wind piled the water up so high in the harbor as to flood several of the streets during two or three hours, and the gale was reckoned almost equal to the famous one of 1815. At Boston, the "Coliseum" was blown open at one end and seriously damaged. On the coast of Maine, twenty-two schooners were wrecked.

Sept. 8. William Pitt Fessenden dies at his home at Portland, Maine. He was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, October 16, 1806; was a successful lawyer; was early an efficient member of the State Legislature; was elected to Congress in 1840, and after serving at various times there and in the State Legislature, was elected to the United States Senate in 1854, where he has remained ever since, except during his short term as Secretary of the Treasury, July 5th, 1864 to March 5th, 1865. He was an able and useful member of the Republican party throughout the whole of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle and the rebellion. He was cool and keen, industrious, practical and honest, dignified and self-possessed; a clear-headed and useful public servant.

Sept. 8. James H. Cafferty, a painter of portraits, still life, and figures, a man of high abilities, and a member of the National Academy of Design, dies at his house in New York.

Sept. 13. A small party of recruits for the Cuban insurgents is dispersed at New Bedford.

Sept. 13. The Maine State election is held, General Joshua L. Chamberlin (Republican), is re-elected Governor by about 8,000 majority in a total vote of about 94,000. There was a third-party candidate, put up by the Prohibitionists, but he only polled about 4,600 in all.

Sept. 14. Mr. Udolpho Wolfe, somewhat known some years ago as a vigorous advertiser and successful seller of what he called "Schiedam Schnapps," died at his country seat on Staten Island.

Sept. 17. Hon. F. A. Tallmadge dies at Litchfield, Connecticut, at the house of his

daughter. He was for many years a lawyer in New York, and filled various public stations usefully and creditably. He was Recorder from 1848 to 1851, and while in this office dispersed the "Astor Place mob" assembled in the supposed interest of Mr. Forrest to assault Mr. Macready, causing the military to fire on them with ball cartridges. The volleys killed about twenty and wounded about forty of the mob, and there was no more rioting in the city of a very serious character until the July riots of 1863.

Sept. 22. First day of the operations of a wealthy combination to engross all the gold in the New York money market and then by forcing all buyers to purchase it of them, to sell again at a vast profit. The price of gold advanced to-day from $137\frac{3}{4}$ to $141\frac{3}{8}$.

Sept. 23. Second day of the gold-gamblers' campaign in Wall Street. The price rises three per cent.

Sept. 24. Third day of the gold-gamblers' campaign in Wall Street. The price was carried up to 160, amidst the most intense excitement, when the announcement that the Government would sell gold to the extent of \$4,000,000 or more, at once flung its price down again, and the "corner" was substantially at an end, numbers of speculators having been ruined.

Sept. 30. United States Marshal Barlow detains the steamer *Euterpe*, on suspicion of violating the neutrality laws. She has on board thirty 100-pound Parrot guns with a hundred solid shot and shell for each, being just the right armament for thirty gunboats that have just been built at New York and Mystic, Connecticut, for the Spanish Government.

Oct. 1. The Public Debt of the United States decreased during September, \$7,467,429.39.

III. FOREIGN.

Sept. 2. Cardinal Cullen, Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, issues a letter forbidding Romanist parents to send their children to the unsectarian national model schools, on pain of being deprived of the sacraments.

Sept. 5. The five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Huss takes place at Prague,

and is enthusiastically observed by the Bohemians.

Sept. 7. The Cubans attack the town of Las Tunas, held by a Spanish garrison, and are repulsed after hard fighting, but succeeded in carrying away a great quantity of supplies, of which they were in much need. The Spaniards claim a victory, and General Rodas by public decree changes the name of the place to Victoria de Las Tunas in commemoration. But the Spanish garrison shortly evacuates it. Las Tunas is an inland town in the eastern part of Cuba, and an important business centre.

Sept. 14. An international working men's congress convenes at Basle, with a pretty large representation; and many friendly letters and messages were received from persons and places not represented.

Sept. 14. The centennial anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt is celebrated in Germany and in America with a good deal of enthusiasm; and many observances.

Sept. 17. Peter Mark Roget, M.D., author of the well known "Thesaurus of English words" dies in London, aged ninety. He was also author of a number of valuable works on physical science.

Sept. 18. Thomas John Penn, the last descendant of William Penn, dies in England.

— Thomas Graham, an eminent chemist, and master of the English mint, dies. He was born at Glasgow, 1805.

— Rt. Rev. Henry Phillpotts, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, dies, aged ninety-one. He was very prominent a quarter of a century ago and before, in the Catholic controversy and particularly in the "Gorham case," which arose from Dr. Phillpotts' refusing to induct Mrs. Gorham into a certain living, on account of alleged heresies.

Sept. 21. Père Hyacinthe, a famous monastic preacher in Paris, publishes a letter in which he informs the General of his Order that he abandons his convent, and will preach no more; that this is because he cannot obey the orders of the Pope; and he protests against the approaching Ecumenical Council and against the existing doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church.

PUBLISHER'S TABLE.

"COPYRIGHT" COURTESIES.

— A recent case may be mentioned in illustration of the present loose and inequit-

able state of the international intercourse of authors and publishers.

A lady, say Mrs. W., discovers the merit of a German story by one "E. M." and her

translation of it, published by the great house of L. proves a success. This success is improved, and two other volumes by the same author and translator are issued by the same house. Meanwhile the German author, who, so far, had not been consulted, indicates, indirectly, to other publishers (P.) that she is writing another book; tells them its title, and invites an offer from them for the early sheets with the author's sanction, for an American edition. This is responded to, and the sum suggested is remitted to the author by P. After some delays, the "early" copy of the periodical in which the original edition is published, is received by P. and his translation is nearly finished, under the following authority—

[Translation.]

April 10, 1869.

Received through E. Keil, from G. P. Putnam & Son, of New York, the sum of _____ hundred Thalers, in consideration of my authorization of the publication by them of a translation of my Romance "*The Countess Gisela*."

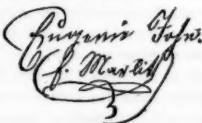
[Signed]

EUGENIE JOHN.
E. MARLITT.

ARNSTADT, SCHWARZBURG, SONDERSHAUSEN,
July 12, 1869.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, publishers in New York, are hereby authorized by me as the publishers in the United States of my Romance, "*The Countess Gisela*."

[Signed]



At this point, L. courteously claims that, in equity, this market for this author belongs to him and to Mrs. W. who had first discovered the merit of "E. M." and made her reputation in this country. Feeling the force of this claim, though not deeming it *conclusive*, and unwilling to encroach on friendly relations with L., P. offers to transfer his early copy and the above authority to L. on the repayment by L. merely of the sum advanced to the author,—P.'s translation all going for nothing. Accepted by L. on condition that there is no other rival edition "within a reasonable time." But lo! in a few days the powerful H. steps in, with no previous notice or warrant, and prints the book for one-third the price of L's edition! L. retaliates by printing an edition still cheaper than that of H.—But for this reason (this rivalry eating up all the profits) P. finds that he has given up his early copy and the money he has paid

the author for it and that it is still a question whether he is to *pocket the loss*, without any redress whatever! Such is a specimen of the equities and amenities connected with reprinting European books under the present law. There may be reasons good and sufficient, why the benefits of an author's genius should belong perpetually to the first foreign discoverer of it, barring out all further right even of the author himself, to treat with a translator or a second publisher—but when No. 3 comes in, ignoring or riding over *all* rights except that of *might*, what is to be said? The book referred to in this case is the *Countess Gisela*, by Eugénie John, who writes under the name of "E. Marlitt."

It is proper to add that the first proposal to P. on the author's part, or for her interest, was so long ago as November last;—the book and its title was announced by them in December—and the money was sent to Germany in January—i. e.—six months before the final publication.

COMMERCE *via* THE POLE.

—"The Gateways to the Pole," the first article in our present number, not only furnishes scientific facts of deep interest, but awakens inquiry into matters of national and world-wide importance. It introduces the new theory, which the latest advances of science in our day suggest, for the pathway of the Polar mariner. Hitherto it has appeared that a safe ship-way through the waters, supposed to surround the North Pole, has been denied by nature, as if such a gateway led to some of her inner and unapproachable shrines. But, amidst the daily crash of old ideas and the ever recurring triumphs of knowledge, thinking men will not hastily prejudice the profound author of this theory. Vasco Di Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope and, finding an easier way to the East than the old route by Suez, revolutionized the trade of Europe. The Suez Canal, so near its completion, will, it is claimed by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, re-revolutionize the commerce of Mediterranean Europe, and bring it back into its ancient channels. It needs little sagacity to perceive that the discovery of an "Open Sea" path from Spitzbergen to Behring Straits would prove the event of the nineteenth century. What the Suez Canal will be to middle Europe, a polar route to China and Japan would be to the world. From Liverpool to Japan, by such a route,

could not exceed half the distance by the present track; and, in sailing from New York to China, a ship's voyage would be shortened not less than forty days. To one marked aspect of this theory we cannot forbear calling attention. It is the first time in history, that science has been invoked in fixing the exact course of the Arctic explorers; or, if invoked, the oracle's response has not been waited for; and valor has generally far outstripped discretion in the numberless efforts to find the Pole. The argument now brought forward rests upon the matured results of science. The great Gulf Stream, with a volume said to be 3,000 times as large as that of the Mississippi at New Orleans, galloping along our Atlantic coast, runs towards the Pole, with heat "sufficient, if utilized, to keep in constant blast a cyclopean furnace, capable of sending forth a stream of molten iron as large in volume as the discharge of the mightiest river." The corresponding hot stream in the Pacific known as the Japan current, likewise flows to the Pole. These two currents, approaching each other from opposite directions, on a great circle, and coming from equatorial regions, open the polar waters to navigation. This is the theory now propounded.

Its announcement is opportune. Several new polar expeditions are soon to set out: one is already on foot. Never was the human race so much aroused to the study of its own planet. But, in view of 300 years of failure to reach the Pole (by every other route than the one now proposed), and the loss of millions of money and hundreds of gallant lives, it would seem almost criminal to disregard any new light, science and geography may shed upon this difficult problem.

Whether the theory before us is to live or die, it is conceded, we believe, that, by no polar route ever yet tried, is the hope to be entertained of a safe ship-road for commerce. Our Arctic adventurers propose to watch shifting and floating ice-masses and frozen mountains, and pioneer their romantic way through these gigantic pickets of the North. At best, they can only solve a geographical riddle; for the Frost King of the Arctic Sea, as Dr. Kane and others

proved, has belted the polar basin with a cordon of ice.

The theory of "Thermometric Gateways," as it is called, is the first, we believe, that ever contemplated a *commercial avenue through polar waters*.

Prof. Maury, the author of our article, has made this theory a special study, but, it will be seen, he argues neither for nor against it, aiming solely to test it in the crucible of science, and before the brightening lights of Physical Geography and Meteorology. A second article from his pen will be published in our next issue. This will give the testimony of the sea Fauna and Flora, the history and art of navigation by the water-thermometer (as a substitute for the compass), and will exhibit this beautiful hypothesis in its geographical and commercial aspects.

This subject is already before the Geographical Society of New York, of which Judge Daly is President, and it is to be hoped this body will, at no distant day, devise means for giving the proposition the fairest and fullest experiment.

— The mutations of mercantile affairs and the brevity of a large part of the business associations in this country render any marked exception specially notable. A little volume sent us chronicles pleasant doings and sayings at the Fiftieth anniversary of the partnership of Crocker & Brewster, Publishers of Boston, who still carry on business in the same spot—hearty, vigorous, and universally respected. Long may they flourish and may we have many more such.

— In our younger days few names were more pleasantly familiar than that of Col. Wm. L. Stone, whose *Commercial Advertiser* was the family evening paper—always full of good things and always specially attentive to books and booksellers. The generations follow each other—and now we greet our old friend again in the person of his son, as the editor of the *College Review*, a monthly journal of matters connected with college life and studies—which will doubtless be largely acceptable to the great audience for which it caters.

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